

The Australian

August 28, 1968

Women's Weekly

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AIRPORT by Arthur Hailey

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AUGUST 28, 1968

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OUR COVER

• Our cover girl sports a zingy color combination and a fashion idea worth noting: a little wool dress lifted into the spring class with ribbon-threaded rows of braid. And there are more fashion ideas for dolls (literally!) in this week's lift-out.

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MRS. CHARLES COURT, wife of the W.A. Minister for Industrial Development, watching Mrs. Madge Gracie fitting an uncrushable hat on Mr. Court.

Uncrushable hats —for men, too

Jam them on top of luggage, into airline bags, wear them in rain or snow — they spring back into shape.

WITH uncrushable hats patented in England and Australia, Perth milliner Madge Gracie has invaded a man's world — she is making them for men, too.

Harrod's, London's conservative and elegant store, is one of her customers—and the Department of Industrial Development in Western Australia included this information in their brochure on State industries when they displayed her hats on their stand at Perth's last Royal Show.

The Western Australian Minister for Industrial Development, Mr. Charles Court, did not mind in the least posing for a picture wearing one.

The patent is for "Improved Hat Construction," and Mrs. Gracie tells her own story of how it came about.

"Five years ago, when round-the-world air tickets were becoming popular, I had customer after customer coming in to see if I could suggest some sort of hat that would withstand long air trips in constantly changing climates," she said.

"I felt there must be some answer, so when I found the kind of material (a synthetic) I wanted, I fiddled and fiddled until I found the shape and construction to go with it."

She tried out the first hat

— a black pillbox — herself, wearing it on flights to Sydney and back.

She arrived in Sydney during a power blackout caused by torrential rains.

"I put on my hat and wore it in the rain," said Mrs. Gracie. "The drops ran down the hat and bounced off on to the shoulders of my coat. It was the big test."

Then she started to sell the hats in her Perth salon.

One client jammed a jade green tam-o'-shanter on the

By —
WINFRED BISSET

top of her 44lb. luggage-allowance case, then wore it at the smart Rainbow Room in New York's Rockefeller Center, through a blizzard in Toronto, for church in steamy Honolulu, was photographed wearing it with the editor of a women's magazine and with a war heroine at a commemoration function.

Now aged 4½, the tam has been cleaned and is ready for the next trip.

Western Australia's two commercial airlines saw the practicability of the fabric for their air-hostesses, who wear hats made of it from the steamy heat of Darwin down to the rains and winds of Albany — through summer and winter.

Now Mrs. Gracie is making men's hats.

A Perth architect wore one for the snow at the last Olympic skiing contests as well as for more formal functions.

Other men have followed suit, especially much-travelled businessmen, wearing trilbies adapted for stuffing into airline bags and for springing into shape when pulled out afterwards.

Mrs. Gracie was born in Cape Town, but came to Western Australia as a child with her mother and sister to join her farmer grandmother.

She stayed in Perth for ten years, started a millinery apprenticeship, but did not finish it. She lasted a week in her first job, was told she would never make a milliner.

"The only time in my life I got the sack," she said, laughing.

When her sister returned to South Africa and later became ill, Mrs. Gracie joined her in Johannesburg.

There she nervously applied for a job as "assistant modiste" in a hat factory. She was given two days' trial and told that if she was any good she would be kept on.

"The modiste was German and very efficient," she said. "She knew her job and expected me to know mine. The first day I had to make a wire shape — I had never done one in my life."

"The modiste wouldn't, of course, show me how, so I practically unpicked one of her hats, sat at it for nearly 12 hours until I saw how it



MISS CAROLE JACKSON, a former Miss Australia, models one of Mrs. Gracie's hats.

was done, and I have never forgotten since.

"I can see the hat now. It was a tricorn of straw-berry crushed velvet."

In her first week's pay envelope there was 10/- more than she expected.

"I went to my employer and said there had been a mistake, that I was only to get £2 a week, not £2/10/-," she said.

"We didn't make a mistake," he said. "We meant you to have it."

Got the job

"Later a friend and I were working as hat designers for a Johannesburg wholesaler. Walking along the main street during the lunch hour, we saw a sign, 'Head milliner required.' It was the most exclusive salon in town and my friend dared me to go in and ask for the job."

"I was young and timid then, but when my friend dared me I took her on and got the job."

She was married in

Johannesburg and went back with her husband to Cape Town to live. After the birth of her first child, Nicholas, she became head milliner at the most exclusive salon in Cape Town.

Her clients included Princess, now Queen Mother, Frederika of Greece — the Greek royal family stayed at Government House in Cape Town during World War II — diamond millionaires like the Oppenheims and the Abe Baileys.

Mrs. Gracie said, "Crown Prince Paul always came with his wife to choose her hats."

In 1949, with her son and daughter, Anne, she returned to Australia and opened a salon.

Her determination as a young girl in finding out the secret of the wire shape has remained with her through the years.

"I'll always stay on and keep my salon in Perth," she has decided, "though I have my sights set next on America for my patent."



IN Sydney Town Hall, the Governor-General, Lord Casey, opened the third Australian Medical Congress.

Pictures by staff photographer ERNIE NUTT

WORLD DOCTORS GATHER



AT the opening, some of the 1500 doctors from Australia and overseas who attended the Congress.

U.S. elections set a gimmick fashion

Dresses have H for Humphrey,
EUGENE for McCarthy—and
Ns all over for Nixon

ONLY wave of excitement on the flat New York summer fashion scene is the gimmick style promoted by the Presidential candidates' supporters.

Most campaign headquarters have dresses, scarves, jewellery for sale. This is 1968's addition to the usual election frenzy of buttons, straw hats, and striped blazers.

Some voluntary workers have got the gear free, for instance, the Rockefeller paper dress.

Hubert Humphrey girls are togging themselves up in a sleeveless green rayon-linen dress with a blue H front and back, outlined in white rick-rack braid.

The long legs of the H stretch from shoulder to hem; the bar of the H is just under the bosom.

Rockefeller girls have been wearing a yellow dress, again sleeveless, that screams ROCKY! in navy-blue. In paper, the dress has only one scream on the back. In cotton, there are about 15, all over.

The McCarthy shifts are white, with peace- and McCarthy-emblems. But if Eugene McCarthy gets the nomination at the Democratic Convention in Chicago on August 26, the girls will go

to bat for him in rayon dresses in shiny red or blue rayon.

These are long-sleeved and turtle-necked, with a flaring short skirt, cut on the cross, with contrast godets; across the bosom, EUGENE in white.

The Nixon dress is a minimum shift in white-checked red, with broken Ns all over, checkerboard-style.

This broken N is a nice piece of pop art, but it did

"Two people walked out of here one day in H-line dresses with big Rockefeller pins on the front."

The McCarthy people were the first in the political-fashion drive. They opened their own boutique. As well as the McCarthy print, at \$2 a yard from which you can sew your own dress, they offer scarves, hats, earrings, and cufflinks.

The Humphrey dress sells at \$12. But if you want to be individual, you can buy a half-dozen scarves at \$10 apiece and have your own dressmaker create for you.

The scarves are white printed with Hs in green-bordered blue.

Susan Rogers, writing in the "New York Post," says that color TV and women's increasing involvement in politics have caused 1968's unprecedented emphasis on campaign fashions.

Color TV, yes. Strong greens, shiny reds, navy-and-yellows are sure to have impact. And from a distance, your political affiliations won't be mistaken.

But women's influence? Not so strongly yes. The young can triumph over anything, even these unkind color combinations.

Older women, though, will really have to love that candidate to put green or shiny red against a fading summer tan.

By —

KAY MELAUN,

in New York

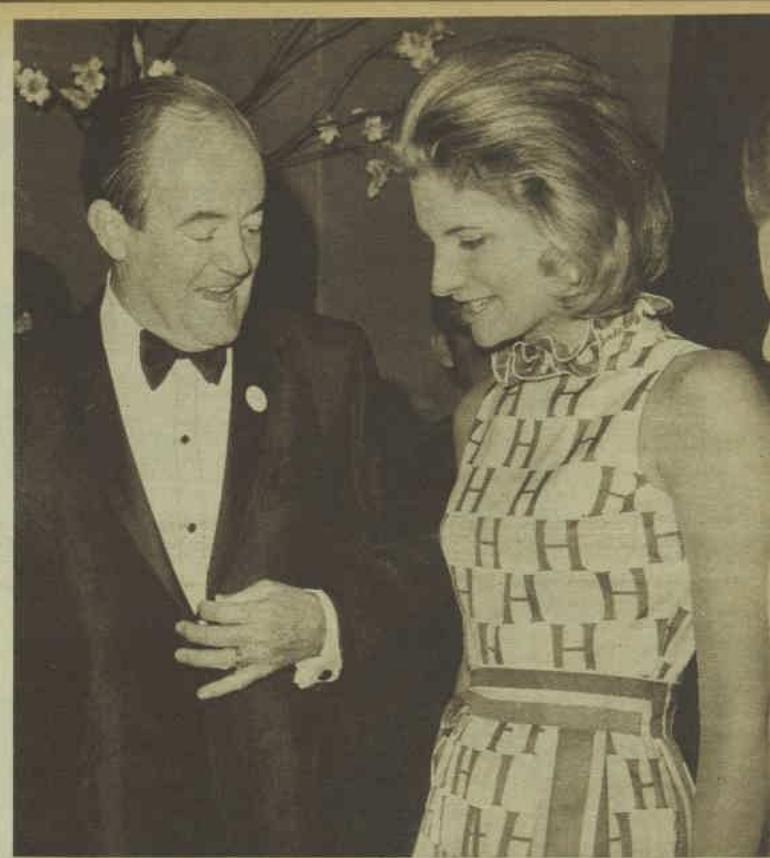
give pause to the superstitions.

However, Richard Nixon easily defeated Governors Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan for the Republican Party's nomination earlier this month.

Many of the items are by Frankie Welch, a Virginia designer, who does scarves, dresses, pyjama-suits, necklaces on request.

The "New York Sunday News" quoted her: "Campaigning clothes are coming more and more to be in good taste, so people feel they have something important fashionwise."

"We have people buying H-line dresses who don't even know they're Humphrey dresses."



VICE-PRESIDENT HUBERT HUMPHREY admiring the H dress, made of Humphrey scarves, worn by Virginia Guest, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador to Ireland, Mr. Raymond Guest. Scarves are \$10 each.

Otherwise, a dull late-summer

GENERALLY, the New York fashion scene is suffering from late-summer wilt. The uniform is a sleeveless dress, above-knee to mini; beige stockings or bare legs; sandal-type shoes; no hat.

Only the cut of the dress (uptown slick, downtown baggy) and the expression (uptown smooth, downtown tired) separate the chic from the chickless.

By and large, the town has given up on the colored stocking. Navy or

pastel lacy types relieve the beige, but few.

However, that's as worn now. Come autumn the stockings may get a new lease of life.

Stores are already beginning their drive on hose with embroidered clocks and fake gems, and lacy ones with tiers of white lace ruffles at the top intended to peekaboo from short or mini-skirts.

Judging by the stores' first go at autumn-winter, a dubious fashion treat ahead is the Pocahontas

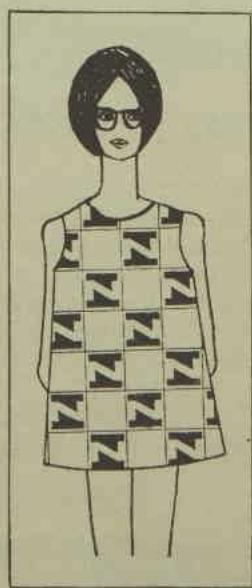
look: mini-skirt and shirt in fringed leather, with plaits (false, what else?) swinging waist-long below a beaded headband.

Local designers have evidently picked up Yves St. Laurent's last year's collection, which was full of fringe, suede, and shoulder-strap handbags. It didn't travel well across the Atlantic.

But if they quickly add fringed pants to it, they may have an approximation of this year's Buffalo Bill gear.

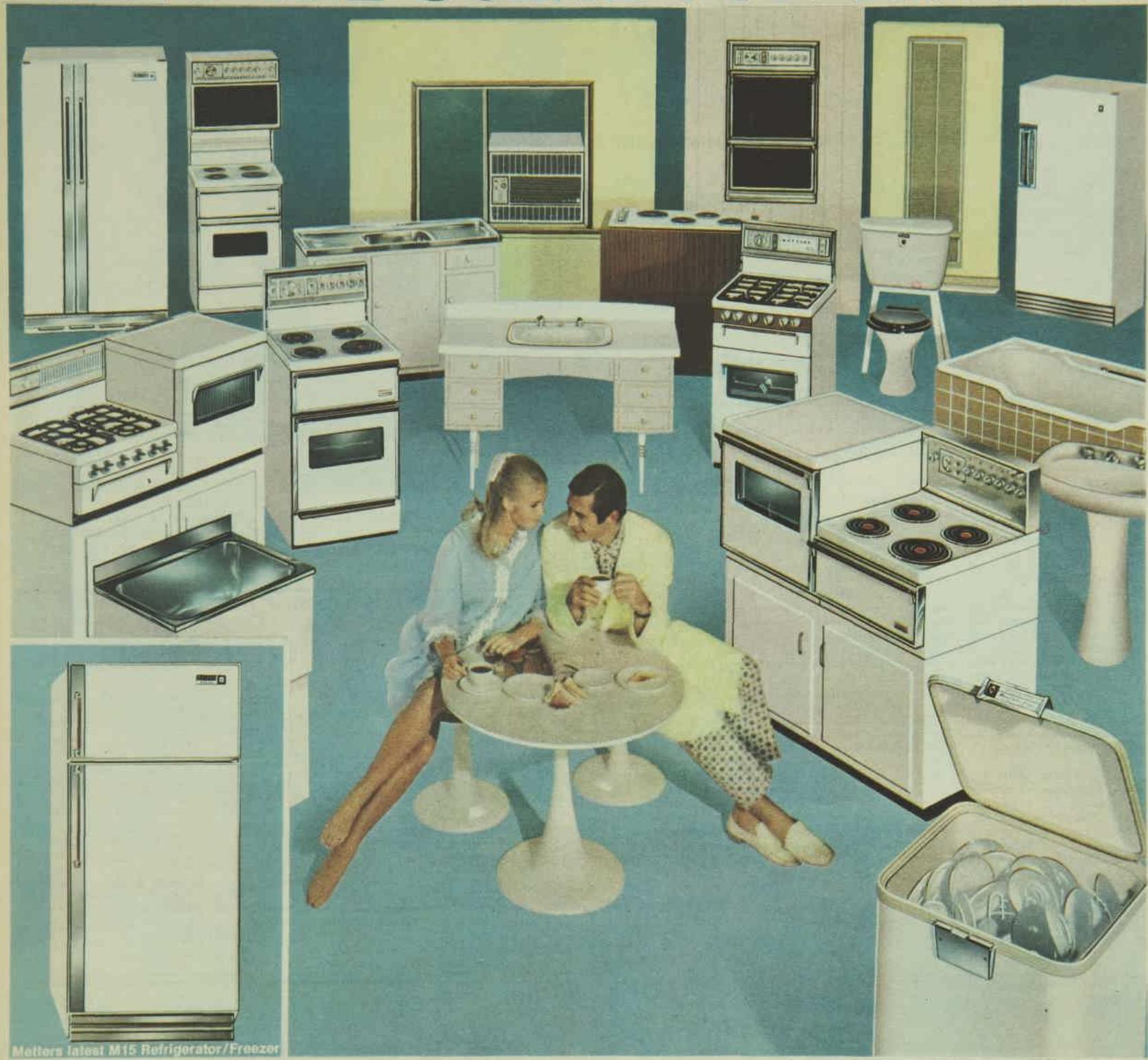


LEFT: Another Humphrey dress, with a blue H front and back. ABOVE: The Rockefeller paper dress issued free to supporters. The back screamed ROCKY!



ABOVE: Senator Eugene McCarthy (at left) with actress Julie Newmar in a McCarthy dress. Left: Sketch of the N for Nixon minimum shift.

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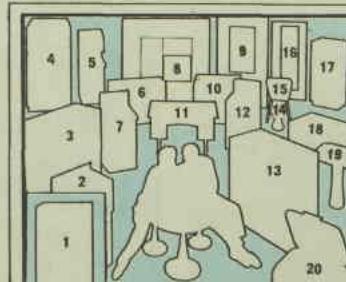


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HER WORKS OF ART ARE GLASS

● A slight, pony-tailed woman with a son of nine and 21 years' experience in glass design for a Swedish firm will arrive in Australia next month — and looks forward to seeing its unusual scenic colors.

"I AM looking forward very much to your country. A friend has written to me about the vast spaces, the colors of your earth, and the marvellous shapes of your gum trees."

The speaker was Miss Ingeborg Lundin, one of Sweden's top glassware artists, who will bring a collection of her latest designs to Australia next month.

Only woman on a team of six artist-designers, Miss Lundin has been designing beautiful glass for the world-reputed Orrefors Glassworks at Orrefors, in southern



VIEW of the lake from the guest house at Orrefors, showing its beautiful setting of pine, silver birch, and willow trees.

Sweden, for the past 21 years.

We were chatting over coffee on a terrace beside the lake at the charming old Orrefors guest house, and it was hard to imagine anyone leaving such peaceful and idyllic surroundings even for a short while.

Swallows dipped and swooped overhead, the lake lay still in the crisp morning air, and summer sunshine dappled the pine, birch, and willow trees round its edges.

Through the trees I could see the red-stained weatherboard cottages and white-painted houses where most Orrefors employees live.

Home for Miss Lundin is a small, white-painted, two-storeyed cottage next to the guest house, with green lawns running down to the lake.

"First I had one room, then two, and now I have the whole house. I can be very determined when I want to," she said with a broad smile.

She lives there with her husband (he also works for Orrefors) and nine-year-old son, Par.

"To have a child, that is the biggest thing that can happen to a woman. The feeling that something is growing and growing inside you — that is creation in its most natural form. It's a little like getting a new idea for my glass, only much, much more tremendous."

Where do the ideas come from? Impossible to say;

Discipline

I asked Miss Lundin if she didn't find the stock pieces irksome after working on special designs like the ones for her Australian collection.

"No, because even there there is always a new shape to be brought to perfection.

"The discipline imposed by the glass medium is the challenge.

"It is the feeling of working as a team, with each of the members pulling together to make a perfect piece of glass, that makes it so satisfying."

Co-operation is the vital element. The artist must work in close collaboration with the workshop teams.

DISCUSSION with the master glassmaker at the factory is the first stage in the transition from design to finished work of art in glass.



LEADING Swedish glassware artist Ingeborg Lundin at home with her son, Par, nine. She will visit six Australian capital cities, exhibiting special pieces in Sydney, Melbourne, and Canberra. Miss Lundin enjoys making "free and fantastic forms in glass."

walked the hundred yards or so down a dirt road to the factory to see the teams in action.

It's on the floor of the workshop that you begin to understand the drama involved in making one perfect piece of glass.

Tools are the same today as they were hundreds of years ago—pipe, wood jack, forming block, shears, and wooden mould.

The master blower and his assistants move round the oven, out of which pours a heat of 1600 degrees Fahrenheit.

Their timing is so precise, their movements are so relaxed, it is like watching a cast of stage professionals.

They were working on a new design of Miss Lundin's as I watched, and the sheer mastery of technique builds up its own absorbing excitement—gathering the glass from the furnace, twirling it on the end of the pipe, blowing, twirling, shaping, blow-

ing again, all with total concentration aimed at keeping the viscous molten mass in almost continuous motion until the shape is perfected, and everyone breathes again.

We left the workshops and strolled over to a new building which houses the design studios, where I met the other five Orrefors artists.

With Miss Lundin they make up a complex and complementary group of personalities whose interaction gives the range of glass its zest and variety.

Informality

We moved on to the store-room to look at some of the glass Miss Lundin is bringing to Australia.

Glass for a dinner table combined the sharp precision of cut crystal with a linear design engraved in freely flowing curves.

It aims to "take the stiffness out of a formal table setting."

Beautiful bowls like bubbles of light caught the essence of spring with floats of pale apple-blossom pink within the transparent glass.

A collection of small bottles had pigment in random spatters swirled through the glass as it was made.

Other bowls were expertly engraved with fat baby seals or frolicking cows.

No two pieces are ever exactly alike. Slight variations in shape, hardly noticed at a casual glance, make each piece of handmade glass an original work of art.

In this machine-happy age it will become a rarity, and in future years each of these pieces will become a collector's item.

Later in the evening, in the comfortable, graceful sitting-room upstairs in the guest house surrounded by books, paintings, and fine crystal (not on display but in use), I could only hope that at some stage of her Australian visit someone would whisk Ingeborg Lundin out of the cities and let her see something of the bush.

It will be very different from her own countryside, where daisies grow in uncultivated profusion along roadsides edged with birchwoods, the air is heavy with lilac, and fields are covered with bright yellow buttercups.

But it's there she will feel most at home.

And I could only applaud an enlightened management who said at Orrefors some 50 years ago, "Leave it to the artists."

Footnote: During her Australian visit, to begin on September 25, Miss Lundin will visit Sydney, Canberra, Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth.

Her exhibition will be at David Jones', Market Street, Sydney, September 30–October 11; David Jones', Canberra, October 8–10; major Melbourne retail stores, October 16–24.

Page 7

The homes of Hunters Hill

—Historic suburb where residents are fighting a move to allow more multi-storey unit buildings

IT is a unique part of Sydney's history — the narrow, two-square-mile peninsula that separates Parramatta and Lane Cove Rivers.

When you go there as a stranger it would seem that neither the years nor progress has touched it much — although Cecile Joubert told me that they had; that the lovely, spacious gardens had dwindled, that the noisy cars were distracting.

But, then, Miss Joubert remembers Hunters Hill from a long, long time back — how long she wouldn't say, but her grandfather Didier and great-uncle Jules founded it in the 1840s.

The last living of Didier's son's children, she was born in Figtree House, which sits beside the expressway on the Lane Cove River. Her father, who managed the ferry service started by his Uncle Jules, found the tower window an excellent place from which to keep an eye on small boats plying to and from the city.

Then, an enormous Moreton Bay fig tree grew right through the house's bathroom and Miss Joubert and her seven sisters and brothers used to hang their towels on nails in its trunk.

"We never entered or left the house any other way than by the tree's branches," she said. "After we left, the people who bought the house pulled the tree down. They thought it was dangerous. That was nonsense. The house was built on that tree."

"It is a shame to see the Hill changing so much. I'm too old to do much about it, but I hope someone fights to preserve the beauty that is the heritage of men like my grandfather."

You understand her anxiety as you stroll along the quiet, narrow, leafy, shaded streets where even the dogs trot by serenely. The gracious old homes, which have been called "poems in stone," present an elegance, a gentility so remote from the present.

Continued overleaf

Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW

ABOVE: French-style home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Clayton, in Ady Street. Built by Jules Joubert, is more than 130 years old. Here the documents proclaiming the area a municipality were signed. Below left: "Coorabel," which could be destroyed to make way for home units.

BELLOW: "Passy," originally the home of M. Sentis, the first French Consul-General, with double stairway, is a convalescent home.





ABOVE: Fine example of a restored Hunters Hill house is owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Watson.



LEFT: Miss Cecile Joubert in Ady Street with Mrs. Leonora Anderson and son, Gerard. Stone walls, at back, built by Miss Joubert's great-uncle Jules could go.

RIGHT: Modern and historical, in Martin Street (off Ryde Road), near St. Joseph's College.



SANDSTONE cottage in the part of Alexandra Street marked for unit zoning under the Council's scheme.

RIGHT: Mansion owned by Mr. and Mrs. R. W. W. Van Der Vegt was built by explorer John Oxley's son.



Homes of Hunters Hill

From previous page

The Hunters Hill Council's draft-planning scheme, says the Hunters Hill Trust, ignores the majority of its municipality's residents who, at two public meetings, made it clear they were against more multi-unit dwellings in the district.

There is a strong community spirit among the Hill's people, who take keen interest in the care and preservation of the area and its historic homes, but it is a spirit of unity against the outside world rather than a togetherness.

Most residents keep very much to themselves and, it is said, you are a newcomer until you have been there for 20 years.

So it is not surprising to hear that they are prepared to fight to the bitter end to keep the Hill unspoiled by a plan that could destroy its character.

Particularly the strip of Alexandra Street, between Mount and Ferdinand Streets, known as the gateway to the Hill, where some half a dozen charming sandstone houses sit demurely.

Their neighbors — a row of lace-decorated terraces and Art Gallery of New South Wales Director Hal Missingham's grey timber twin-attic house, decorated with white curly cues, face the same fate.

Then there is Mary Street, alongside St. Joseph's College, a street of old-world charm, marked down for home units. (There are already some blocks in Mary Street.)

"These fine old houses must be preserved at all costs," said Dr. R. B. Temple, honorary secretary of the Hunters Hill Trust. "People here are very conscious of the houses' uniqueness in Australia's history."

Strong views

"Despite strong views against the increase of multi-unit areas, voiced at two general meetings and a plebiscite, the council has come up with this plan which makes a mockery of all their protestations that they would abide by our wishes."

"Large areas zoned down along the point will greatly increase the traffic, already overloaded, at the Figtree intersection."

"This is not a town plan. There is no provision for a library, a community or youth centre, a child centre."

"Hunters Hill's very geography doesn't allow for high-density living. The narrow streets, the stone walls, trees, the homes are all incompatible with such development. If it is allowed to go through, the Hill will



DR. R. B. TEMPLE and Mr. Douglass Baglin inspect an old water-pump at "Tornaghi," home of retired clergyman Mr. T. Naughton. It once belonged to an Italian clockmaker, who was Mayor of Hunters Hill in 1879.

lose all identity with the past."

"The Americans did the same thing years ago and now they are spending millions of dollars trying to recreate what they so carelessly destroyed."

Today, the Hill's streets, so many named after the Joubert family and early French settlers who gave the Hill its distinctive charm — at one time it was known as the French village — the magnificent Moreton Bay figs that stand like sentinels over the old homes, the camellia trees, some more than 100 years old, blend in perfect harmony.

The Jouberts and their French compatriots, the Comte de Milhau, Jeanneret, Bordier, Sentis, and others were the founders of Hunters Hill.

The first land grant recorded was 30 acres to Henry Hacking on October 3, 1794. The area was given over to small farms until Mary Reiby saw in it a retreat from her counting house, bought her first 30 acres, and built a cottage.

Didier Joubert, a French wine merchant, bought land from her and built that magnificent old mansion "St. Malo," which, a few years ago, was razed to the ground to allow the Figtree Expressway to go through.

But it was Jules, his brother, who recognised the Hill's potential as a residential area.

He imported stonemasons from Italy and Ireland to use the local Parramatta sandstone to build some of the loveliest homes in Sydney. From Paris he brought glass and majolica tiles to decorate their drawing-rooms and verandas.

The French compatriots who flocked along behind the Jouberts are thought to have been attracted to the Hill, not only by its isolation and beauty — in those days it was 23 miles by land from Sydney — but by the fact that

the Marist brothers built a settlement there, now St. Joseph's College.

The Italian stonemasons, who perhaps saw in the blue, sparkling waters of the two rivers a likeness to their beloved Mediterranean, built their own cottages, some in sandstone, some in timber, and generally ran small mixed farms around them.

Jules Joubert's first house, the "Villa Floridiana," which originally stood in 600 acres that went up to St. Joseph's College, long, low, of white timber, stands at the bottom of Mount Street, looking over the Lane Cove River.

Early history

Mr. Douglass Baglin, who lives there now, parks his car under an old cave once used by Aborigines of the Wallumunga tribe. Near it is the spring from which they got their water.

In the Hill's homes is a fascinating collection of the district's early history that came out of hiding a few years ago when the Hill celebrated its 100th municipal anniversary.

Such things as Mr. Kelly's Boer War medal and Mrs. Kelly's 100-year-old sewing-machine. Mr. Kelly was one of the first Irish stonemasons in Hunters Hill and many of his descendants are still there.

There are gilt and silver clocks, carved furniture, photograph albums, old bibles, apothecary jars from the district's first chemist shop, china, glassware, whatnots, candelabras, thimble cases, tapestries, and a knee-hole desk at which the Rev. Samuel Marsden wrote his sermons.

"Builders won't care about things like this," said Dr. Temple. "When they finish their job, they walk out with not a thought to the problems they leave behind. Supermarkets, parking areas, service stations — desecration."

— GLORIA NEWTON

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

JUST back from the snow, Susan Adams was one of the unfortunate ones who struck bad weather and had to be towed out at Thredbo Village. Susan, who stayed at the family's lodge, "Geehi," had Robin Henderson and Susie Hyles, from Canberra, with her for one week each. She was away for two and a half weeks.

LOOKING forward to meeting their son-in-law, Julian Smithers, are Mr. and Mrs. L. Watsford, whose daughter, Sandra, arrives with her husband by ship some time in November. And, in Melbourne, Julian's parents, Mr. Justice Smithers and Mrs. Smithers, are looking forward to meeting their daughter-in-law, Sandra. The newlyweds have just had a wonderful month touring Europe in their own Landrover on a delayed honeymoon, as Julian (who is a veterinary surgeon) was too busy working in Scotland and Yorkshire to take time off after their wedding in Chester Cathedral in March.

DATE for your diary . . . August 23, for a folk concert in Parramatta Town Hall which has been arranged by the Granville Branch of the Catholic Youth Organisation.

AND a second one, September 6, when the Sydney University Settlement Auxiliary has arranged a fashion parade in the Great Hall.

LIKE the sound of the black-and-yellow ensemble by up-and-coming French designer Catherine Guibert which Mrs. Albert Joris bought when she was in London. She and Mr. Joris are just back after ten weeks in Greece, Rome, Hong Kong, and England. Their daughter Vivienne and Sue Clifton, who went with them to London, are now holidaying for three weeks in the United States, staying for a few days in San Francisco with friends of Sue's family.

THE bride's father, Mr. Peter Brown, of "Ulomo," Baan Baa, will fly his light plane to Brisbane to pick up the bride's sister, Lindy, and her cousin, Jenny Bray, off the plane from Darwin for the wedding of Jillian Brown and Ken Morphet, of "Uplands," Boggabri, on September 2. After the ceremony at St. Stephen's Church at Narrabri, the newlyweds will leave for a honeymoon on Brampton Island, and eventually settle in a flat in Toorak, Melbourne.

TWELVE months ago while holidaying in the snow at Perisher Valley, Suzanne Rose was introduced to Peter Manton, who was staying at Omaru Lodge nearby. Last week Suzanne and Peter announced their engagement and are making plans for a March wedding next year. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rose, of West Ryde. Peter is the son of Group-Captain and Mrs. G. A. L. Manton, of Pennant Hills.

SPOKE with a very excited Mrs. Joyce Snelling, president of the AAMWS Association (who you will remember was Assistant Controller of AAMWS during World War II), and she told me that the Association will celebrate its 25th reunion on September 18 at the Pickwick Club. Over 200 ex-AAMWS are coming from as far afield as New Guinea, and Mrs. Snelling tells me that many of them have sons serving in Vietnam.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hayes leaving St. John's Church, Gordon, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Pamela Thompson, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Thompson, of North Ryde. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hayes, of Beckom.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Tony Ayrton chatted with the bridegroom's niece and nephew, Edwin and Nicholas Street, on the veranda outside St. Edmund's Chapel at "The Swifts," Darling Point, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Mary Ellen Johnson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Bristow Johnson, of Greenwich. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Ayrton, of Palm Beach.



AT RIGHT: Hostess Mrs. Neville Hoddle (at right) with her sister, Mrs. Gordon King, and Mr. King at the cocktail party and fashion parade which was held in Dr. and Mrs. Hoddle's home at Bellevue Hill to raise funds to help Torch Bearers for Legacy.



AT RIGHT: Mrs. Ben Osborne, of "Redbank," Harden (at left), and Mrs. Geoff Ashton, of "Markdale," Bindia, had a busy time looking after Petra and Andrew Playfair (in red), Mrs. Osborne's son, Ben (in dark blue), and little Charles Ashton, of "Bibbenluke," Bombala, at the polo match between Quirindi and The Rest of Australia, which was held at Warwick Farm to raise funds to send the equestrian team to compete in the Olympic Games in Mexico.



AT LEFT: Also at Warwick Farm were Mrs. Brien Cobcroft and her small son, David, who was nursed by his grandfather, Mr. Gavin Cobcroft, of "Parraweenah," Willow Tree, and Mrs. Sam Campbell, of Tamworth (left to right). Mr. Brien Cobcroft and Mr. Campbell are members of the equestrian team which will go to the Olympic Games.



ABOVE: Mrs. Beth Churchill and Mr. Michael O'Hara at the Flea Market and auction of paintings arranged by the Art Gallery Ball Committee at the Geoff K. Gray auction rooms. The market was open for three days.



AT LEFT: Miss Jane Hall and Dr. John Keneally, who have announced their engagement. Miss Hall is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hall, of Cowra. Her fiance is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Keneally, of Homebush.

GIUSEPPINA FOGLIA, right and below, the more serious twin, sets her face in concentration as she kicks a ball in a game. She is the leader of the two.



SANTINA FOGLIA, left and below, twin with the mischievous smile, takes a lighter view. Although the twins take part in sport, they wear special shoes.



THE HAPPY RESULT OF "ALMOST A MIRACLE"

• Two little girls playing ball in a park—an everyday and appealing sight. But the activity of these energetic youngsters represents a momentous scientific achievement: an achievement described as "almost a miracle" by those who brought it about.

THE road to normal life for Giuseppina and Santina Foglia was a long, tortuous struggle against almost insurmountable odds.

They spent the first six years of their lives as siamese twins, joined at the hip and the base of the spine.

Three years ago, at Turin, in Italy, a team of 15 surgeons operated to separate the twins. Doctors said before the operation, which lasted almost four hours, that it would be one of the most intricate of the century—and almost a miracle if it succeeded.

Siamese twins have a high mortality rate, and a far higher one if separation is attempted. The Foglia operation was only the fourth successful one of its kind in medical history.

Today the twins are healthy and happy. Their only distinguishing feature is the orthopaedic shoes they

wear; after the operation they had to learn to walk as normal girls.

For six years the abnormality of their condition had isolated both the girls in their hospital and their parents in their village.

Giuseppina and Santina spent the first year of their lives in bed, unable to sit up, but nurses said they smiled a lot.

Play together

When they were 13 months old, a chair was designed for them and they learned to sit together; at two years they could sit up and play together.

The twins' only friend in Turin, apart from hospital staff, was their uncle Umberto Viale, a building clerk. He visited them almost daily, helping doctors and nurses teach them to eat, talk, walk together, and dress themselves.

Their parents in their village of Grazzano Badoglio,

25 miles from Turin, remained in semi-seclusion—six years which their mother, Elide, called "a form of hell." Neighbors and friends, she said later, became strangers as she felt their eyes searching her; although their words were well-meaning, their stares tortured her.

When Giuseppina and Santina were four, surgeons took the first step toward separation by dividing their single intestinal system. This in itself was regarded as a tremendous achievement.

But the operation two years later involved careful psychological as well as physical preparation by the medical team.

Between the ages of two and three, doctors said, the twins had developed a marked hostility to each other. They made every effort to end this hostility and explained the operation carefully to Giuseppina and Santina.

After the operation, the

twins were on the "immediate danger" list for three days, and in oxygen tents for a further five.

The speed and success of their recovery exceeded expectations, Professor Luigi Solerio, head of the surgical team, announced.

Able to study

"They will be able to study, because their intelligence has developed normally," he said. "They will be able to walk, get married, and bear children."

But it was not enough, he added, to re-educate their legs and their bodies. They also needed psychological re-education.

"Two children tied together for six years must gain also a psychic personality," he said. "Previously, if one of them wished to sit down, the other had to do so, even if she did not wish to. The same applied to sleep and play."

"Now they are independent, and each of them must learn to decide only for herself."

In the black years before the operation the girls were described as angelic in appearance and impeccably polite. Their first words on regaining consciousness were thanks for the surgeons who had freed them.

Soon after, Santina asked for a bicycle as a present—"or two bicycles, if we get well." Doctors hailed this as a sign of the success of the psychological side of the venture.

The next day six bicycles arrived at the hospital; and other gifts from enthusiastic Italians included two swings built by Turin soldiers.

They took their first steps three and a half weeks after the operation. Two weeks later their delighted mother said, "They've absolutely tired me out chasing them about."

After ten weeks of intensive exercises (including tri-

cycling), massage, and psychotherapy, the twins left hospital for the first time in their lives. Their parents' two-roomed farmhouse became home at last.

When first they returned home, and then began school three months later, Giuseppina suffered from the separation. Used to directing Santina, she felt deprived when Santina turned to their mother.

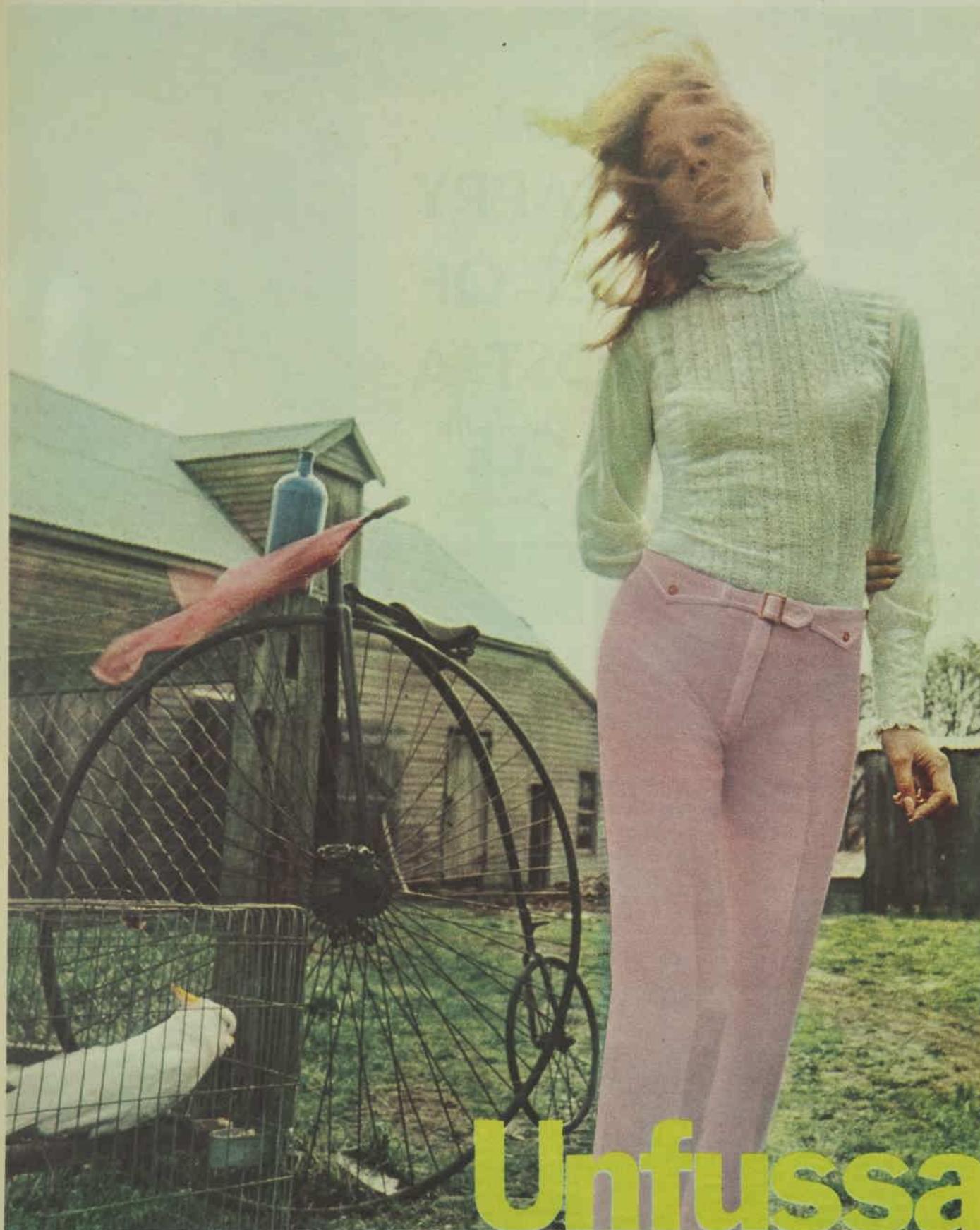
At school she was backward until she got her bearings.

Struck balance

Then she began to make progress; and it was feared Santina might become jealous, for Giuseppina was proving more brilliant at school and more self-assured in life.

But the situation struck a balance; and today Giuseppina and Santina are a boisterous pair who play a hard-hitting, hard-kicking game of ball.

Unfussable Bri-Nylon promises the tailored leg



Shaped. Slimmed. Long-stemmed. Season greeting slacks, cut for sleekness from a smart gabardine weave fabric with a totally new-look surface texture. Tabbed for trimness at the waist, and sparked by the shine of a goldy buckle and buttons. By AYWON in BRI-NYLON. The Bri-Nylon label is your assurance of easy care clothes you don't have to fuss over, of colour-fast clothes that keep their shape. No maker can use the name Bri-Nylon unless his garment has been tested and approved. That's your guide to quality and value for money. And that's the promise of unfussable Bri-Nylon, a promise kept.

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'Bri-Nylon' is
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Unfussable Bri-Nylon.

Just what are "The Avengers" avenging?

Television

● In their polished, casual way, "The Avengers" have earned themselves a place in TV history. But there is one question few can answer. What are they avenging?

By NAN MUSGROVE

RIGHT: This is the face that launched "The Avengers" on their long career. The chances are that very few viewers will remember it. It belongs to Hollywood actress Kate Woodville.



THE AVENGERS' that kinky, way-out series of femmes fatales and elegant men, goes on its way again this week in a repeat season, with those two stylish stars Patrick Macnee and Diana Rigg.

I find it difficult to label "The Avengers." Suspense? Crime? Mystery?

Tongue in cheek, I could use the new word, "domsai" — TV jargon for a domestic situation comedy. I often think that is what it is, with Mr. Steed cavorting round with Mrs. Peel in the ambiguous situation they inhabit on TV.

Thinking about it recently, I was struck with the title, "The Avengers," and got down to some solid work to find out, after all these years, just exactly what it is that Steed and Mrs. Peel are avenging.

I was very surprised when I found out. They are avenging the murder of a girl who starred in the very first episode, back in 1961. This girl was engaged to a doctor who retained Steed to investigate the crime.

What happened after that was that Steed called in the beauteous Cathy Gale (Honor Blackman) to help him, the "Avengers" cult got under way, and the original murder and the whole idea of the series was really forgotten—only retained in the title.

Years later—seven to be exact—Patrick Macnee, who is David Niven's cousin, avenges on.

Mrs. Gale, of course, has disappeared, and her place, which fans all said could never be filled, was taken by Diana Rigg, who, as Mrs.

Peel, is a separate cult in herself.

The repeat series — 13 episodes — starts on Friday, August 23, at 8 p.m., with Steed and Mrs. Peel, who has now (like Mrs. Gale) finished with "The Avengers."

Her place will be taken, in a new series to follow the repeat, by a new girl, Mrs. King.

Mrs. King, is Tara King, she's only 20 and is played by Linda Thorson.

On the set of "The Avengers," at present, whether or not Mrs. King will kiss Mr. Steed is the big problem — not who murdered the doc-

tor's fiancee all those years ago.

But the doctor's fiancee is the most interesting of all the women in the show. That is her in the picture at the top of the page. Her name is Katherine Woodville, and in real life she is Mrs. Patrick Macnee.

I was staggered when I found that out, and staggered, too, when I found that although "The Avengers" is filmed in England, Mrs. Macnee — as Kate Woodville — pursues a very successful career as an actress in Hollywood.

She has recently guest-starred in "Mission Impossible" and "It Takes a Thief," a series not yet shown here, starring Robert Wagner.

Macnee, I am happy to report, makes frequent flying visits to Mrs. Macnee, and the latest intelligence is that he and happily married Kate are house-hunting in Beverly Hills.

At present, they're making do with a beach place at Malibu. So there you are — to be really original, life is stranger than fiction, Avenger-style.

THE BEATLES, more way out than ever, make one of their rare TV appearances this week on TCN9, when they are starred in "Hollywood Palace," on August 25, at 7:30 p.m.

The Beatles, got up regardless in their Indian Maharishi gear and weird glasses, sing "Penny Lane" and "Strawberry Fields."

It is an unusual segment for "Hollywood Palace," and is way, way out, even for the Beatles.

Riding horseback in their beads and Indian tunics, the Beatles explore their city, Liverpool, and end up having a formal dinner in the grand manner on the moors.

The Beatles filmed the segment in 1967, before their meditating experience in India and before their various marital and love troubles. It will be interesting to see them as they were then.

Liza Minnelli is the other big star of the night, which is hosted by Van Johnson. Liza, untroubled by temperament, sings straight from the stage.

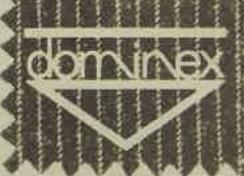
See what I mean about Professor Sumner Miller leading viewers by the hand? I think he is like the title of his show, an uncommon man with great ideas.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



Emerging here, an easy town coat, casual as you want it. The finest pure wool, deftly shaped and definitely touched with pin-point stitching. Welting pockets. In a glory of pales from pastels to the quiet neutrals. All sizes.

Beautiful spring beginnings start with



THE AMAZING EASY TO USE PLIER THAT FASTENS HUNDREDS OF THINGS AROUND THE HOME AND SHOP



RIVET-ALL

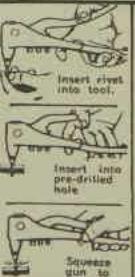
THE PLIER THAT RIVETS EVERYTHING

MR. KLIK SAYS:

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN BUILD . . . REPAIR . . . CONSTRUCT



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HANDYMAN'S DREAM COME TRUE

Replaces screws, bolts and nuts ordinary rivets, solder, and adhesives — use the RIVET-ALL and KLIK-FAST RIVETS on

Bicycles Power Mowers
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ASK TO SEE THE SPECIAL WORKSHOP SELECTION A COMPLETE RIVETING KIT FOR EVERY HANDYMAN

THE PRESENT THAT LASTS FOR YEARS!

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE
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DAD DESERVES 12 GAUGE...
the Gift for Men of Calibre

Wondering what on earth you can give Dad for Father's Day on September 1st? Relax! Your family chemist can help you solve the problem—with 12 Gauge.

12 Gauge gift sets don't get put away to gather dust. They get used! They get used because they're sensible grooming aids a man uses every day.

12 Gauge is handsomely gift boxed in individual packs or in a

wide range of handy combinations. "Twin" packs range in price from \$1.95 to \$4.30 . . . "triple" packs from \$3.40 to \$3.95.

An unusual gift is 12 Gauge Shower Soap—a man-sized luxurious cake fitted with a looped white cotton rope to hang the soap on shower taps—95c.

Without doubt, Dad deserves
12 Gauge—the gift for men of
calibre.

COMPACT

HE CAN'T SEE HIS COLORS

• A Brisbane man, Mr. Edward Jacques Tate, of Hamilton, has an unusual hobby—unusual, that is, for a man who is colorblind.

Mr. Tate does intricate color designs, using ballpoint pens, and has produced a dazzling variety.

The only color he has ever been able to really recognise in his 77 years is yellow.

His wife and two daughters help him to identify colors at times, but mostly he works from a numbering system for his pens, or from other identifying marks.

About a dozen different colors are manufactured in ordinary ballpoints, but the pen manufacturers use varying shades of color, and this gives Mr. Tate a wide choice.

Sometimes he uses as many as four shades of a color.

Asked how he managed to do his designs so faultlessly, Mr. Tate said bluntly: "I've got a memory . . . I can follow sequence."

He does the designs on heavy white cardboard, drawing the basic lines first with a blue ballpoint, and changes the size of design to suit what he has in mind. He mounts some of his finished designs as tops for stools and small tables.

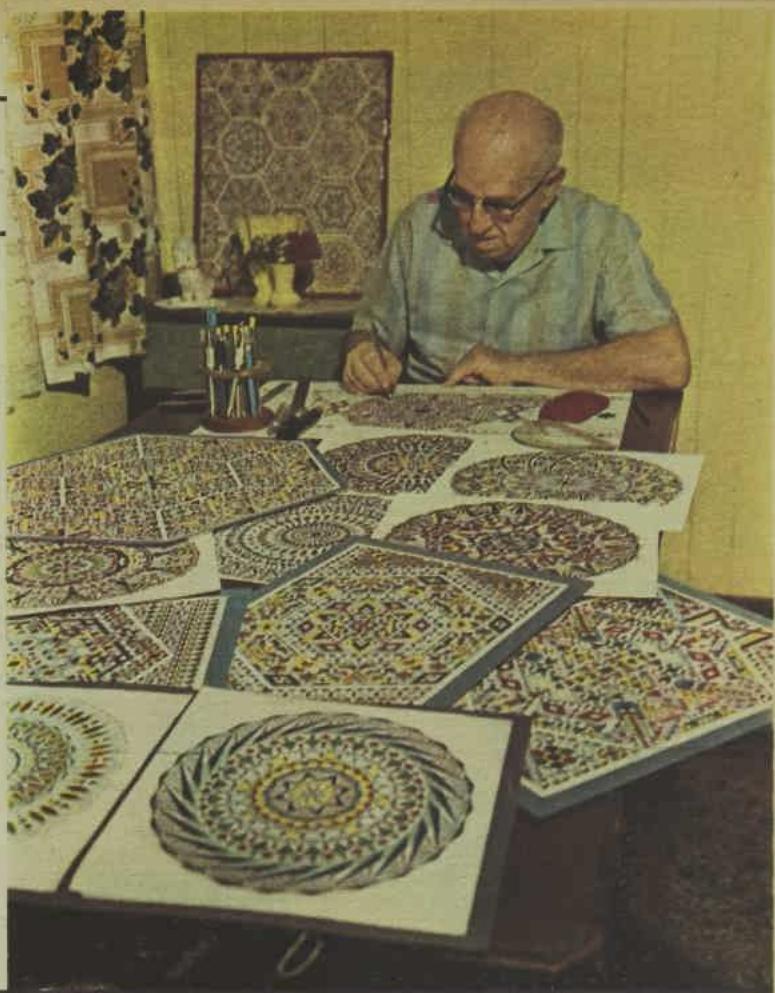
Mr. Tate's work has appeared in one Royal Brisbane Show and at suburban and country shows. He has also had many exhibitions for charity and has given a number of his designs away.

One design takes him from four to eight hours to do, depending on the size.

For 52 years Mr. Tate was a compositor with one of the oldest printing firms in Brisbane, and he hasn't retired yet.

He said: "I still go in to the city each day for a few hours, to give a hand with the office work and costing. The firm's doctor, who probably wasn't born when I started work, came recently to give the staff anti-flu injections. He told me, 'You look younger than you did last year'."

• EDWARD TATE, at work.



A GEM OF A WALL

■ "I couldn't get anybody to understand what I wanted, so I decided to do it myself," said Mrs. Mick Hughes, of Bexley, N.S.W., telling us about her feature wall made of gemstones.

"My husband polished all the stones for me, and tested the adhesives. This took a couple of months; then I applied the stones."

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes collected most of the gemstones themselves, the others were bought in a rough state.

Some of the stones are semi-polished, others fully polished. "If they were all fully polished, you couldn't live with it," said Mr. Hughes, a printer, who also instructs in jewellery-making at technical colleges.

A dressmaker by trade, Mrs. Hughes had no experience in this sort of work.

• MR. and MRS. HUGHES, with their wall.

"But I'll try anything once," she said. "And I'm rather pleased with the result."

"The first panel, the one over the fireplace, took me 12 hours of solid work—you have to work fast or the adhesive dries and leaves lines. The second panel took 16 hours, with time off only for quick bites to eat."

The stones are set in adhesive on a wallboard, and then mounted on to the lounge-room.

The white stones are snowy quartz. Among other stones used are opal chips, chrysoprase, petrified wood, african tiger eye, ribbonstone, agate, adventurine, and snowflake obsidian.

There are 65lb. of gemstones in the wall, plus a lot of work, love, patience, and time.

"But we think it was worth it," said Mr. and Mrs. Hughes.



'Swan Lake' tortoise

NUREYEV, a baby Eastern snake-necked tortoise, belongs to Tracy Clark, of Kingsford, N.S.W. The picture of Nureyev was taken by her father, Bob Clark (of our color studio). The tortoise was named after world-famous ballet dancer Nureyev because of the graceful "dance steps" he does, particularly his pose on one leg in the bottom of his pool before gently floating to the top of the water.

Nureyev was bought at a Sydney pet shop and has his own bowl with a rock shelf in the centre to bask on. His diet consists of fish food and tiny scrapings of steak.

• NUREYEV, "dancing."

JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS.

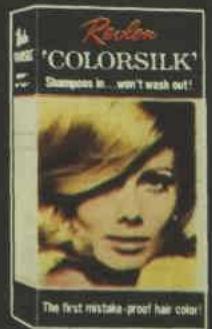
Revlon smokes out six stormy new hair colors! *The* SOFTSMOKE BLONDES

The day of the obvious blonde is over. The new blondeways are deliberately cool. Dangerously quiet. Shimmers of ash licked with smokesilver. Softly shined with unexpected lights. And only Revlon captures them for you in one easy step.

With 'Colorsilk'. The mistake-proof hair color that just shampoos in and won't wash out. When used as directed, you can't go wrong. Break away. Go SoftSmoke Blonde. Any one of these subtle 'Colorsilk' shades could start a blondfire tonight!



FROM THE RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF REVOLN...WORLD'S FOREMOST COLOR AUTHORITY.



The First Mistake-Proof Hair Color

THE GORGONID CORAL, *Mop-sella ellisi*, often mistaken for plant life owing to its fernlike structure, is seen at right greatly enlarged, with its delicate polyps expanded in search of food. Small shrimps and exquisite little molluscs are usually associated with this coral and generally they are the same color as their host.

A THREE-PAGE FEATURE

New book on the



GREAT BARRIER REEF



• Never before has so much attention focused on the beauties, wonders, and importance of the Great Barrier Reef. Among the most interested are sightseers from all over the world, who find it a unique attraction, and scientists who are still seeking to unravel its remaining mysteries.

Mr. Keith Gillett, of Sydney, who has specialised for nearly 20 years in the study and photography of the Reef and its fauna, is the author of a new book, "The Australian Great Barrier Reef in Colour," from which the pictures here and overleaf were taken.

The book aims at introducing the newcomer enjoyably, without text-book tedium, to the myriad forms of the life that proliferates along the Reef — the corals themselves, and the creatures that live around and among them. Many species are illustrated for the first time in their natural colors.

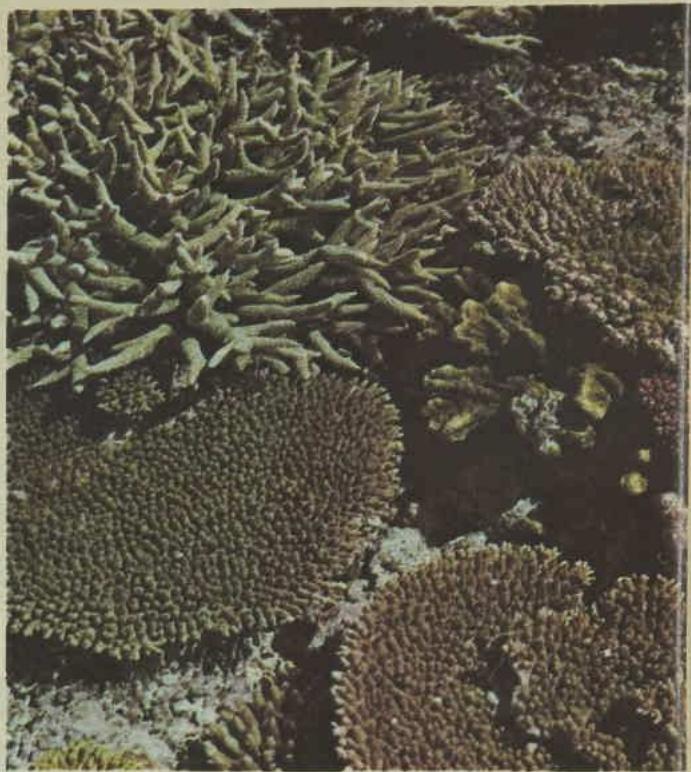
Continued overleaf

THE NUDIBRANCH, *Gymnodoris ceylonica*, at left, is seen in the process of laying its egg ribbon. Nudibranchs, or Naked-Gilled Sea-slugs, are molluscs without an external shell, and rival the loveliest of Reef fauna for sheer beauty and pattern. Nudibranchs, harmless little creatures, also occur in temperate waters.

THE GREAT BARRIER REEF



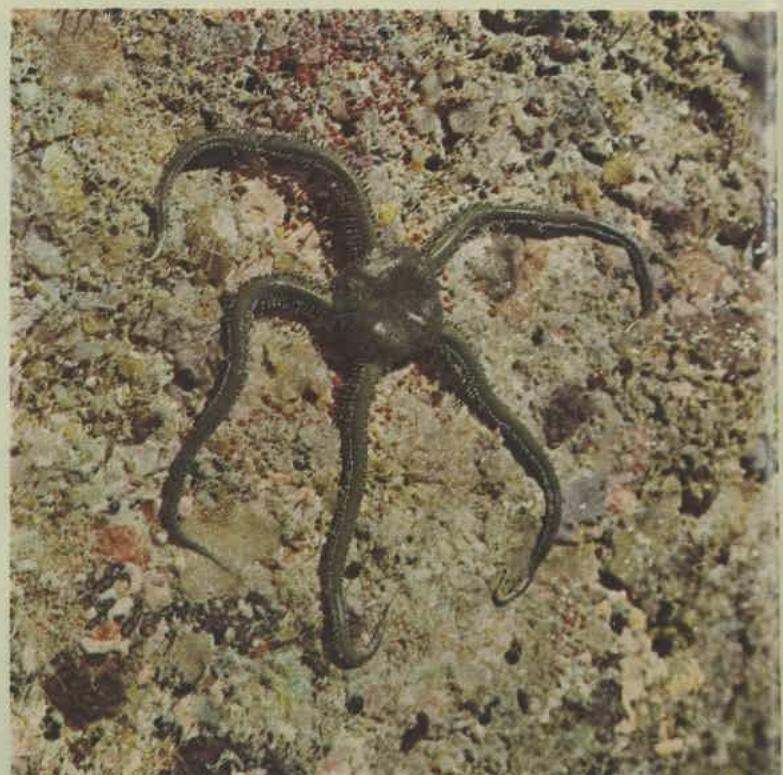
NOT ALL CORALS are hard to touch. This soft coral, *Sarcoiphyton trocheliophorum*, is known to zoologists as an alcyonarian and is common on the Reef. Unlike the true stony corals, which usually feed at night, this particular coral may be seen with its polyps fully expanded during the day. The species ranges in color from light brown to a vivid bottle-green.



AT LOW WATER many coral pools, like the one above, are revealed on the Heron Island reef flat. To don a face mask and explore one of these protected "nature's aquariums" is an unforgettable experience. Coelenterates, fish, molluscs, echinoderms are just a few of the spectacular forms of marine life which shelter and thrive in the crystal-clear waters of the Barrier Reef.

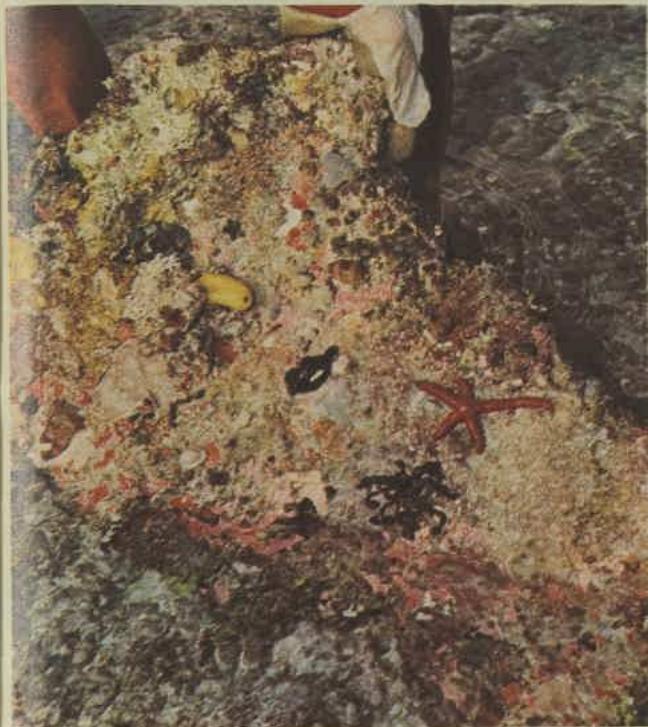


THE CLAM, *Tridacna maxima*, is famous for the tremendous range of colors in the fleshy mantles of individuals. Indeed, it has been said that the mantles of no two clams of this species have exactly the same coloring. Unlike its giant relation, *Tridacna gigas*, which prefers the northern waters of the Reef and may be four feet long, this clam grows to about 13in. only.



PROBABLY the most spectacular and colorful of all Reef ophiuroids is the brittle-star, *Ophiarachna incrassata*. It is usually found sheltering beneath coral boulders on the extreme edge of coral reefs. If roughly handled the brittle-star will immediately cast off an arm. They are difficult to photograph.

Continued from previous page



UNDERSIDE of a coral boulder, where sponges, ascidians, echinoderms, molluscs, bryozoans, etc., make up an assemblage of color and life in contrast with the dead brownish upper surface. It is most important that tourists return these dead lumps of coral to their original position, for the marine life underneath soon dies if it is exposed to the sun for any length of time.



THE BUTTERFLY-COD, *Pteropterus antennatus*, a member of the Scorpion-fish group, is renowned for its beauty and graceful swimming movements. It can inflict a very painful sting, the dorsal spines being venomous, and it should not be handled under any circumstances. *Pteropterus antennatus* is one of the least-known of the six species of Butterfly-cods recorded from Australian waters. All have great beauty.



THE SLATE-PENCIL URCHIN, *Heterocentrotus mammillatus*, is easily recognised by its thick and blunted spines. Like other sea-urchins, it eats seaweed and molluscs, and after death the spines fall off, and a "sea-egg" remains. The species always occurs toward the outer edge of any reef flat.

© From THE AUSTRALIAN GREAT BARRIER REEF IN COLOUR, by Keith Gillett, F.R.P.S., F.R.M.S., A.F.I.A.P. Price 13.50. Published by A. H. & A. W. Reed, Sydney, Wellington, Auckland.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 28, 1968



POLYPS of the true stony coral, *Goniopora tenuidens*, when expanded resemble small flowers in bloom. This species, unlike other members of the group, is often seen fully expanded on a reef flat during the day. Like all corals, *Goniopora* feeds on living prey by firing out from its tentacles microscopic threads from which venom is injected into the victims.

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RONSON

VARAFLAME GAS

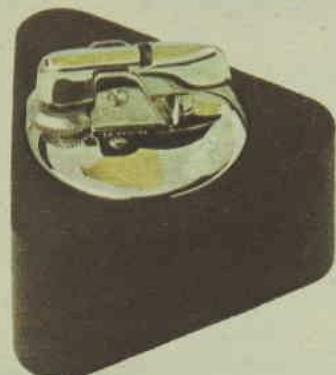
A Ronson lighter is something special — a personal present that is all his own. There are over ninety designs in Ronson pocket lighters or table lighters for his desk or den. Each has the unique Ronson Varaflame action that adjusts at a finger-tip touch — up tall for pipes, down low for cigarettes and in between for cigars. And a Ronson Varaflame lighter burns only gas. Clean, odourless butane gas. Fills in seconds. Lights for months — first time, every time.

Choose a Ronson lighter for your Dad from the displays of Ronson pocket and table models at jewellers, department stores and better tobacconists.



Comet \$6.95

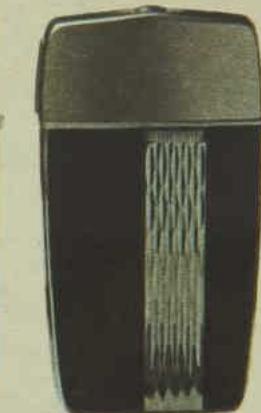
Trigger action — shoots flame from the hole in the top. In Saturn blue, Lunar brown or black. Smart gold finish for \$9.95.



"Weight" Table-Desk Lighter. Solid brass 1 lb. weight with the lighter concealed in the base. \$27.50.



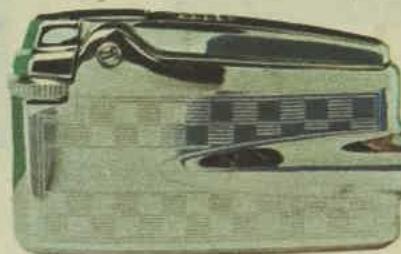
"Tricorn" Table-Desk Lighter. \$10.95. Many other table models from \$9.95.



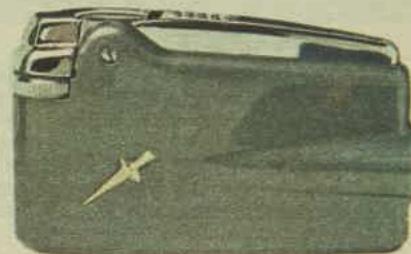
New Slimline Windlite. Stays alight in winds up to 30 miles an hour. Light, slim and very masculine. Satin chrome finish — \$9.95. Black tortoise enamel — \$13.95.



"Premier." Hard gold plate, woven faceted design. \$19.95.

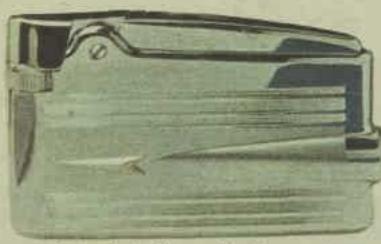


"Premier." Bright chrome, checkerboard design \$11.95.



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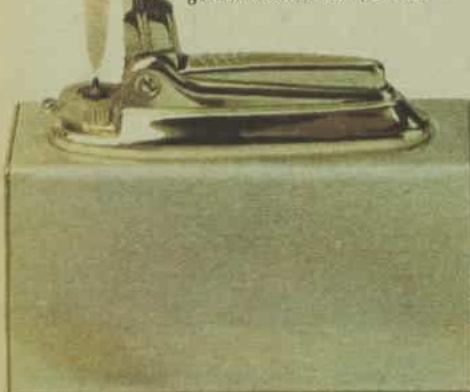
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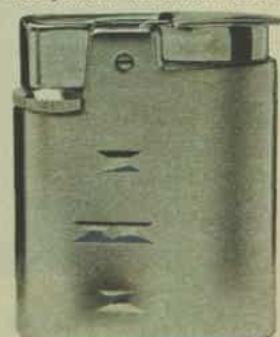
"Sportsman." Buffalo hide cover, chrome windshield. \$12.75.



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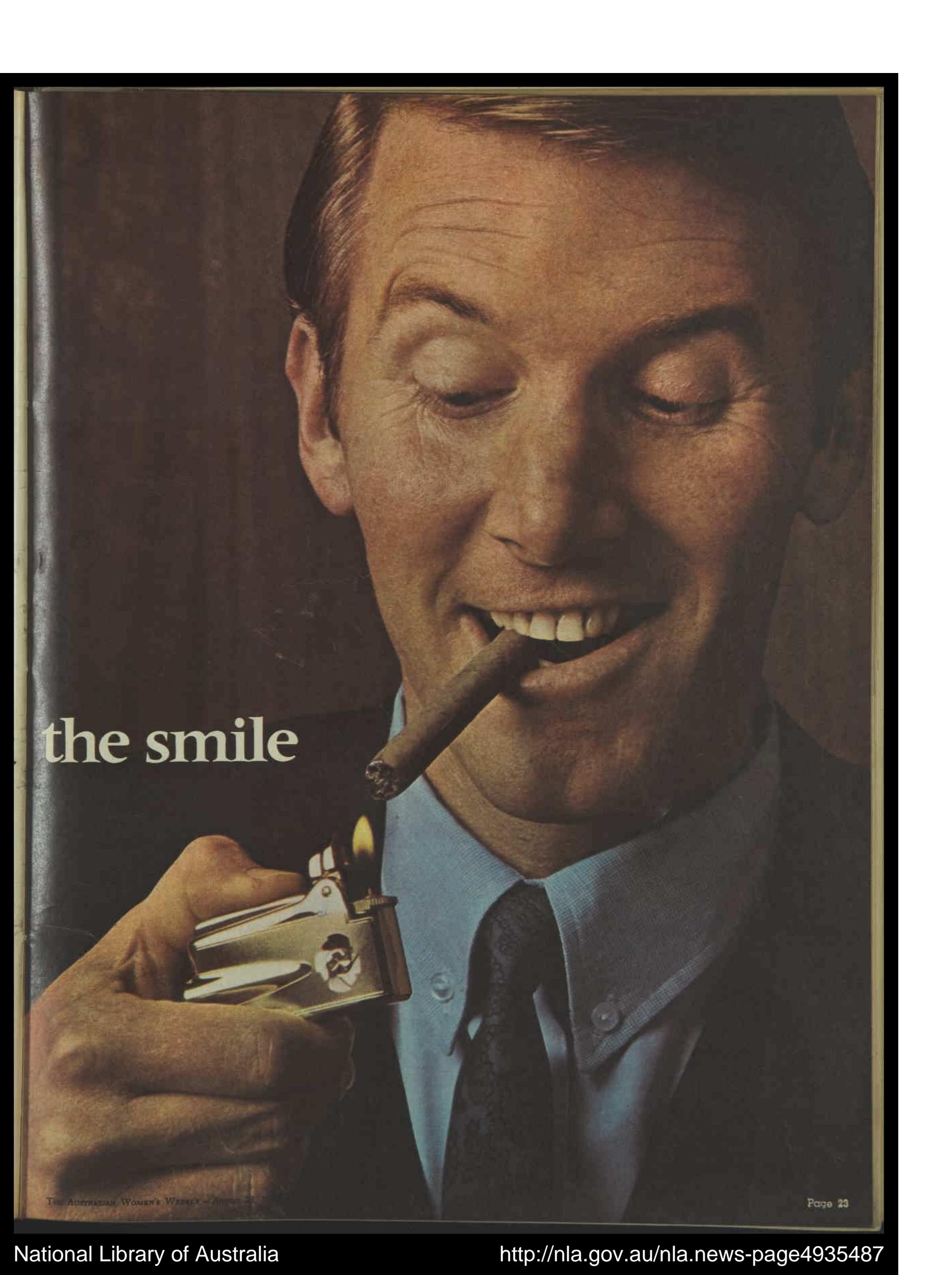
"Senator" Table-Desk Lighter. Contemporary square shape. \$17.95.



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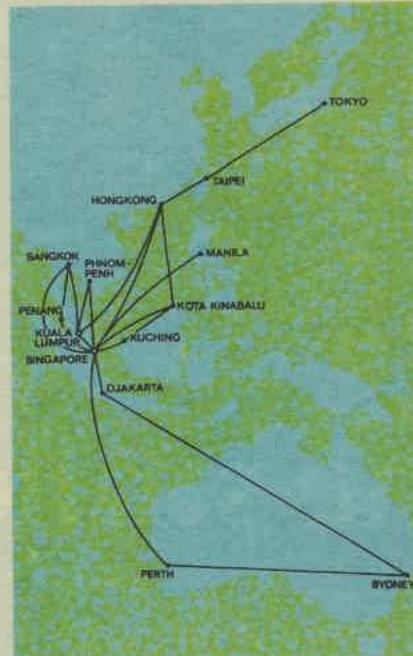


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He furnished a flat — for \$100

● On a shoestring budget, an enterprising young man transformed a bare flat— mostly with packing-cases.

By LORRAINE BROWN

"COME round for dinner — and bring a packing-case; the flat is unfurnished."

An unusual invitation perhaps — but young Englishman John Neale's furniture, made almost wholly from packing-cases, shows how successfully the invitation bore fruit.

John is assistant display officer for an airline and handles exhibits for trade fairs. This, perhaps, explains his ingenious yet easily assembled, functional flat.

"It is purely a display man's job," he says. "The furniture is all fixed to the walls and you aren't supposed to look at things closely."

When John arrived in Australia two years ago, he wasn't sure how long he was staying, and didn't want to spend a lot of money on something he would have to leave behind.

The flat he moved into at Milsons Point, N.S.W., was inexpensive — but unfurnished, so he had to find a way to furnish it without exceeding his budget: \$100.

The idea of using packing-cases to make furniture came when he had his tape-recorder shipped from England in a tea-chest.

This box remained the only piece of furniture in the room for some time, until John decided to paint it with wood-stain to make it less obviously makeshift.

This was so successful that he decided to make other furniture from the same source. The long chest-like structures could be used for cupboard space as well as for comfortable sofas made by adding thick foam cushions.

John asked all his friends where he could buy packing-cases, and had them all looking out for them.

Became a challenge

Some he was given from a large department store, others a friend found in the street near a second-hand shop — awaiting the garbage disposal. These were freely given, for the price of their removal.

From then on, John says, it became a challenge to see how far he could go with the idea and the approximate \$100 he had allowed for furnishings.

The flat consists of one large room, a bathroom, and a tiny kitchen; so to overcome the bedroom problem, John decided to have a bed which folded against the wall and could be concealed in a cupboard structure.

He spent a good deal of the money on a mattress, bought a large piece of hardboard to support it, strapped the mattress on, and built the cupboard to conceal it.

He then covered the cupboard door with rough hunks of hard foam used a lot in display work, painting it beige to give the effect of real brickwork.

He used this "brickwork" also when converting his old-fashioned cabin-trunk into a mock fireplace, thus retaining the valuable hanging space in the trunk. He built a shelf above the trunk with a lip for a sliding door, removed one side of the trunk, and added the sliding door, covered with "brick."

The central feature of the flat is a large coffee-table.

The legs were salvaged from the basement of the flat building where they, too, were



VIEW of room showing the huge "brick" cupboard containing the bed and the Buffet poster; the coffee-table; and the divans made from packing-cases. Pictures on the wall are travel posters.

Pictures by staff photographer BILL PAYNE



THE ORIGINAL tea-chest from the tape-recorder. With another piece added, it also becomes a seat. The lamp effectively combines vase, milk bottle, and light fitting and shade. The mirror reflects the cupboard containing the hidden bed.

TWO MEN ON A LONE,

"Days passed with hardly a word spoken"

● People often ask the author, "What was it like crossing the Atlantic in a small boat?" His answer, below, is full of surprises.

WHILE overseas, I worked for a time for, and with, a retired colonial Governor of Gambia, West Africa, who wished to fulfil his lifelong desire — to sail his own yacht across the Atlantic.

He was 65, and his 34ft. flat-bottomed, barge-rigged sloop was called Spurwing. Gambia, where black and white had lived harmoniously as neighbors — I found the African a most fascinating and lovable personality — was on the eve of independence, and he had been invited to the celebrations.

So we finished preparing for the crossing, witnessed the celebrations, and then we sailed forth, bound for the alluring West Indies.

Now that it is all over, I find it difficult to answer the many questions I am asked about our voyage.

The loneliness of an empty ocean, a wet bunk to sleep in, cold meals for days on end, hours of sewing torn canvas, often by the light of a flickering spirit-lamp, the sea's countless moods and its deep soul-searching consolation, are simply not comprehensible to the average person.

Yet these things are the very spice which tickles the palate of those who have sailed under canvas across the oceans.

Departure

Possibly the most rewarding and pleasurable stage is in the planning, for anticipation offers the intense delight of the unknown. Also the preparations, however simple, bring the first sensations of inevitability — apprehensions even — as to the final outcome.

The day came for us to leave.

Strange that it should turn out to be one of the most emotional departures I was to make from any place in the 28 countries I visited in two years.

Spurwing lay quietly riding to the tide, which was due to turn and ebb shortly.

The township of Bathurst had come to life at dawn, but only when the pearl-grey mist lifted from the river could we see the dark people padding along in loose cotton robes, brilliantly colored.

Slender dugout canoes knifed across the water — the Senegalese traders were arriving for the markets.

Not a breath of wind stirred, and pelicans swooped low over the water looking for all the world like pieces of flying luggage.

A fish leapt clear, then

plopped back into the water. It broke the silence.

At nine, I winched in the cable and started the diesel. Then came the skipper's command "Let her go."

We chugged off slowly downstream past the Yacht Club, where the skipper's old colonial acquaintances gathered to fire a farewell salute on the club starting gun.

Then as we passed the river steamer Lady Wright and loading cargo she gave us three farewell blasts from her siren, and the other ships in port then followed suit until the still air became alive with the deep-throated wails of sirens.

Dark-skinned forms lined the roadway along the river's edge, and car horns joined in the crescendo of sound.

I felt a large lump in my throat, and waved, and suddenly everyone was waving, adults and children, black and white.

The Senegalese fishermen from their canoes ceased

mist came in, and the temperature dropped to 70 degrees, so I put on a jersey.

After the heat of the Gambia, where 90-100 was common (in winter, you understand), the sudden drop had us shivering. And dawn broke grey and overcast.

By noon the sails banged, the blocks creaked unmercifully, and the motion was hellishly uncomfortable.

The cat was edgy and miaowed periodically.

The skipper was still sick, and I was very weary, so we both crawled into our bunks.

The miserable cat crawled in beside me for human comfort in an inhuman world.

Is it real? I ask myself. But what lies ahead? Two thousand-odd miles. No help. Off the steamer and aircraft lanes. No radio to call for help. Just skipper and myself and the vast lonely ocean — and that cat . . .

It was a relief when we were finally in the Trades.

On a small boat in a sea-

If you want your soup, that is.

To put down a fork while you reach for the salt is a fatal mistake. The fork slithers away out of reach on to the floor, and you must then perform an acrobatic feat to reclaim it while still holding the bowl of stew in one hand, so that it does not spill, and gripping the table with the other hand to prevent being thrown across the cabin.

One learns to live with the conditions, of course.

We never sat down to eat till our fork and knife were safely deposited in our shirt pockets.

Washing up

Then to eat — bowl in one hand, legs splayed wide apart on the furniture to wedge the body still; take knife from pocket, cut the meat, replace knife, take fork, and enjoy a mouthful, back to pocket, and reach for knife once more.

Cooking and washing up took longer than a housewife could believe possible. Each item to be washed up had to be unwedged for safety, washed, then dried, then wedged back. First a plate, next a cup, a spoon, then a glass, then a lurch, a smash, and that glass will never be washed again.

If you are not careful whilst drinking from a cup, a lurch will slosh it all over your face. It is only funny when it happens to the other fellow, and even then the regularity can become monotonous.

Outside on deck it is much easier to cope, for you can get your bearings by watching the sea around you and anticipating the boat's movements.

The only thing that could be accomplished in relative comfort was reading, so I read for anything up to five hours a day. I finished some long books on that voyage — "Anna Karenina," "Doctor Zhivago," "Gone With The Wind," and a long essay on psychology, among others.

Days rolled by with unerring similarity.

The sameness began to have an interesting effect on our personalities, I noted in my diary.

The skipper and I would rarely speak, except to discuss briefly a menu or compare our navigational findings. Days would often pass with barely a word spoken.

Strange that we did not chatter away endlessly to overcome the loneliness.

Time stopped altogether it seemed. One day varied from the next in name only — the name appearing on the head of my diary page.

It was like a long, drawn-



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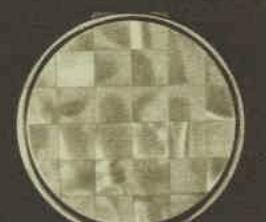
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LONE SEA

A TRAVELLER'S TALE

THE AUTHOR, 22, on deck with "that cat," Rocky, from Gibraltar (left). At right, like a painted ship upon a painted ocean, is Spurwing, in which the author, Rocky, and a retired Governor of Gambia, W. Africa, who owns Spurwing, crossed the Atlantic Ocean.



that one slip would mean over and out — permanently.

I would stare for hours at the perpetually moving sea, and the stars wheeling overhead.

I came to know the names of the constellations and recognise them, handsome Orion with belt and sword, Scorpio and his sting, Leo, and Pegasus, the huge almost empty parallelogram.

And, of course, old faithful, the Southern Cross, faint on the southern horizon.

This latter group of stars was comforting, it spelled home, and reminded me of romantic nights in my hometown, where, with a girl's head on my shoulder, I used to point it out on a warm night at the beach so many months ago.

A dumper washed aboard one morning and soaked the transistor with which we picked up our time signals from the BBC, London.

The precise time is absolutely essential to correct navigation, and our fears were very real when we pondered the chances of finding the 25-mile wide island, still over 1000 miles away, where we planned to land.

That night, just as I was in the middle of preparing the last of the fresh cabbage, and dumpling stew from a tin, an unholy crack sounded on deck.

Panic-stricken we flew on deck. I have never seen a plump skipper, lanky crew, and one frightened cat dis-

appear through a narrow hatch simultaneously so fast.

Rocky, the alley cat from Gibraltar, had an uncanny knowledge of everything that went amiss on board, and was invariably the first of us on deck to supervise operations.

Tonight, in the darkness, we soon lost sight of him as we rushed to get the sail down and untangle the mass of wire that was the broken stay.

The mast, released of its stay, bent one way then the next, curving gracefully like a banana and threatening to break at any time.

The sails were folded down in double time.

We repaired the stay-wire, and at dawn hoisted the sail once more — and could not find the cat anywhere.

But the sail flapped uncontrollably at half mast, some 10ft. from the deck, and suddenly with a howl and a thump a thoroughly bewildered animal landed on the deck.

He had apparently crawled into the folds of the furled sail the night before, and had been carried half up the mast in a fold, when the flapping shook him out. He was unhurt.

The broken stay-wire was temporarily repaired with the help of wire clamps, but by mid-morning the following day I was dangling from a wooden seat suspended at the mast-top fixing the wire into place once more.

Way up in the sky I was master of the world. The mast swayed in great arcs across the heavens, and I

clung there, working with a soul so light and free that I felt I had the spirit of a seabird, soaring aloft and unfettered.

In the following days little occurred to relieve the sameness.

I thought of the day when the horizon would be smudged with a cloud that was more solid than cloud. Land and the life I knew.

But when I crystallised my thoughts into those things I missed most at sea it was not company but a dream of peace and stillness on the water I yearned for — to be free for ever of the perpetual tossing, barging movement of the vessel, my home, beneath me. Upon reflection it amazed me that 15 days of sea life could affect me so profoundly. But it did.

Since the radio had failed to work after being drenched I baked it in a moderate-to-cool oven the next day for an hour and a half. After allowing to cool, I tested to see if it had been done properly.

Pie and gravy

What joy, my culinary arts must be improving, because with a flick of the switch the BBC came through to us loud and clear: "The time is eleven hundred hours Greenwich Mean Time."

I happily reported to the skipper that accurate navigation could be calculated once more.

We rejoiced on a feast of beef pie and gravy. Banana fritters followed.

The winds began to ease off as we drew nearer to the Caribbean.

Nevertheless our day runs were still good, though not as good as our record of 147 miles in 24 hours.

On the afternoon of the 20th day at sea the skipper declared that at ten o'clock we should be able to sight the lighthouse on Barbados.

Dutifully as the time drew near I perched myself aloft with the binoculars and half an hour later, to my joy, I spotted a light which could have been a low star, or a ship, so momentarily did it gleam.

I checked the chart to find that Ragged Point Light shone for 15 seconds duration only, in every two minutes, so I checked the light's flashes against a stop-

watch, and half an hour later decided that it could be none other than Ragged Point Light, on Barbados, dead ahead — our goal of two and a half thousand miles and 21 days' sailing.

All night we sailed around the island and as the sun rose we drew up to a fleet of pleasure boats and local schooners peacefully riding to anchor in the lucid clear waters that sighed heavily on the white coral beaches.

Green palms leaned from the shores and stirred in the breeze of a new day.

We celebrated with a cup of tea and fried sausages from a tin. A warm shower in fresh water completed our accomplishment. It was the first shower for 20 days — did we need it? Then sleep, 12 glorious hours of peaceful uninterrupted bliss.

And what was our reaction upon awakening that evening? A warm thrill of contentment? The glow of achievement?

No, just the cold hard facts that drained our bodies and souls of feeling.

It was over. Finished. I had crossed the Atlantic, so what? That is how I felt. A deep depression set in upon us both.

I lazily picked up a book from the yacht's library and opened it at random. It was Sir Francis Chichester's "The Lonely Sea and The Sky."

Referring to his successful solo crossing of the Tasman Sea, he wrote:

"I felt isolated and drained of personality, horribly cut off from the other people by some queer gulf of loneliness. I had achieved my great ambition to cross the Tasman alone. I had not then learned that I would feel an intense depression every time I achieved a great ambition. I had not discovered that the joy of living comes from action, from making the attempt; the effort, not the success."

My own emotions and thoughts were crystallised entirely in those few words, and a sadder, but wiser, man of 22 years pondered deeply as he gazed wistfully from the gently heaving deck of the small yacht, across the shimmering waters to the twinkling fireflies that lit the palm trees at Bridgetown, Barbados, West Indies.

JOURNEY'S END: A peaceful haven on Barbados, West Indies, reached after 21 days' sailing.

Page 27

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ITALIAN JUDGE FOR BAKE-OFF

● Edoardo Moglia, one of the world's finest judges of good food, will be a co-judge in our recipe contest finals.

ON September 27 Signor Moglia, who manages the Real-Fini hotel in Modena, Italy, arrives in Australia for our 1968 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off finals, October 1-4.

It is a visit he is looking forward to tremendously because, he says, there are new dishes to be found every day and "Through food you get to know the nature and character of the people."

A serious statement. But Edoardo says it with the sparkle of the Italian people, who love and appreciate the pleasures of the table and like people for themselves.

He enjoys good food. "Eating must be fun. What is food unless you enjoy it?"

His enthusiasm and appreciation and his real enjoyment of good food have made him an international figure wherever gourmets gather. He has been honored in many countries, holds high office in food societies, and has been made a Chevalier of such orders as the Order of St. Anthony, patron saint of the salami sausage, the Order of the Tortellini (they have a festival four times a year and he puts on the amusing cap of honor shaped like the pasta, and eats tortellini cooked in as many different ways as the inventiveness of the members can produce). He is a Chevalier of the Chain of Rotisseurs, given only to

the best restaurants, and is a Companion of the Order of Beaujolais.

Signor Moglia's good judgment of food comes not only from his fine palate but from a sound knowledge of how food is cooked, backed by years of professionalism. Food may be fun, he says, but cooking it is a very serious business. The restaurant of the hotel he manages, the Real-Fini, is one of the most famous in Italy, known to every lover of exceptionally fine cooking.

"I have worked in hotels and restaurants all over the world," he said, "and was trained in the finest school in Italy, the

By ANNE MATHESON, of
our London office

Hotel Training Centre at Via Reggio, so that I know how food should be cooked as well as what dishes to serve."

Between the Hotel Real-Fini and the Restaurant Fini, some 90,000 people are catered for every year, and each meal served is a gastronomic delight. "I have to know exactly how each dish is cooked in order to keep a close supervision," he continued.

The Restaurant Fini, with mouth-watering regional dishes, so individual they are

Continued on page 30



Edoardo Moglia standing by the fountain of St. Francis in the square outside the hotel he manages, the Real-Fini in Modena.

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ITALIAN JUDGE FOR BAKE-OFF

. . . continued from page 28

different from cooking in any other part of the world, has many famous clients, from Princess Soraya to Ingrid Bergman, from ex-King Leopold of Belgium to the car enthusiasts who remembered the good food as they drive away in their Maseratis, Ferraris, and prestige cars, all mad in Modena. Cardinals, too, recall the delights of the good food they have eaten in Modena. And Pope John XXIII, receiving Modena pilgrims, said, "Modena, Modena, I remember now. I remember Fini."

THE FINI FAMILY

To know the Fini family is to understand much of Edoardo Moglia's authority on food. Their fame began at the turn of the century, when Teleforo Fini opened a small restaurant beside his pork butcher's shop in an enchanting square in Modena. Today sleek cars park beside the fountain in the square and his son, Dr. Giorgio Fini, has added to the small restaurant, room after air-conditioned room, serving the same good food people have enjoyed in this region since the 6th and 7th centuries.

The tiny delicatessen shop has grown to become one of the largest in the world, and the Fini sausages, zampone (pig's trotter stuffed with spiced meat), the sweet and delicious hams specially salted and seasoned, the parmesan cheese, all the delicious food can be had from Modena to Manchester, London to Los Angeles.

Over the Restaurant Fini hangs the whole atmosphere of good living with pork meats and succulent dishes on view suggesting feasting rather than plain eating.

And just as the mortadella and tortellini, the Lambrusco (a red, sparkling local wine), and the simple food of the region are exported to bring a cosmopolitan flavor to everyday living, so the Fini restaurant is repeated in a quick-service chain along the autostradas in Italy, making eating for the traveller one of the joys of the long journey.

As Dr. Giorgio Fini, who went into the business from the medical profession, explains, "What we don't eat we sell."

HUGE BANQUETS

Catering, with Edoardo Moglia his right-hand man, is no problem to Dr. Fini. Together they have attended a banquet in Los Angeles and with the help of only two chefs prepared 10,000 pieces of tortellini.

Signor Moglia thinks nothing of catering for two or three banquets, each for 500 people, in one day, and another on the

other side of Italy, serving the same number of people at much the same time.

He is a dynamic man who looks more like a desk man than one completely at home in a kitchen with hams in the rafters and wine and vinegar in the wood.

And it was as an accountant he started life just after the war. "But things were difficult, there was no opening for me and I went to England to study the language in the hope that that would get me a job."

There his money ran out before he had even begun to master English and he had to look round for a job to support himself while still attending classes.

"Being an Italian, I had no trouble getting a job as a waiter," he said, "and I started at the Savoy."

To his surprise and delight he found he liked the work. An effusive person, he gets on well with people and soon got into the kitchens, this time at Dino's, in London's South Kensington district.

Now his mind was made up to learn all there was to know about cooking, catering, and hotel work. So Edoardo returned to Italy, not to accountancy, however, but to the Hotel Training Centre.

After that he worked his way up from *maitre d'hôtel* to manager in Switzerland, Germany, back to Milan, and to Modena.

LOCAL FOODS

He was born in Parma, the next big town, and he quickly saw how the excellent foods of the region could be exploited.

"Every small town has its specialty," he said, "particularly in Italy. And it is discovering them and bringing them into a restaurant or a housewife's repertoire that is enhancing good eating all the time."

In Australia he is certain there will be so many dishes new to him that the whole time he is here will be a glorious voyage of discovery.

He travels back and forth to the United States on gastronomical conferences to judge and enjoy food there.

"I always ask what is the specialty of the place I am visiting and have that dish."

On food he has a golden rule — no flavor should be so harsh or unblended as to cancel out another. He has a horror of any dishes overdone and a love of traditional dishes.

"Every country has food native to it and the dishes that have become part of the cooking in that country. This is what makes food interesting," says Edoardo Moglia.



In the kitchens of the Restaurant Fini, Modena. Signor Moglia and Dr. Fini (wearing decoration of the Order of Tortellini) with two of the chefs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1968



Some things last
even longer than Beauty Fit

Love is a lasting thing. And Beauty Fit is a lot like that. Not nearly as beautiful But beautiful enough to make your legs look better than he's ever seen them Beauty Fit knows how to make you happy too. By stretching to fit smoothly. By giving you all the colours a girl could ever want. *And by lasting.* Even longer than other non-run stockings. You'd think Beauty Fit were just made for you, wouldn't you? Well, they were.

Stockings 99c. Panty Hose \$2.00

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Page 31



By KENNETH PIRRIE (above)

SIMPLE, elegant coatdress (left) in dove-grey Pirrielin, a linen-like fabric from Bradmill which is crease-resistant. The design shapes in at waist, has half-belt at back. White pique is a cooler.

KENNETH PIRRIE styled this well-cut coat (centre) in dramatic black-and-white Pirrielin. The coat tops a sleeveless slither of dress which echoes the scalloping and figure-line of its cover-up.

PILLAR - BOX red Pirrielin "little-nothing" dress and cropped jacket (right), garnished with white. The sleeveless, high-necked dress has softly gathered skirt and white belt and collar trim.

• Here and overleaf are highlight designs for spring-summer from the exciting new ranges of five Australian topflight young designers—Prue Acton, Emma, Trent, Kenneth Pirrie, and Thomas Wardle. The designs are right in keeping with modern living and are made in attractive, easy-care Bradmill fabrics co-ordinated with new Holeproof Beauty-Fit stockings and pantie hose.



By PRUE ACTON (left)

SIMPLE little A-line skimmer in cavalry twill (far left) in understated vanilla, cream, coffee, and black. The bodice has inset shoulder tab look, Nehru collar. The waist is marked with inset belt.

PATRIOTIC red, white, and blue in Bradmill's eye-catching cavalry twill (centre) is double-breasted in shirnmaker style and cinched at the natural waistline with a wide, striped tricolor belt.

NOTE - QUITE - NAVY textured twill style (left) has welted bodice with gilt trim, a rolled Courreges collar, and a wide buckled belt in shiny vermilion leather. The skirt is cone-shaped.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 28, 1968

**Lively spring fashions
and fabrics on parade**

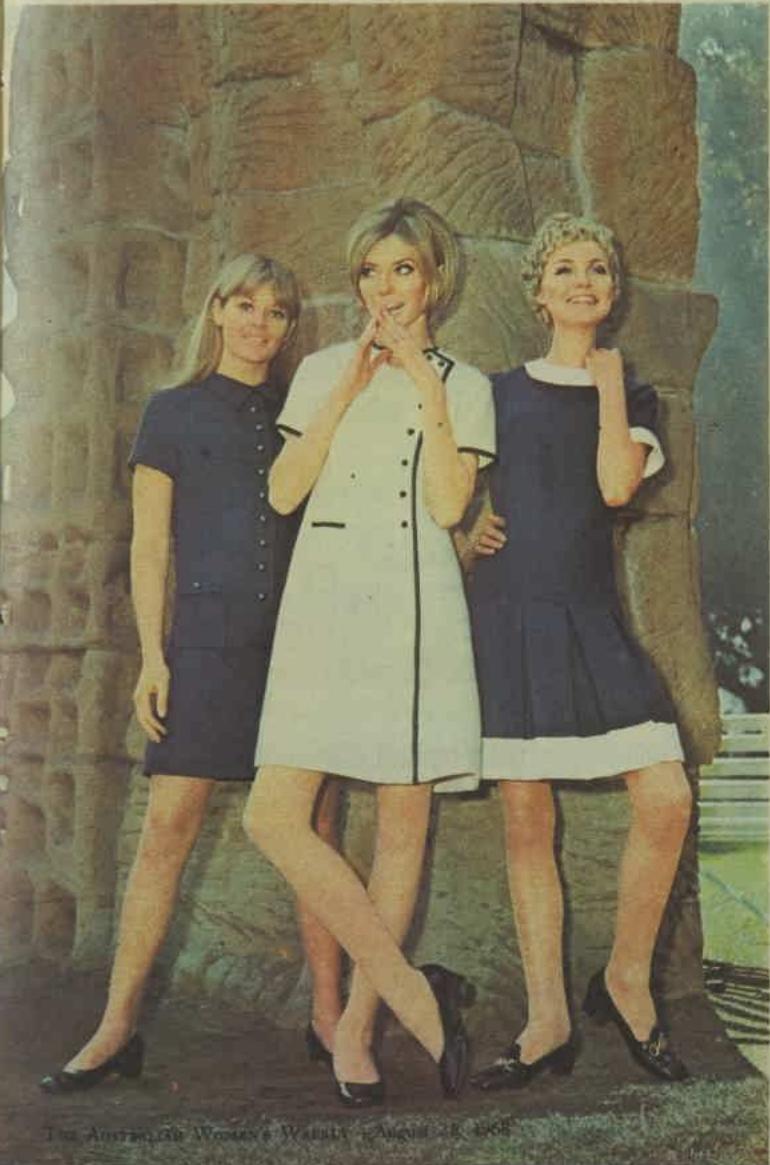
BY FIVE YOUNG AUSTRALIAN DESIGNERS

By THOMAS WARDLE (right)

COOL chic in a vibrant tomato-red Empire dress (right) in Bradmill textured hopsac weave fabric. Stark white contrast on collar, cuffs, flap pockets, and edging buttons adds verve.

MIDNIGHT-NAVY and white contrast sharply in wrap-over style (centre, right) of slub hopsac. Bodice fastens with big white buttons and there's a wide belt at natural waistline.

WIDE stripes of white (far right) on this bright tomato-red dress make it one which could not easily be overlooked in a crowd. In textured hopsac, it is washable, crease-resistant.



By TRENT (left)

SOPHISTICATE shirt-dress in Bradmill navy slub hopsac (far left) is styled on slimming, youthful lines with short sleeves and shiny silver button trim.

SMART side-buttoned dress (centre, left) in warm cream slub hopsac looks cool and confident. Contrast binding and buttons are a popular trend.

CLASSIC sweater-dress (left) with box-pleated skirt is in fine navy hopsac fabric dashed with broad white bands at neck, hemline, and sleeves.

**SEE THESE FASHIONS AT STORE
PARADES—DETAILS OVERLEAF**

More YOUNG DESIGNER TRENDS

with Bradmill fabrics and Holeproof
beauty-fit stockings and pantie hose



By EMMA

CHOCOLATE-BROWN linen-like fabric in a whirl of pleats falling from a stitched bodice. This "little-girl" dress has a white peter pan collar and cuffs on the short sleeves. Pearl-centred gilt buttons also decorate the bodice.

MINIMUM-CARE chocolate hopsac is the fabric in the smart body-skimming dress (centre). The dress gains impact from white stitching which edges the high neck, short sleeves, and crosses vertically and horizontally on the dress.

PATCH POCKETS, the tab front, and vertical lines are picked out in white on this useful little dress in Bradmill's brown hopsac. An understated design, it is ideal for the business girl because of care-free, non-crease qualities.

ALL THESE FASHIONS WILL BE PARADE AT:

ADELAIDE: Myer Emporium S.A. Ltd., Miss Adelaide Shop, 1st floor, Rundle Street, Monday, August 26—Friday, August 30 inclusive, at 12.10 p.m. and 1.10 p.m. daily, and Saturday, August 31, at 9.30 a.m.

BRISBANE: McWhirters, The Valley, Thursday, August 22, at 11.10 a.m. and 12.10 p.m., Friday, August 23, at 1.10 p.m., and Saturday, August 24, at 9.30 a.m.

Allan and Stark Ltd., Queen and Adelaide Streets, Thursday, August 22, at 1.10 p.m., Friday, August 23, at 11.10 a.m. and 12.10 p.m., and Saturday, August 24, at 10.15 a.m.

PERTH: Boans, Miss Perth Shop, Monday, August 26—Wednesday, August 28 inclusive, at noon, 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. daily.



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FOR THE WOMEN OF AUSTRALIA
NOTHING BUT THE BEST

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Pru Acton
Kenneth Pirrie
Thomas Wardle and
Trent choose
Bradmill fabrics.

And the best is Bradmill. For each unique,
individual talent there is the Bradmill fabric
to underline the flair, enhance the distinction,
fulfil the promise.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 28, 1968

INB101
Page 35



HOUSE of the WEEK

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Thyer's low-slung A-frame house at Avalon Heights, N.S.W., seems to grow out of its site as naturally as the beautiful angophora tree. Door in the wall leads to a sheltered garden court and entry porch.

Cathedral window and raftered ceiling in main bedroom give a strong feeling of light and space. Mrs. Thyer designed thai-silk bedspreads, bolsters, and matching curtains (which screen room from the street).

A-frame that "grows" from its site



The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY August 11, 1962



Dividing wall (left), incorporating fireplace and bookshelves, separates sitting-room from the rest of the house. Mrs. Thyer can talk to guests from the kitchen (on a higher level) behind bookshelves. Furnishing, in colors which tone with the clinker bricks, is a blend of old and new.

Pictures by
Keith Barlow

Redwood wall, shaped to the sloping line of the roof, makes a warm background for the open dining-room. The Thyers bought the Jacobean-style chairs cheaply, stripped and oiled them, then re-covered seats with thai silk. The group of photographs are framed in hessian.

- Built of clinker bricks and western red cedar, this low-slung A-frame house at Avalon Heights, in N.S.W. — designed for Mr. and Mrs. R. Thyer by Graeme Over — seems to grow from its site. Even the color of the mortar blends with the creamy bark of the tall angophora trees.

Continued overleaf



Kitchen and sitting-room (with striking cathedral window) share the same steep ceiling. Earthy-colored pebble - design floorcovering was chosen for serviceability and to blend with colors in the clinker bricks above wall cupboards. Lights above the sink, at right, are copper.

Common bricks, laid in a simple pattern, form a path through the Japanese-style courtyard to the timber-roofed entrance porch. Plantings include bamboo, papyrus, Japanese maple.



Check Forehead Lines

To keep your forehead satin-smooth, you must check any signs of wrinkled dryness immediately. Wrinkles indicate a lack of the natural protective oils in your skin and the need for urgent nourishment. Nightly, before retiring, smooth a generous film of nourishing Ulan night cream over your forehead. Coax the nourishment into the skin, using the fingertips in outward and upward movements. Regular vitalizing night creaming in this way will keep your forehead smooth and beautiful always.

Search for a Princess

Bake-Off Princess contest open to all young women in Australia.

AND the winner gets a free two weeks on Hayman Island, a new wardrobe, \$100 cash, and a new cooking range.

To enter send us a photograph of yourself, outline details of a dinner-party menu you might serve, and state your full name,

age, address. Entries close September 16. Address for entries: "Bake-Off Princess," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Pictured is an entrant from Koumala, Queensland. Her proposed menu is at left.

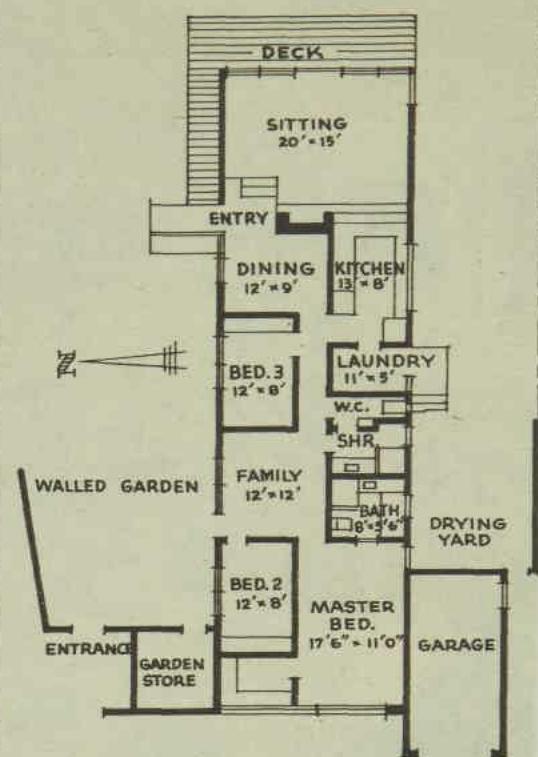
PRE-DINNER DRINKS:	
HORS-D'OEUVRE:	Shoulder of Lamb, Roast Potatoes, Baked Tomatoes, Italian-style Peas.
SOUP:	Tossed French Salad.
ENTREE:	
Macaroni and Egg Casserole with Bread-and-Butter Squares.	Coconut Apple Tart, Romano Cheese and Biscuits.
MAIN COURSE:	DESSERT:
Pineapple Stuffed Cream.	Black Coffee with



Mrs. Vince Berardi

HOUSE of the WEEK

continued . . .



FABULOUS BABYBOOK OFFER!

by Vaseline Petroleum Jelly



Special Price

\$1.75
(Valued at \$6.50)

This beautiful book is brought to you by Vaseline Petroleum Jelly, the most effective preventative for nappy rash. Here is a fund of knowledge, accumulated over many years by the world's most honoured names in child care. Beautifully bound in white linen finish, with 310 glossy, fact-filled pages, it embraces all aspects of your baby's development up to the age of 6. 63 different subjects relating to you and your baby are discussed in detail with sympathy and understanding. This isn't the kind of book you'll read once and put away. Like a trusted friend, it will become part of your life, always there when sound advice is needed.

Fill in the coupon below for your copy, and attach the front label or pink cardboard crowner from a jar of Vaseline Petroleum Jelly*. If you'd like an extra copy as a gift for a friend, then attach two front labels or crowners.

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I enclose cheque/postal note/money order made payable to Bladon & Puckridge Pty. Ltd. for copy/copies of 'Guide to Child Care', and attach a front Vaseline Petroleum Jelly label or pink cardboard crowner* for each copy. (Cross out words not applicable.)

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Send to: 'Guide to Child Care', P.O. Box 325,
South Melbourne, Victoria. 3205.

*Not necessary where this contravenes State laws.



ALTHOUGH Mr. and Mrs. Ross Thyer's A-frame house at Avalon Heights, N.S.W., blends so well with its setting that it seems to grow from the site, its low height, as seen from the street, is deceptive. Inside, the raftered ceilings follow the sloping roofline to give a feeling of height and space. The only flat ceiling is in the central hallway, and the space above is used for storage.

To take full advantage of its easterly aspect and lovely views, one wall of the sitting-room is almost entirely glass. Above glass doors which open to a long timber deck is a triangular, cathedral-like window. The main bedroom, at the opposite end of the house, has a similar window.

Mrs. Thyer enjoys entertaining, likes to talk to guests from the kitchen, but not for them to see the dishes. So the kitchen is under the same ceiling as the sitting-room, but has a 2ft. 6in. higher floor level, and is visually separated from it by a half-wall of built-in bookshelves. Guests can see only Mrs. Thyer's head.

The Thyers also wanted an open fireplace; this is incorporated in the clinker-brick feature wall which partly separates the sitting-room from the dining-room.

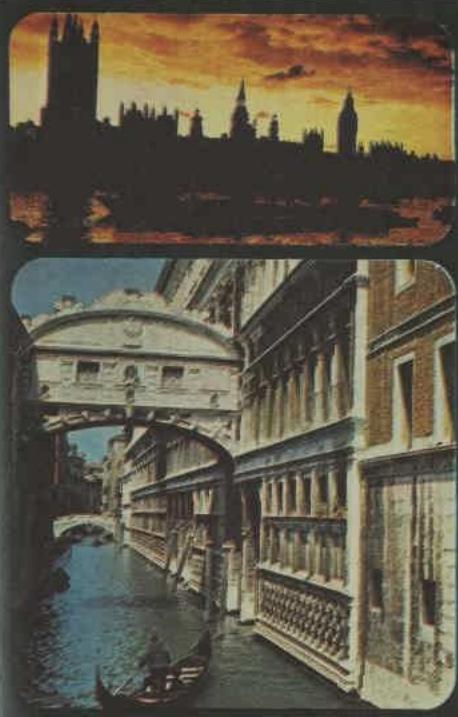
Both the front door and the family room open on to a sunny garden court, planted in the Japanese style, and screened from street and neighboring houses by a high brick wall.

An individual furnishing scheme — in colors to blend with the natural building materials, especially the blue in the clinker bricks — adds to the charm of the house.

"I like a combination of old and new furniture," said Mrs. Thyer, "and I like to take time to find and do things. I've found that one's ideas change as one goes along, but that makes furnishing a house more interesting."

In the sitting-room, a modern sofa, which Mrs. Thyer covered in dull blue velvet, teams with such old pieces as a Victorian sideboard and a grandfather clock, both stripped and oiled for added interest. The tall-backed Jacobean oak chairs in the dining-room were bought cheaply at an auction. Stripped and oiled, and with fresh seat covers of blue thai silk, they go perfectly with a new oak table.

—Ennis Honey



It's you at the rail. Destination Europe. Leaving your old world behind you. Facing the new. The world is waiting for discovery. The sunny ports of Papeete, Balboa, Cristobal, Curacao, Caracas, Lisbon lie in between. You've four, full, fabulous weeks to enjoy it all.



Enjoy the ship. The friends. The pulsating, non-stop rhythm of life at sea. Sitmar style. Prepare for pleasure. Plan for leisure. Sail with sunny Sitmar. Book today with your Travel Agent on the Sitmar ship of your choice; Castel Felice, Fairsea, Fairsky, Fairstar.



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A perfect gift for

Father's Day

September 1st.

SPECIAL OFFER
61¢
OFF!

Gillette

ADJUSTABLE RAZOR

\$2.39



Give Dad 'made to measure' shaving comfort.

Gillette has knocked a whopping 61 cents off their superb Adjustable Razor for Father's Day — September 1st. Just

\$2.39 gives Dad the only razor specially designed for his own special beard! He simply dials the setting he finds most comfortable. The dial tunes the blade to the perfect angle for him. Gillette's Adjustable Razor is the perfect gift for Father's Day — and he'll thank you for it every day. Long after he's forgotten Father's Day 1968.



Nine different settings —

so Dad can choose the one that's exactly right for his particular skin and beard.

P.S.

Gillette also makes the economy favourite Quick Twist Razor at \$1.25 — and the fabulous new Techmatic at \$4.50.

does an Ice Blue man always play it cool?



give him Ice Blue on Father's Day and find out

Ice Blue Instant Lather
Rich in lanolin. Gives a smoother, faster shave. \$1.25

Ice Blue Lectric Shave
Eliminates razor drag.
Makes electric shaving an effortless pleasure.
\$1.25

Ice Blue After Shave
A new masculine freshness for the cool man.
2 oz. 85c 4 oz. \$1.25

Ice Blue Talcum Powder
Your smoothest morning luxury.
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Ice Blue Deodorant Stick
For safe, day-long comfortable protection. 95c



Ice Blue Shaving Cream. Your choice of regular, with lanolin or mentholated. 42c

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at
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chemists,
hairdressers,
and
retail stores

JBW13
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1968

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● The semi-fit, low-waisted dress with its pleated skirt and contour belt, shown below, is by Mary Quant. The dress is chosen for a teenage reader.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could you choose a young design for a one-piece to be made in 3½ yds. of 36in. material and seven-eighths of a yard contrast? I want a pattern in size 12. I wear my hemlines short."

The above-knee one-piece dress I have chosen for you is illustrated below. The neck-band, cuffs, and belt are in contrast. The pattern also includes the design finished with a short sleeve. Beside the illustration are how-to-order details.

"I have bought a new spring coat in a navy silk. The coat is fitted and has an A-line silhouette. I am only 19 and feel I have made a mistake in buying navy. What do you think?"

I think navy can look very young and gay worn with red, white, and blue accessories. For instance, you could wear navy sheer stockings and navy patent shoes, a red, white, and blue scarf, navy patent bag, and short white gloves. By the way, the newest scarf shape is long and narrow.

"Is red too hot a color to wear in summer?"

Not if it suits your own coloring. Red looks best in summer worn with chalk-white accessories.

"Would a midi-dress be suitable made in a white sheer cotton? What color stockings and shoes should I wear with white?"

Yes, a mid-calf dress in cotton sheer is very new in spring - summer fashion. White sheer stockings and white flat-heeled shoes would be my choice for accessories. Incidentally, rather full to-the-wrist sleeves are very new for any dress made in a see-through fabric.

4578.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 4578 Butterick pattern by young designer Mary Quant, the price 80c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I have a bright blue cocktail dress finished with a brown sash. Should I wear brown or blue accessories?"

My choice would be brown — very sheer brown stockings, brown satin shoes, plus white gloves and a white handbag.

"On what occasion is it correct to wear evening pyjamas? And what accessories—formal or informal?"

In my opinion, evening pyjamas should be worn for at-home entertaining or to dinner or a party at a friend's house. Wear your pyjamas with bare evening sandals.

"I want to make a summer skirt and would like you to tell me a new style for a teenager."

You can choose from a dirndl, flared, or all-round knife pleats.



A large, close-up black and white photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her eyes and hair. She has voluminous, wavy, light-colored hair. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of her hair and the contours of her face. To the right of the image, there is a large, bold headline and a product advertisement.

'This is the year
of the Curl...
Darling!'

and with Fashion Quick
a Curl can't go wrong!

Fashion Quick is a curl treatment for the hair. Don't say Home Perm, darling. Sounds too...last year! Fashion Quick is easy to use. Neat. Fast (25 minutes!). Gives shape and body to your hair. A bold hold to your set. Fashion Quick wave lotion is lavished with lanolin to keep hair polished with nourishment. The conditioning foam neutralizer is in a ready-to-use squeeze bottle. Easy! No fuss—no frizz—just soft silky curls to toss and tumble!



ANNE GORDON, Richard Hudnut's Hair Care expert says: "hair that's been treated with Fashion Quick can do anything! Change

style every week! Of course, length and condition of hair is important." For personal advice, write Anne Gordon, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163.



● Saxony cockatoo, Japanese vase.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about antiques.

COULD you please enlighten me about the two objects pictured at left? The cockatoo has on its base the markings 496X over 9 and an E-N-S weather-vane shape. The vase has Chinese markings on the base, but these are damaged and too hard to reproduce in a sketch. — Mrs. Vera Melus, Camperdown, N.S.W.

The Saxony cockatoo is about 40 or 50 years old. The Chinese vase is late Ching, about 1900-10.

ENCLOSED is a photo of a china jug. It was given to my great-grandmother, in England soon after her wedding, about 90 years ago. The jug has no markings on its base, and is compara-



● Staffordshire jug.

tively lightweight. The motif on the reverse side is similar to that shown in the photo, but depicts two stags standing near a tree. Could you please tell me where and when this jug was made? — Miss Carolyn Ingle, Botany, N.S.W.

The jug, which is a typical example of Staffordshire ware, was made about 1870.

* * *

I HAVE a slender, urn-shaped vase with a soft grey crackle glaze, decorated with raised gold and enamels, and the motif of an exotic bird on a flowering branch. (See enclosed picture.) The markings are oriental characters, in red, as sketched. I would be grateful if you would give me some idea of its age and make. — G. Creber, Broadford, Vic.

Your vase would be an example of Japanese Tukani porcelain, made about 1885-95.



● Marble vase.

TWO heavy marble vases, handed down from other families, are now in my possession. They are in three parts — a small base, the vase, and a solid marble ball at the top. I enclose a picture of one of these vases. Could you give me some idea of their origin? — Mrs. E. Lambeth, Auburn, N.S.W.

The vases are serpentine stone, made in Cornwall in the late 19th century.

* * *

MY large, pewter teapot has markings underneath of Shaw & Fisher 26 Sheffield 7, 8311, and crossed arrows between an S and F, as I have illustrated. The teapot is similar to the one in the enclosed picture — having four legs, in the design of a man's head and beard — but is taller, and the body is fluted in eight pieces. — Mrs. M. E. Walton, Brisbane.

Your pewter teapot would have been made about 1870.

Your baby too can have a Donald Duck money box



and a Wales Disney passbook

Baby's own savings account — so easy to open at the Wales. Choose from two Wales/Disney Pass Books — blue for boys and pink for girls, with Donald Duck and Snow White on the covers. A Donald Duck money box is FREE, too, when you open a savings account. Wales Disney passbooks and money boxes are available ONLY from branches of the Wales.



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a grand new gift idea for father's day . . TALISMAN

distinctive grooming aids for the man who deserves the best
(he'll enjoy its subtle freshness . . so will you)

choose from this handsome range

The Kangaroo wallet . . . masculine, distinguished, and great if he's a travelling man. Contains After Shave, Talc and Deodorant all with the robust Talisman fragrance. \$8.95. And there are gift packed sets of After Shave/Deodorant \$4.80. After Shave/Cologne \$6.65. After Shave/Talc \$4.90. Deodorant/Talc \$3.60. Or your choice from the handsomely packed range of Talisman singles. *Go on — spoil him!* Available from men's toiletry sections at better stores and selected pharmacies.

TALISMAN — MEN'S DIVISION, CYCLAX OF LONDON.





New Garter Pants, Panty hose controller by Formfit

Keep panty hose beautifully in place. No more sag at ankle or knee. No more hitching. Stay in fashion. Stay in trim.

'Garter Pants'—Lycra panty hose controller; 820, S,M,L,XL \$4.99.

Surrender the suspender!

"Garter Pants" also in 4", 5", 6" proportioned legs. Clever little garter bands hold stockings without suspenders. 826, S,M,L,XL \$5.99.



Formfit

This year your best accessory is your figure

FG6148

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1968

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

First aid for garden casualties

Learn to tie a splint —and save that plant!

• The heavy winds of winter often leave broken limbs and split branches in the garden, but a little timely first aid usually will restore a damaged plant.

HERE are some of the casualties that could occur in any garden — and ways to treat them.

BROKEN STEMS OR BRANCHES

Usually a branch or stem is broken at least three-quarters of the way through, but even if only hanging by a piece of bark, the damage often can be repaired by splinting the broken sections together. Don't try lifting and fitting together until you have the material to secure the sections together, or you might do more damage when the broken pieces part again.

Use a short piece of dowel as a splint (or a couple of stout stakes if a heavy branch), twine or stem ties to secure

stem centre with secateurs, if they stop the break closing.

Bind with the plastic strips, starting a few inches below the break, overlapping generously. Secure the first few turns with adhesive tape if it slips; or bind with electricians' tape, which is self-adhesive.

Then give added support by binding a splint to the stem, starting 3 or 4 in. either side of the break. If the stem is naturally bowed, secure it firmly below the break and again on the other side where it crosses the branch.

Very thin stems can be mended with adhesive tape, but added support is a safeguard. Heavy boughs may need propping from below, but where possible secure the support to the tree itself so that all move together in the wind. If this is difficult, make sure that the main section of the plant is also firmly secured against movement.

A branch broken at a joint can mend if it is lifted carefully and lashed to a stake which is firmly attached to a strong branch above. That is, the stake comes at an oblique angle across both broken and sound branch, and is tied firmly to each. Or, the stake could be laid obliquely across the broken branch to the trunk, tied firmly at each point. This is better than using rope, which shrinks or stretches when wet or dry.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 290

With a break of this type, make a paste with bordeaux powder and water, and paint this over the crack after it has been closed, as an anti-fungus barrier. (If much penetrates, it may interfere with the bonding of the tissues.)

Most bonded stems will reunite in about three months, but this varies.

Check to see that ties are not biting into the plant, but don't be in too great a hurry to remove support. Clipping foliage from a branch will reduce weight and wind resistance.

When a branch is beyond repair, saw it off cleanly. If this only leaves a short section, take it back as close to the trunk as possible, then paint the wound with waterproof plastic paint so it won't rot and leave a gaping scar.

Remove the weight of the broken sections before attempting the clean cut, otherwise the remaining sections may crack. Make the first cut underneath, a few inches ahead of the final one.

INJURY TO TREE TRUNK

An open wound can develop in a damaged tree trunk. The cambium or growing tissue under the bark makes more cells to try to bridge the injury, but then produces a thickening collar around the wound when there is nothing to support the new tissue. So provide a false base for this tissue with cement, plastic wood, or similar materials that set hard and are weather resistant.

First scrape away as much rotted tissue as possible, then paint the inside with the bordeaux paste. If there seem to be borers, first douse with DDT or lindane four times stronger than for spraying.

Make cement a strong two-to-one or equal parts mixture with sand, and pack this or other filling into the wound. A few light nails driven in help to hold it in wide wounds. Finish off just within the bark line of the trunk, or the tissues will not be able to spread over it.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 291

TREES BLOWING OVER

Try to lift trees uprooted by storm while the soil is still moist. Usually only about half the roots will be exposed. Trim the breaks cleanly, and paint with the bordeaux paste.

With a tall tree, try to have several poles forked at the top (like clothes-props), or stout lengths of timber, so you can lift from closer to the top of the tree, where leverage is greater. These props are moved in closer, as supports, as it is raised. Some fairly permanent support will be needed until the tree re-establishes — such as a guy wire fixed to a firm stake or support on the windward side. Thread this through a length of garden hose to prevent damage where it encircles the tree.

BORER DAMAGE

Inject deep borer holes with DDT, lindane, or chlordane solution. A squirter-type detergent bottle is handy here, plus a length of wire to probe and to expel air, and help the liquid penetrate. Then block holes with putty or modeling clay.

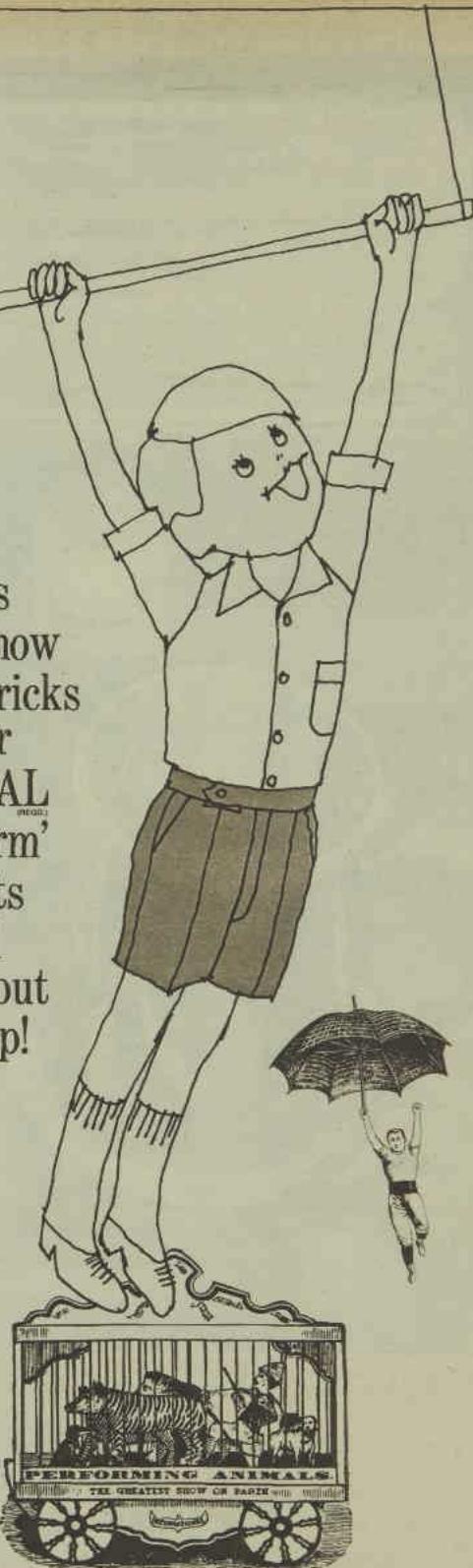
Another type of borer feeds mainly on the outer tissue and leaves the stem ring-barked, covering the damage with a web-like substance or sawdust castings. This fellow doesn't penetrate deeply and usually can be killed by probing the hole it leaves. Injecting as previously suggested is also effective.

Even though the stem is completely encircled, clean the damaged area and paint with bordeaux, then fill to just below the bark with putty or cement. The bark will grow over the damaged section.

Cypress or conifers with the centre tip damaged can be kept symmetrical by trimming the tip back to the first lateral growth or branchlet, then splinting it upright with a dowel and stem ties. Remove splint after three or four months, and the tree will have a new centre tip.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Boys
who know
all the tricks
wear
TOOTAL
fixaform
shorts
and
come out
on top!



Hardwearing Tootal Shorts
in Terylene now have
a brand new soil-release finish,
"WASH KLEEN"
built into them.

Now stains aren't so stubborn,
whites stay white, and the dirt
floats out in the wash.

Tootal's Fixaform
Permanent Press means
positively no ironing, too!



TOOTAL
boys always come out on top



Swiss "Envoy" watch with steel band \$20.00. Anson cuff links, tie tac set. \$8.50. Buffalo notecase. \$7.50. German manicure set. \$10.00. Italian decanter. \$5.00. German 3-piece bar set. \$8.00. Anson pen. \$6.95. Special 15 oz. pewter tankard. \$4.95. Colibri gas lighter. \$7.50. Key fobs (with car badges). \$1.15.

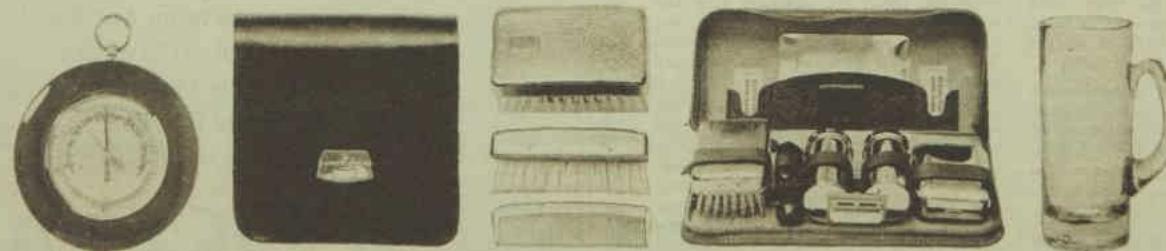
From Prouds for Father's Day

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PR 565

As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting August 21

ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ There's still emphasis on romance — mostly pleasant. As well, the stars favor legal matters, luck in all its guises, and travel, but 27th goes into reverse. A day for caution and routine.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ You'll be able to get your own way — more than usual — with the opposite sex. It's fine for romance, which takes the headlines. However, the idyll is shattered, 27th, when Cupid turns devious.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Tuesday.
★ All to do with marriage is under genial stars. Orange blossoms bloom with spring luxuriance and it's fine for engagements and weddings. Watch the 27th, which is adverse.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, mauve, gold. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ If a working woman, there could be a successful confrontation with the boss, or a better, more remunerative position. If not, housework can be reduced with a gift of a chore-lightener. The 27th is a bad day. Be road-wary.

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Felicitous focus on fun, frolic, and finance. There's gala galore for you this week — it's fine for party-going and the lighter side of life. However, 27th puts a dampener on things. Zip the purse.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
★ It's a fine week. The only snag is at the end, 27th, which is bad for personal life. The 21st-22nd is favorable for new moves and for breaking down conditions that have fenced you in. You have six planets in your sign — so up and go-go. You begin your prestige cycle.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Saturday, Tuesday.
★ Are you contemplating writing important letters, starting a diary, beginning a novel? This week is custom-made for all to do with the pen and the typewriter, except for the adverse 27th. All your thinking and communicating should be inspired.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ There could be a spot of misunderstanding at home or with loved ones, 27th, but you get a clear run rest of the week, especially 21st-22nd. It's fine for all to do with domesticity — renovating or purchasing a house, or putting a deposit on that choice allotment.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ It's been said of Sagittarians that they are bursting with ideas and gimmicks — there's no danger of their having a brain-drain. Instead of passing on your ideas, you have every chance to cash in on them yourself — except 27th. It all points to a happy splashdown.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ If you have any lazy money—and Capricornians should, as they rarely gamble — it can be successfully activated on the stock exchange, particularly 21st-22nd. The 27th, however, is a day for routine and caution, otherwise your projects could succeed more than usual.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Friendship means a lot more to Aquarians than to any other sign — and it looms large. The 27th could see trouble with a conniving "friend," but it's a good week, and your circle of acquaintances do you a favor and give you an assist. The 21st, 22nd are two very good days.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Pisceans are not just the vague but lovable no-hoppers quite often depicted. Many attain the peaks, and they have a quiet ambition which can be given full rein this week, 27th excepted. There's scope galore for escalation of career and status.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 784 — CAFTAN

Full-length hostess caftan is available cut out to make in blue- or pink-toned printed cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$5.15; 36 and 38in. bust, \$5.35. Plus 40 cents postage and dispatch.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 28, 1968

AT HOME.....

with Margaret Sydney

- I've discovered what's wrong with my dog—or with me, I'm not sure which. One of us must have been born under the wrong sign of the Zodiac.

I'VE also discovered that what I don't know about dogs would fill a book, a particular book called "The Dog Horoscope Book," which was written by Miss Liz Tresilian and published recently in London.

I thought, in my ignorance, that when you were buying a dog the thing to do was to choose one you liked the look of, one that looked healthy and strong and well fed, amiable, energetic, and not too noticeably weak in the head.

On this basis I have, over the years, chosen a number of pups. All of them have turned out to be creeps of one sort or another, admirably adapted to living in a household whose inmates are less than perfect and have their own quirks and idiocies.

Now Miss Tresilian would have me believe that my system of choice is wrong. The first question you should ask when you go to choose a dog, according to her, is under what sign was it born?

Gemini dogs, she says, are unreliable; intelligent, but too fond of variety. They chase cats, they bark at shadows, they eat pillows and shoes and doormats and anything going.

Dogs born under Sagittarius seem to have difficulty making up their minds about what sort of dog to be. They cannot decide whether to bite the postman or jump all over him, slobbering with affection. They're bumbling and clumsy and take particular delight in upending laden ashtrays on your carpets.

Neither a Gemini nor a Sagittarius dog is suitable for people of my birth sign, and my present dog (exact age, parentage, birth date, and place of birth unknown) appears to be a mixture of the two.

This is a little unlikely, I realise, since Gemini dogs would be May-June and Sagittarius dogs are November-December, but dogs will be dogs, and he does have this difficulty making up his mind.

All this is most unsettling. How on earth do you go about choosing a dog that will be right in a household of five people all born under different signs, and four cats who, if I could remember their birthdays, would probably turn out to be all different, and all wrong for the people, the dog, and each other?

Maybe the safest thing would be to choose only animals born on February 29 in every fourth year.

Things born on Leap Year Day are supposed to have second sight and all sorts of supernatural powers, which might make them hard to live with, but at least the system would have one advantage. It would cut down the numbers of animals cluttering up the place.

Have people become ashamed of the word "I"?

AFTER my most recent outburst on the subject of language-butcherery, a number of readers have written to me telling me their pet hates.

An Albury reader wants to know why "this" and "that" are changing places in the language. That's a good question. I wish I knew the answer.

She writes: "We used to say 'that's a good design'; we used to say, 'that's right,' when we were agreeing with a view someone expressed, or 'that's a natural thing.'

"Now most of the people you hear interviewed on TV and radio have abandoned 'that' in favor of 'this,' and they say 'this is a good design,' 'this is right,' 'this is a natural thing.'"

Well, I'm puzzled, too, especially as poor old "that" seems to have lost its time-honored job, only to be given another that doesn't suit it—the awful "it's that heavy I can't lift it" instead of "it's so heavy," etc.

A reader from Adelaide writes an impassioned plea for the reinstatement of that useful little word "I." "More and more people are avoiding it as if it were plague-stricken," she says. "You hear people say 'My brother and myself decided to go,' 'my wife and myself both think . . .'"

"Take away the brother and the wife, and what are you left with—'myself decided,' 'myself thinks.' And if they can't say 'myself' they'll still manage to avoid 'I' by saying 'one does rather feel one should not overestimate one's own views by . . .'"

"Probably they think they sound less egotistical if they substitute 'one' for 'I,' but it doesn't have that effect on anyone hearing them. It is so obviously put on for the occasion."

"I can hardly imagine them, in the privacy of their own homes, passing an empty cup across the table and saying to their wives: 'One thinks one would like some more tea.'"

Who's to blame for this slovenly English?

WHO'S to blame? Well, parents and teachers, of course, but how can you blame them if they were badly taught, or blame their parents and teachers if they . . . and so it goes back and back.

All the same, it started somewhere, and all the masses of printed and spoken words we're deluged with in the 20th century spread these tricks with horrible rapidity.

Winston Churchill, who could turn as pretty a sentence as any public man in the last century, explained his ability with the language like this:

"By being so long in the lowest form at Harrow, I gained an immense advantage over the cleverer boys. I got into my bones the essential structure of the normal English sentence—which is a noble thing.

"Naturally, I am in favor of boys learning English, and then I would let the cleverer ones learn Latin as an honor and Greek as a treat."

I feel that my correspondents and I agree that English is so important that teachers ought to pay more attention to it.

Or, as is said these days: "One feels that my correspondents and myself agree English is that important that teachers should pay more attention to it!"



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Page 51

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CSR255

A tree fern for Mother's Day, a load of compost for a birthday, perhaps garden umbrellas for Christmas?
A South Australian reader (an avid gardener) asks:

I wonder what I'll get for my next Special Day present?

WELL, another one of my three Special Days has come and gone. I have three special days each year. Christmas Day, Mother's Day, and my birthday.

On other days, such as Easter, I'll settle for a card, but on my Special Days I like to think my family WANT to remember me. Just to make sure they DO I begin to throw out subtle hints about a week before. ("I'd LOVE to have one of those beautiful red rhododendrons from that nursery down the road.") I'm a keen gardener, with lots of room for things.)

Or I take the gardening page from the paper and move in among them when they visit me at the weekend, getting out pen, paper, and envelopes (making lots of noise so they'll notice, and fall into the trap of asking me what I'm doing).

Trying not to be too eager, I say nonchalantly that I'm going to write away for a few bags of fowl manure, or whatever it is the garden needs.

"How bad do you want this—er—manure, Mum?" asks my youngest girl.

"Well, if I get it in now, by October it will be just right for sweet corn," I say. "Remember the huge cobs we had to roast a couple of years ago?"

I can hear them licking their chops. "Well, how'd you like us to get you a few bags?" she asks.

Looking up in surprise, I say, "What for? I can buy my own things." I begin writing.

My daughter takes the paper from me gently. "I've been racking my brains wondering what to get you for Mother's Day. But fancy getting your mother a load of fowl manure for a gift! YUK!"

Before she forgets what she took the paper for I point out the phone number of a supplier of manure. I'd had the number ringed in red, just in case . . .

Knowing I can't win all the time, I do save up and buy lots of plants and things for the garden, but my subtle hints save my children worrying about what to get me on the Special Days.

I'd been slowly digging out awful, coarse grass from an area I'd planned to make into a little lawn for barbecue parties. It's below the house, by a bank I was going to cover with masses of red azaleas.

I'd bought five lovely staghorns, and they were doing well on the tree trunks above the bank. All I needed was a load of good garden sand and loam, some tropical-looking plants, some lawn seed, about a dozen red azaleas for the bank, and a couple of gay beach umbrellas.

Now, a year and a week later (including last Mother's Day in the three Special Days' taking), I have the little lawn, clematis climbing up one of the trees, two 3ft. umbrella trees, a large monstera, and four tree ferns—three clumped near a large rock which my

READERS' STORIES

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—Dorothy May

Pebbles, pebbles everywhere . . .

have taken the drudgery out of gardening and provided a fascinating new hobby for two readers.

I WANT you to know what a tremendous gift the Women's Weekly gave my husband and me in its pull-out booklet "A Handbook for the Lazy Gardener."

Before we came to Toowoomba from England 12 years ago, our garden was only a few square yards.

Our new garden must have had the dirtiest yard and house in Toowoomba, but now we have made a "palace out of a pigsty," so to speak, with plenty of backaches, sweat, and, I must add, lots of fun.

My only vice is being houseproud and wanting to improve things, but having the most thoughtful and kindest husband in the world we have achieved much.

In summer, which is really wonderful in Toowoomba, we used to mow the lawns every six or seven days to keep them nice. And after the lawn was mowed we had to wash all windowsills and garden ornaments, scrub and hose front fence, the dust was so terrific.

Now, my beloved and I are a couple of years off 50 and have been blessed with 28 years of married life, so you can see we are no chicks. I wondered how much longer we could keep working every weekend without knocking off to go for a drive or a rest.

Then I opened my Women's Weekly in January and saw this booklet.

We began by cementing two long, narrow walls and pebbled the front. Then we pebbled one side of the house. How interested everyone was!

We killed the grass and laid plastic down, as the book said, and then pebbles. We couldn't afford prepared pebbles, so we bought the cheaper ones and washed and screened them ourselves.

We went to bed for weeks dreaming of pebbles and more pebbles, and we hunted for cactus plants.

We have used pebbles on an area of about 230 sq. yds., and need more. When we go out for a drive we take buckets, and always bring them back full.

Washing the pebbles made us look at the stones closely and has started us off on a hobby for the first time in our lives. We are collecting rocks and gems.

We have just had a week's break, collecting jasper, garnets, and petrified wood. In fact, my beloved had advertised his outboard motor, and if it sells we are going to buy a gemstone saw and tumbling machine.

I am looking forward to this summer, with so much less routine work to do outside.

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MEXICAN COOKERY



● RECIPES FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

• Mexico is host country this year for the Olympic Games, to begin in October. It's a fascinating country, becoming more popular with Australian tourists each year. So, too, is the Mexican style of cookery.



ENCHILADAS, at back, filled with Picadillo and topped with a tomato sauce. In the front are Mexican Rice and a tostada, piled high with guacamole, other good things.

MEXICAN food is spicy—but deliciously so; and tortillas, enchiladas, and other foods with exotic-sounding names are quite easy to prepare.

Tostadas, tacos, enchiladas—these specialties of Mexican cookery—all start with tortillas, the crisp, wafer-thin bread of Mexico. Tortillas are available in cans from large food stores, imported from America. In 3in. size, 1 dozen to the can, the price is about 60 cents; in 4½in. size, 1½ dozen to the can, about \$1.00.

They are made from masa, a special type of corn meal. Ingredients for the authentic tortilla are not available in this country. However, a very similar result—although not as thin or crisp as the authentic tortilla—can be obtained from the recipe below. The maize meal in the recipes, sometimes called corn meal, is available loose from large food stores or health food shops.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

TORTILLAS

2 eggs	1 cup milk (at room temperature)
½ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon melted butter
½ cup maize meal	extra butter for frying
½ cup cornflour	

Beat eggs and salt together; add maize meal, mix well. Blend cornflour and milk to form a smooth batter; add egg mixture, mix until smooth. Add melted butter, stirring continually. Melt a little butter in shallow pan (7in. is a good size for tortillas). Pour a small amount of batter into pan, tilting pan so batter covers bottom of pan. Tortillas should be almost paper-thin. When brown on one side, turn over and brown other side. Stir batter before making each tortilla so batter is well blended.

Makes approx. 1 dozen.

Canned Tortillas are heated by deep-frying in hot oil about 2 minutes; fry one at a time, holding it under the hot oil with spatula until it crisps and browns.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 28, 1968

ENCHILADAS

An enchilada is a tortilla wrapped round a savory mixture. The cooked tortilla is dipped into a hot sauce to soften it; the filling is spooned down centre, and the tortilla rolled. It has now become an enchilada.

It can be topped with grated cheese or a sauce, or both; and served immediately. Or it can be heated in moderate oven or slipped under the griller to brown topping.

Fillings: Cooked, seasoned minced steak, pork, or veal, mixed with a few very small cubes of cheese; creamed chicken; seafood, etc.

Picadillo, the Mexican version of a savory minced steak, makes a good filling. Recipe is given on this page.

Accompaniments to enchiladas are a green salad—add some avocado slices to the salad, if you wish—and Mexican Rice.

PICADILLO

1lb. minced steak	2 tomatoes
oil	½ cup red wine
1 crushed clove garlic	1 green pepper
1 large onion	6 green olives
2 tablespoons raisins	salt, pepper
pinch each oregano and thyme	

Sauté minced steak in hot oil; cook, stirring occasionally, until lightly browned. Add chopped onion and garlic, continue cooking until meat is well browned. Pour off any surplus fat. Stir in raisins, seasonings, skinned, chopped tomatoes, and wine; stir to combine well. Bring to boil, then reduce heat and simmer gently, uncovered, 20 to 30 minutes. Ten minutes before end of cooking time, stir in chopped green pepper and sliced olives.

ENCHILADA TOMATO SAUCE

1 large onion	1 clove garlic, crushed
2 tablespoons oil	1 teaspoon ground cumin
1 large can tomatoes	½ teaspoon oregano
1½ teaspoons salt	½ teaspoon chilli powder

Heat oil in pan, add finely chopped onion, sauté until transparent. Add remaining ingredients, crushing tomatoes down well. Cover, simmer 30 to 40 minutes, stirring

occasionally. A little more chilli powder can be added, if desired; but taste first before adding more than specified amount. Some chilli powders are much hotter than others.

GUACAMOLE

2 large ripe avocados	1 or 2 canned green chillis (or good pinch chilli powder)
1 small white onion	salt, pepper

Chop onion very finely, add lemon juice, let stand 1 hour. Peel, seed, and chop tomato. Peel and mash avocados. Remove any seeds from chillis, chop chillis finely. Combine all ingredients, blend together well. Pile into centre of small dish; surround, if desired, with rings of white onion and tomato slices.

Avocados darken very quickly, so this is best made as near as possible to serving time. However, if it has to be made a little in advance, bury the avocado seed in centre of guacamole, then cover tightly with aluminium foil or plastic food wrap. This will prevent avocado darkening so quickly.

FRIJOLES FRITOS (Fried Beans)

2 10oz. cans red kidney beans	2 tablespoons bacon fat or lard
1 bayleaf	1 tomato
2 chopped onions	salt, pepper
1 clove garlic	

Place beans, undrained, in saucepan. Add 1 chopped onion, the crushed garlic, and bayleaf. Cover, simmer gently 15 minutes. Stir in 1 tablespoon bacon fat or lard. There should be very little liquid remaining.

In separate pan, heat remaining fat or lard, add remaining onion (chopped), cook few minutes, then add peeled and chopped tomato. Add beans, a tablespoon or so at a time, with any liquid; mash them into mixture. Keep adding beans, and mashing, cooking over very low heat. Any surplus liquid from beans (provided not too much remains) will evaporate during this cooking. Add a little extra bacon fat, if desired, from time to time. Mixture should be fairly dry and well flavored, almost like a paste. Season to taste.

Continued overleaf



MEXICAN COOKERY . . .
continued from previous page

TOSTADAS

Start with the basic cooked tortilla. If cold, put tortillas into moderate oven for 1 or 2 minutes until they heat and soften. Spread tortilla flat on serving plate, then top with any variety of good things. The tortilla has now become a tostadas.

If using canned tortillas, deep-fry them first. Heat oil in shallow pan (oil should be about 1 in. in depth), fry tortillas one at a time, using spatula to hold each

one under the hot oil. It will crisp and brown in about 2 minutes. Drain well.

Tostadas are eaten with knife and fork; they can have hot or cold toppings, and make an excellent luncheon or supper dish. They are the Mexican equivalent of an open-face sandwich.

Try any of these ideas for toppings:

- Slices of cold chicken, shredded lettuce, onion rings soaked in vinegar, guacamole spooned over.

- Thin slices of corned beef, pickled red cabbage, sour cream.
- Hot minced steak, tomato slices, shredded lettuce.
- Scrambled eggs, crisp bacon, avocado slices.
- Chorizos (Mexican sausage, see recipe below), topped with fried beans (see previous page), shredded lettuce which has been sprinkled with french dressing, grated cheese.
- Lettuce, slices of chicken, pineapple, tomato, guacamole.

CHORIZOS (Mexican Sausage)

1 lb. minced pork
1 small clove garlic
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon chilli powder
1 dessertspoon paprika
1 teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Crush garlic well, combine with all remaining ingredients, mixing thoroughly. Cover, refrigerate several hours, then mix well again.

Chorizos can be filled into sausage casings (double recipe quantities if doing this) and fried gently until golden brown and cooked through (20 minutes). Or they can be shaped into patties and fried.

When cooking chorizos for tostadas, simply fry meat, breaking it up occasionally with fork, until brown and cooked. Fried beans can be added to the cooked meat.

TACOS

Tacos are similar to enchiladas — they're a filled tortilla — except that a small tortilla, about 4 in. diameter, is used; when filled they're fried to heat through, or they can be heated in a moderate oven. In Mexico, tacos are rolled; in America, they are simply folded over, secured with a small wooden stick, then reheated.

Any filling can be used. Cheese tacos are popular. Place a small slice of cheese on one side of tortilla, sprinkle very lightly with chilli powder or garlic salt. Fold over, fasten with small wooden stick, cook in a little hot lard until golden. Or spread with guacamole, fold, fasten, and fry.

Other Fillings: Left-over meat or chicken, finely chopped and sautéed with onion and tomato; fried beans, topped with grated cheese; seafood seasoned with a little chilli powder — make up your own interesting fillings.

MEXICAN RICE

1 cup rice
1½ cups hot water
1 tablespoon oil
½ teaspoon cumin
1 small red pepper
1 clove garlic
1 onion
1 teaspoon salt
2 chicken stock cubes
extra 2½ cups hot water
½ cup cooked green peas

Soak rice in hot water ½ hour. Drain, stand to dry 1 hour. Heat oil in pan, add rice, and fry until rice begins to brown. Add the cumin and salt, chopped pepper, crushed garlic, and finely chopped onion. Fry 5 minutes, gradually add extra hot water in which stock cubes have been dissolved; stir continually. Cover, cook over low heat 20 minutes or until all liquid is absorbed. With fork stir in the hot cooked peas. Spoon on to serving platter or individual plates. If desired, garnish with sliced olives.

The satisfier:



Rosella Cream Style Sweet Corn

Just made for families that suddenly get hungry any old time of day! Rosella's plump, delicious sweet corn, in its own smooth creamy sauce, pure natural goodness. Serve it sizzling hot on toast. Or as an extra vegetable. Just heat, and eat. Try Rosella Tomato Snack, too, and Rosella Vegetable and Sausage Snack — very satisfying.

Rosella's Hearty Snacks—the satisfiers!



Dessert wins recipe prize

• An easily prepared, economical family dessert, with its own sweet sauce, wins \$10 in our weekly recipe contest. You might like to add a little grated lemon rind to the filling for extra flavor.

A RECIPE for pikelets with grated apple as an unusual ingredient wins a consolation prize of \$2.

SULTANA AND APPLE ROLL

PASTRY

1 cup plain flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
raspberry jam

FILLING

2oz. chopped dates
2oz. sultanas
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
1 peeled, diced apple

SAUCE

1 tablespoon butter
3 tablespoons sugar
1 cup water

Sift flour and baking powder into basin, rub in butter well. Add enough milk to form a stiff dough. Turn out onto floured board, knead lightly. Roll out into large oblong shape, spread with raspberry jam.

Combine all filling ingredients, spread evenly over pastry. Roll up carefully as for swiss roll; seal ends and join. Place in greased lamington tin, pour over hot sauce, bake in moderate oven approximately 35 minutes, until golden brown.

Sauce: Place all ingredients into saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves, then boil 3 minutes.

First Prize of \$10 to Mrs. L. R. Perry, 46 Caravan Head Rd., Oyster Bay, N.S.W. 2225.

APPLE PIKELETS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour
1 medium apple
1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
pinch salt
pinch nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Peel and grate apple. Beat egg, add sugar, beat well. Add milk, sifted flour, salt, nutmeg, and apple; mix well. Drop by dessert-spoons onto hot, greased pan. Cook until bubbles form over top, turn, brown other side. Serve warm or cold, buttered.

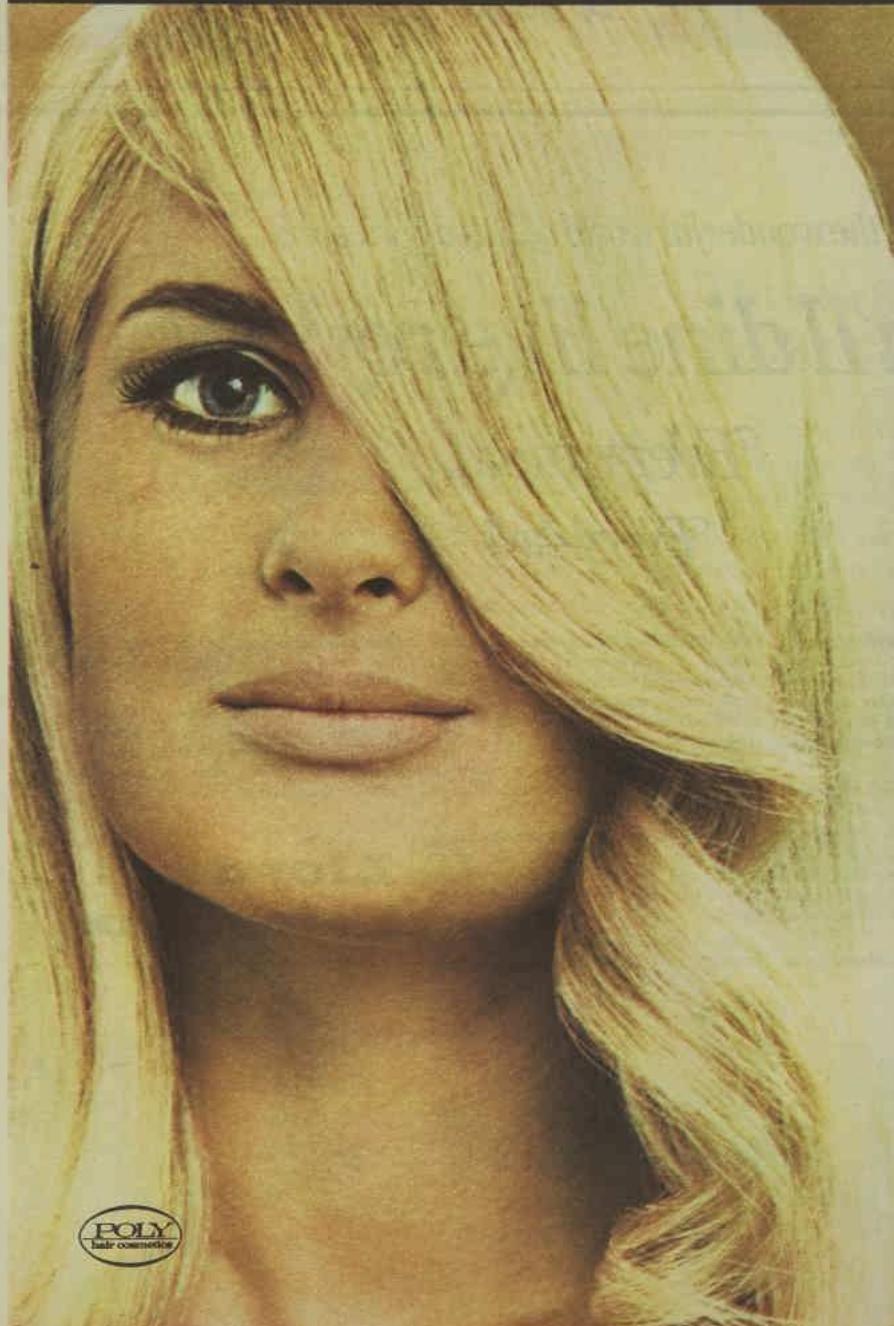
Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. D. Inder-Smith, 110 Gregory St., Geraldton, W.A. 6530.

SEW large curtain rings at about 9in. intervals round an old, dark-colored blanket. Thread cord through rings, leaving about one yard free at each end. Children can play on blanket with toys, crayons and jigsaw puzzles without fear of soiling carpet. Should a quick clear-up be necessary, simply pull the cords and toys are safe together in blanket bag until needed again. — Miss M. A. Nixon, 25 Ashby St., Fairfield, Qld. 4103.

* * * Never throw away potato peelings; dry them, wrap in newspaper, and place in your fireplace or fuel heater. They make an excellent fuel and keep the fire going for a long time. — Laurel

Dear Polly,

"I would like to be naturally blonde this summer. But I don't want my hair to have that dried-out look you get from old-fashioned bleaches. Is there anything I can use that is gentle to my hair and won't damage its condition?"



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hair cosmetics

You're right about old-fashioned bleaches. They can damage the hair. I recommend Polycolor Blonde Cream or Polyclair Hair Lightener. Both have in-built conditioners, so that they actually improve the condition of your hair as they lighten it.

Polycolor Blonde Cream lets you lighten your hair as much as you like (up to 4 shades with each application). Polyclair lightens up to 2 shades with each application. And there's no need to worry about results. Polycolor was first developed on the Continent and is now used successfully by women all over the world. It's mistake-proof.

If you have a hair problem write Pauline 'Polly' Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163 or call her in person at Sydney 72-0461.

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Useful household hints

Barry, 90 Old Belgrave Rd., Upwey, Vic. 3158.

* * * The fewer creases there are in a tablecloth the smoother it will lie on the table. When ironing, press only the centre crease and make the other folds gently by hand. — D. McCarthy, 77 Williams St., Nth. Brighton, Vic. 3186.

* * * When laying new linoleum or tiles in an irregular-shaped corner, bend a piece of wire to the shape required and use this as a stencil to cut the floor-covering — you will get a very accurate

• Useful household hints, sent in by our readers, win a prize of \$2 each. They will help housewives and mothers.

fit. — Miss S. Mitchell, 12 Horton St., Reservoir, Vic. 3073.

* * * In cold weather when butter is very hard to cream, pour boiling water over the beaters of electric mixer or hand beater, and the mixture will blend in half the time. — Mrs. J. Casey, 79 Gaffney Lane, Railwayside, Broken Hill, N.S.W. 2880.

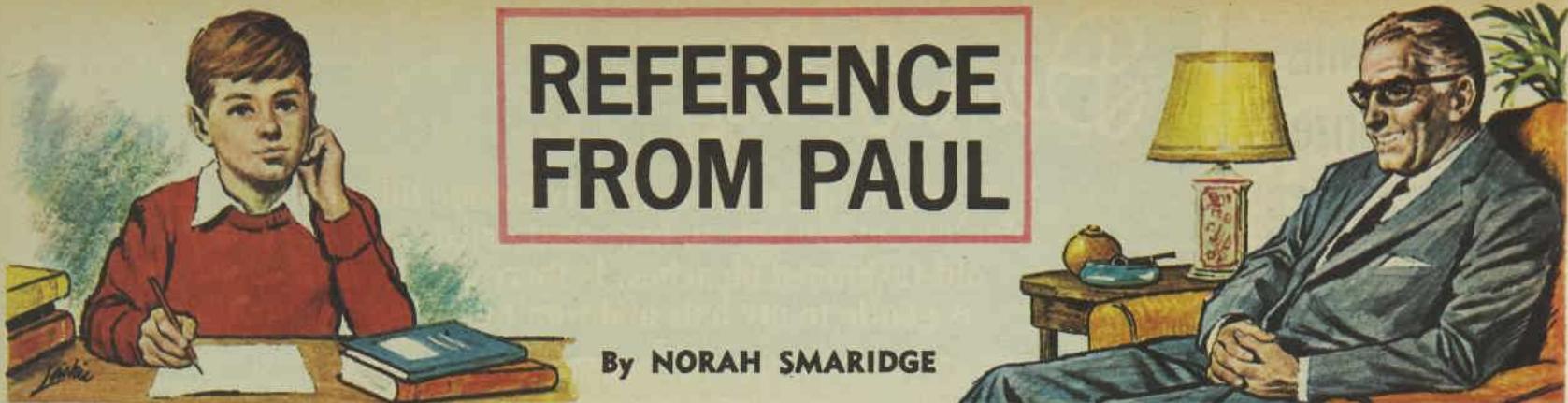
* * * Children's wet shoes can be dried speedily with your hair-dryer. Put the nozzle alternately in each shoe. Dry the outside by placing the nozzle between

shoes placed side by side. Sandshoes which have to be cleaned hurriedly can also be dried in this way. — Mrs. E. E. Siebert, 63 Bickford St., Richmond, S.A. 5033.

* * * Make an efficient and attractive draught-stopper from a carpet remnant (preferably a remnant of carpet in your room). Cut a piece the length of door and double the required depth; fold in half and tack firmly and neatly to the door with folded edge touching the floor. — Mrs. I. R. Lusted, 4 Georgina Ave., Elanora Heights, N.S.W. 2101.

REFERENCE FROM PAUL

By NORAH SMARIDGE



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WHEN her grandson was safely in bed, Martha Harrison brought out the letter from her daughter. She had been thinking about it all day. Now she said: "I heard from Linda today, John!" — and waited.

"How's she doing now?" John Harrison lowered his paper a fraction.

"Oh, as well as can be expected after an operation like that," his wife told him. "But it'll be a long time before she gets her strength back."

She hesitated a moment. "John . . . she'd like us to keep Paul for another month. She says it's all she can do to cope with the baby, and Paul's so lively."

As her husband said nothing, she added: "I guess we could send him to school here."

John put his paper aside, frowning. "A month's a long time, considering he's been here six weeks already. Paul's a grand little fellow, but I think I've done my full share of boy-sitting." He smiled briefly. "Not that Paul ever sits! He's a regular dynamo."

"He's been good for you," Martha said. "He's got you out of the house."

John grunted. "You can say that again. I figure I know every zoo in this city, and most of the museums and parks. I've ridden elevators to the tops of all the high buildings. I've helped Paul fly a kite. I've tossed balls . . ."

He stopped. He knew what Martha was thinking. That having Paul here had provided him with an occupation, left him no time to brood about the retirement which he felt had come years too soon for a man of his strength and vigor. Oh, he had known the firm's policy on retirement, but somehow he had never believed that he . . .

Martha eyed him steadily. "You think about it, honey," she said. "It's up to you whether we keep him or not. You're the one who's had the burden of entertaining him. In this weather, with my arthritis, I just can't get around much."

"I wouldn't call him a burden," John said, quickly. "He's a bright little chap. Interesting. The books he reads, and the letters he writes to his mother. It's just . . . well, let me think it over."

He thought it over for most of the night lying restless. Nowadays he didn't sleep well. Never got tired enough. Never went to bed with the satisfaction of a day's work behind him.

The next day, Paul had a letter from his mother. He read it, his eyes glowing, "Gosh, Grandma," he said. "Mum wants me to stay with you another whole month. That's swell!"

Martha interrupted quickly. "It's not certain yet, dear. It . . . it's up to your grandfather."

Paul looked confidently at John. "You want me to stay, don't you? There's a million things we have to do yet. Remember you said you'd take me to the fire-engine museum, and you said we could hire bicycles one day and ride in the park. And . . ."

"Whoa!" John said. He gave Martha a rueful grin. A grin that said: This settles it. I guess he'll have to stay. I couldn't wipe that look off his face! Aloud, he hedged. "If you stay, you'll have to go to school. You've had more than enough vacation."

The thought of school didn't upset Paul. "The big school round the corner? Gosh, I'd like that. You should see the poky little building we've got in Oak Corners!"

The work of equipping Paul for school fell upon John. Together, they shopped for a new raincoat, for socks, and a new shirt. On the following Monday, after Paul had been deposited at the school, the apartment was startlingly quiet.

In the days that followed, John did not know what to do with himself. The apartment felt small, cramped. He waited with absurd eagerness for the weekends. Then . . . well, things looked up again.

He and Paul continued their exploration of the city. They went to Chinatown. They climbed up through the little park to The Cloisters. They found a stray kitten and brought it home for Martha.

In the evenings, John helped Paul with his homework. — when he could. The new maths defeated him, but at least he could correct the spelling in Paul's fluent compositions.

PAUL was determined to be a writer when he grew up. "Our English teacher, Miss Bates, says I'd make a good newspaperman," he told John. "I like her, even though she gives us some tough subjects to write about. This week I have to write about the best person I know."

He sighed, "There's a lot of persons I admire but I don't know them, really."

Secretly, John began to dread the day when Paul would leave them. When his days would be empty again. When he wouldn't get enough exercise, wouldn't get out in the parks and open spaces. When he would start thinking about his old job again, hating his retirement.

One afternoon, Martha handed him a piece of paper. "I found this in Paul's room," she said. "It'll interest you!"

It was the rough draft of Paul's theme on "The Best Person I Know."

Smiling, John began to read it. "The best person I know is my grandfather, John Harrison. He is tall, strong, and vigorous. He is also handsome. He is always neat, with his shoes well polished.

"My grandfather likes everyone and everyone likes him, because he is polite and helpful. He is also very honest. He would not take a dime even out of my grandmother's purse (she is his wife).

"My grandfather knows New York City like the back of his hand. He knows all kinds of places and how to get there.

"Most of the time my grandfather is very good-tempered. The only thing that makes him mad is when he remembers that they

made him retire too soon. My grandfather does not like to do nothing . . ."

John laughed, folding the paper. But the laugh was a little shaky and his throat felt tight.

"Quite a reference he's given you!" Martha said fondly. She put her arms around her husband. "But you deserve every word of it."

At three, John went to meet Paul from school. He soon spotted the boy, striding alone at the side of a pretty, alert-looking, young woman. "Hi, Grand-

father!" Paul called, rushing up. "This is Miss Bates, my English teacher."

"I was about to drop in on you," Miss Bates said, shaking hands. "There's something I — well, wanted to talk to you about."

"Like putting Paul wrong in the new maths?" John asked.

Miss Bates smiled. "Nothing like that. It was . . ." She hesitated. "Paul, run on with Pete, will you? I want to speak privately with your grandfather."

When Paul had left them, Miss Bates looked up at John. "You

seem to be everything Paul said. Tall, strong, well groomed, etc."

She laughed as John stared at her, puzzled. "Didn't you read the piece he wrote about you?"

"Oh, that," John said, embarrassed. "Slight case of hero-worship."

"I showed it to my brother last night, along with some other amusing compositions my class handed in," Miss Bates said. "And Ted said you sounded as if you'd make an ideal janitor. He said he'd be glad to interview you at Thompson and Harbanks . . . that's the realty company

he works for. They're having trouble getting enough good janitors. Ted asked me if I would . . . well, take a look at you and sound you out."

John smiled. "Over a cup of tea, perhaps? I know my wife would like to meet you, and there's no question but that she'd like to see me get a job! I'm like Paul, not the type to sit."

He laughed. "If I do get a job, what'll you bet that I'm the first grandfather to get one on his grandson's recommendation!"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 28, 1968



Caught in the grip of a blizzard, Lincoln Airport presented Mel Bakersfeld with almost insurmountable problems... beginning our new three-part serial

AIRPORT

By ARTHUR HAILEY

EARLY on a Friday evening in January, Lincoln International Airport, near Chicago, Illinois, was functioning, though with difficulty.

The airport was reeling — as was the entire Mid-Western United States — from the meanest, roughest winter storm in half a dozen years. The storm had lasted three days and now trouble spots were showing up steadily.

A United Air Lines food truck, loaded with two hundred dinners, was lost and presumably snowbound somewhere on the airport perimeter. A search for the truck — in driving snow and darkness — had so far failed to locate either the missing vehicle or its driver.

United's Flight 111 — nonstop for Los Angeles, which the food truck was to service — was already several hours behind schedule. The food mix-up would make it later still. Similar delays, for varying reasons, were affecting at least a hundred flights of twenty other airlines using Lincoln International.

Out on the airfield, runway three zero was out of use, blocked by an Aero-Mexican jet, its wheels deeply mired in waterlogged ground beneath snow, near the runway's edge. Two hours of intensive effort had failed to get the big jet moved.

Air Traffic Control, hampered by the loss of runway three zero, had limited the volume of incoming traffic from adjoining air-route centres. Despite this, twenty incoming flights were stacked up overhead and circling, some nearing low fuel limits.

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Meanwhile, terminal gates, taxiways, and ground holding areas were increasingly crammed with waiting aircraft, many with engines running.

In the main passenger terminal, chaos predominated. Terminal waiting areas were jammed with thousands of passengers from delayed or cancelled flights. Baggage, in piles, was everywhere. The vast main concourse had the combined appearance of a football scrimmage and Christmas Eve in a bargain basement.

The wonder was, Mel Bakersfeld reflected, that anything was continuing to operate at all.

Mel, airport general manager — lean, rangy, and a powerhouse of disciplined energy — was standing by the Snow Control Desk, high in the control tower. He peered out into the darkness.

AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

Only a faint blur of a few nearer lights penetrated the almost-opaque curtain of wind-driven snow that was piling up new drifts — at the same time that ploughs were clearing the old. Maintenance snow crews were nearing exhaustion.

At the Snow Control Desk near Mel, Danny Farrow — an assistant airport manager — was calling Maintenance Snow Centre by radiophone.

"We're losing the parking lots," he said. "I need six more Pay-loaders at Y-seventy-four."

Confronting Danny and his two assistants was a battery of telephones, teletypes, and

radios. Surrounding them were maps, charts, and bulletin boards recording the state and location of every piece of motorised snow-fighting equipment, as well as men and supervisors.

"Sure, sure. Six more Pay-loaders." An edgy voice from Maintenance, which was on the opposite side of the airfield, rattled the speaker-phone. "We'll get 'em from Santa Claus."

Mel recognised the speaker-phone voice as belonging to a senior foreman who had probably worked continuously since the storm began. Temps were thin at times like this, with good reason.

Danny said, reasonably, "We sent four Pay-loaders after that United food truck. They should be through, or almost."

"They might be—if we could find the truck. Do you birds in that crummy penthouse have any idea of what it's like out on the field? That poor dummy of a driver could freeze to death. Though if he has any gumption, he isn't starving."

Mel said to Danny, "That United flight finally took off, didn't it? Without food."

Danny Farrow answered without looking up. "I hear the captain put it to the passengers. Told them it'd take an hour to get another truck, that they had the movie and liquor aboard, and the sun was shining in California.

Everybody voted to take off. I would, too."

Mel nodded, resisting a temptation to take over and direct the search himself for the missing truck and driver. Action would be a therapy. The cold of several days, and dampness with it, had made Mel's old war injury ache again. That foot was a reminder of Korea which never left him.

Reaching over Danny's shoulder, Mel picked up a direct-line phone to Air Traffic Control. The tower watch chief answered.

"Is that Aero-Mexican 707 still stuck?" Mel asked.

"Still there, Mr. Bakersfeld. They can't move it."

That particular trouble had begun shortly after dark when an Aero-Mexican captain, taxiing out for takeoff, mistakenly passed to the right instead of left of a blue taxi light. Within seconds, the hundred-and-twenty-ton aircraft was deeply mired.

The disgruntled passengers were disembarked and helped through the mud and snow to buses. Now, more than two hours later, the big jet was still stuck, its fuselage and tail blocking runway three zero.

"We're holding all outbound traffic at the gates, then sending them the long route to the other runways," the tower watch chief reported. "Right now we're holding ten flights for taxi clearance, another dozen waiting to start engines."

IT was a demonstration, Mel reflected, of how urgently the airport needed additional runways and taxiways. For three years he had been urging construction of a new runway, as well as other operational improvements. But the Board of Airport Commissioners, under political pressure from city councilmen who wanted to avoid a new bond issue, refused to approve.

"The other thing," the tower watch chief said, "is that with three zero out of use we're having to route takeoffs over Meadowood. The complaints have started coming in already."

Mel groaned. The community of Meadowood, which adjoined the south-west limits of the airfield, was a constant thorn to himself and an impediment to flight operations. Though the airport had been established long before the community, Meadowood's residents complained incessantly and bitterly about noise from aircraft overhead.

Press publicity followed, and eventually, after long negotiations involving politics and — in Mel Bakersfeld's opinion — gross misrepresentation, the airport and the Federal Aviation Administration had conceded that jet takeoffs and landings directly over Meadowood would be made only when essential in special circumstances.

Moreover, it was also agreed that aircraft taking off toward Meadowood would — almost at once after becoming airborne — follow noise-abatement procedures. This, in turn, had produced protests from pilots, who considered the procedures dangerous.

Mel asked the tower watch chief, "How many calls have there been?"

"I'd say fifty at least. The phones start ringing right after every takeoff. Some of 'em say that storm or not pilots are still supposed to use noise-abatement procedures, but tonight they aren't doing it."

"If I were a pilot neither would I." How could anyone of reasonable intelligence, Mel wondered, expect a pilot, in tonight's violent weather, to chop back his power immediately after takeoff and then go into a steeply banked turn on instruments — which was what noise-abatement procedures called for.

"I wouldn't either," the tower watch chief said. "Though if I lived in Meadowood, maybe I'd feel the way they do."

"You wouldn't live in Meadowood. You'd have listened to the warnings we gave people, years ago, not to build houses there."

"By the way, one of my people told me there's another community meeting over there tonight. The way we heard, they're cooking up something new."

To page 65

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Shoes Styled Right. Priced Light.
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AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

"Whatever it is," Mel predicted, "we'll hear about it soon." Changing the subject, he inquired, "Is my brother on duty tonight?"

"Affirmative. Keith's on radar watch — west arrival."

West arrival, Mel knew, was one of the tough, tense positions in the tower. Mel hesitated, then remembered he had known the tower watch chief a long time. "Is Keith all right? Is he showing any strain?"

There was a slight pause before the answer. "Yes, he is. I'd say more than usual."

Between the two men was the knowledge that Mel's younger brother had lately been a source of anxiety to them both.

"Frankly," the tower watch chief said, "I wish I could let him take things easier. But I can't. We're short-staffed and everybody is under the gun."

"I know you are, and I appreciate your watching out for Keith." The conversation had not eased Mel's anxiety. "I may drop in later."

Mel replaced the telephone. On another line, Danny Farrow was placating the parking-lot supervisor, a harassed individual who for several hours had been fielding irate complaints from marooned car owners.

Danny promised he would send men and equipment when he could. He was interrupted by a call from the tower watch chief. A new weather forecast predicted a wind shift in an hour. It would mean a change of runways, and could they hurry the ploughing of runway one seven, left? He would do his best, Danny said.

THIS was the kind of pressure, unremitting, which had gone on for three days and nights since the present snowfall started. The fact that the pressure had been met made all the more irritating a note, delivered to Mel by messenger fifteen minutes ago. The note read:

me—
thought i should warn u—airlines snow committee (on vern demerest's urging . . . why does your bro-in-law dislike you?) filing critical report because runways and taxiways snow clearance (vernon says) inefficient . . . report blames airport (meaning u) for main hunk of flight delays . . . also claims 707 wouldn't have gotten stuck if taxiway ploughed sooner, better . . . so now all airlines being penalised, etc., etc., you get the drift . . . and where are you—in one? (drift, i mean) . . . climb out & buy me coffee soon.

luv
t

The "u" was for Tanya—Tanya Livingston, passenger relations agent for Trans America Airlines, and a special friend of Mel's. Mel read the note again, as he usually had to with messages from Tanya, and it became clearer the second time around.

Tanya, whose job straddled troubleshooting and public relations, objected to capitals and refused to use any.

The Vern Demerest in the note was Captain Vernon Demerest, also of Trans America, one of the airline's most senior captains.

Vernon Demerest also happened to be Mel Bakersfeld's brother-in-law, married to Mel's sister, Sarah. The Bakersfeld clan, through precedent and marriage, had roots and branches in aviation, just as older families were once allied with seafaring.

However, there was little cordiality between Mel and his brother-in-law, and, recently, Mel and Captain Demerest had had an angry exchange at a meeting of the Board of Airport Commissioners, where Demerest appeared on behalf of the pilots' association. Mel suspected that the critical snow report was in retaliation.

He decided he would make an inspection of the present situation at the same time that he was out on the airfield checking on the mired Aero-Mexican jet. But first, on his way through the ter-

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minal, he would drop by Trans America to see Tanya. The thought excited him.

As he arrived at her office, Tanya was just sending a weeping, exhausted young girl clerk home by taxi.

"What was all that about?" Mel asked as the girl went off. "Battle fatigue?"

"Yes, poor child. One of the passengers was abominably rude to her over his booking."

Mel said, "I'm tired, too. How about sending me off in a taxi?"

Tanya looked at him, inquiringly. Her hazel-green eyes had a quality of directness. Her head was tilted, and an overhead light reflected red highlights from her hair. A slim figure, yet with a fullness which the trim airline uniform heightened . . . Mel was conscious,

as at other times, of her desirability and warmth.

"I might consider it," she said. "If the taxi goes to my place, and you let me cook you dinner."

He hesitated, then reluctantly shook his head. "I wish I could. But we've some trouble here, and afterward I have to meet Cindy downtown. Let's have coffee, anyway."

They went out into the bustling, noisy concourse.

"I mustn't take long," Tanya said. "I've still two hours more on duty."

As they threaded their way through the crowds and increasing piles of luggage, she moderated her normally brisk pace to Mel's slower one. He was limping rather more than usual. She found herself wanting to take his arm and help him, but gossip

spread fast enough without helping it.

The two of them had been seen a good deal lately in each other's company, and Tanya was sure that the airport rumor machine had already taken note.

They were headed for the Cloud Captain's Coffee Shop in the central lobby.

"About that dinner at your apartment," Mel said. "Could we make it another night? Say, the day after tomorrow?"

The sudden invitation from Tanya had surprised him. Although they had had several dates together — for drinks or dinner — until now he had never visited her apartment. But lately Mel had sensed that if their meetings away from the airport continued

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MRS. H. WIFE



there could be a natural and obvious progression.

At the same time, he had to consider his problems with Cindy in a marriage that had become increasingly unhappy. Those were going to take a lot of working out, if they could be worked out at all, and there was no point in complicating the situation. Just the same, Tanya's invitation seemed too enticing to pass up.

"The day after tomorrow is Sunday," she pointed out. "But I'll be off duty, I'll have more time."

He had forgotten it would be Sunday. But he would have come to the airport anyway, because, even if the storm moved on, there would be after-effects.

As they entered the coffee shop, a pert hostess recognised Mel and

AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

ushered him to a small table at the rear, marked "Reserved."

"Did you ever see such crowds?" Tanya said. "This has been the wildest three days I remember."

Mel nodded, glancing around the packed coffee shop and toward the outer door, through which they could see a surging swarm of people.

He said, "I wanted to thank you for that tip about the snow-committee report, though I'm curious how you managed to see it before I have."

"No mystery. It was typed in the Trans America office. And speaking of your brother-in-law, there's the great man himself."

Captain Vernon Demerest of Trans America was paying his bill. A broad-shouldered, striking figure, he towered above others around him. He was dressed in a tweed jacket and impeccably creased slacks, yet managed to convey an impression of authority — like a general of the army, Mel thought, temporarily in civilian clothes.

Captain Demerest glanced briefly around the coffee shop and, seeing Mel and Tanya, gave a curt nod. Then, checking his watch, he strode out.

"He appeared in a hurry," Tanya said. "Though wherever he's going, it won't be for long.

Captain D. is taking Flight 2 to Rome tonight."

Mel smiled. "The Golden Argosy?"

"No less, I see, sir, you read our advertising."

"It's hard not to." Mel was aware, as were millions of others who admired the four-color double-page spreads in the national magazines, that Trans America Flight 2 — The Golden Argosy — was the airline's crack, prestige flight. He also knew that only the line's most senior captains ever commanded it and that it was generally agreed that Vernon was one of the finest pilots.

Mel wondered where his brother-in-law was going at the moment and if it involved one of his amorous adventures, of which — reportedly — there were a good many.

Across the table, Tanya smoothed her skirt with a swift, stroking gesture which Mel had noticed before and liked. It was a feminine habit and a reminder that few women could hope to look as good in uniform.

Some airlines, Mel knew, let their senior passenger agents out of uniform, but Trans America liked the authority which its jaunty blue-and-gold uniform commanded.

As if surmising his thoughts, she volunteered, "I may be out of uniform soon. Our district transportation manager is being transferred to New York. The assistant manager is moving up, and I've applied for his job."

Mel regarded her with a mixture of admiration and curiosity. "I believe you'll get it. And that won't be the end, either. I believe you could make vice-president. That is, if it's the kind of thing you want."

Tanya said softly, "I'm not sure if it's what I want or not."

The waitress brought their order. When they were alone again, Tanya said, "Sometimes us working girls don't get a lot of choice. If you're not satisfied to stay in the job you have through to pension time — and lots of us aren't — the only way out is up."

"You're excluding marriage?"

T

ANYA selected a piece of cinnamon toast. "I'm not excluding it. But it didn't work for me once, and it may not again. Besides which, there aren't many takers for an ex-wife with a baby. Men like their women unencumbered. Ask my ex-husband. If you can find him, that is; I never could."

"He left you after your baby was born?"

"Goodness, no! He left me as soon as I told him it was coming."

"You haven't seen him since?"

She shook her head. "In the end, it made the divorce much simpler — desertion."

Mel glanced at his watch. Getting up from the table, he told Tanya, "Don't go away. I want to call Danny Farrow at the Snow Desk and check how things are."

There was a telephone at the cashier's counter. Danny Farrow reported that all conditions remained the same. Then he said, "Oh, a bit of good news — we found that United food truck."

"The driver OK?"

"He was unconscious under the snow. Motor was still running and there was carbon monoxide. But they got an inhalator on him and he'll be all right."

"Good! I'm going out on the field now to do some checking for myself. I'll radio you from there."

As Mel and Tanya stopped at the cashier's desk, two Trans America ticket agents entered the coffee shop. Observing Tanya, one of them said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Bakersfeld . . . Mrs. Livingston, the transportation manager's looking for you. He has a stowaway — on Flight 80 from Los Angeles. An elderly lady, I hear." With a friendly nod, he went off to rejoin his companion.

Mel walked with Tanya from the coffee shop into the central lobby. They stopped at the elevator that would take Mel to the basement garage where his car was parked.

"Drive carefully out there," she cautioned. "Don't get in the way of any aeroplanes."

"If I do, I'm sure you'll hear about it." He shrugged into his heavy topcoat. "Your stowaway sounds interesting. I'll try to drop by before I leave, to find out what it's all about." He hesitated, then added, "It'll give me a reason to see you again tonight."

He carried the memory of her smile away with him.

When Mel drove his official airport car — mustard-yellow and radio-equipped — out of the terminal garage, wind and whirling snow slammed savagely against the windshield.

It took a quarter of an hour to reach the intersection where runway three zero was blocked by the

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1968



Here come the liveliest summer Hush Puppies yet



Here come the liveliest, most appealing Hush Puppies yet. Cooled-off with intricate interlacing — breezily punched and cut-out. Coloured in the softest of new pastels and bright dashing shades. Soft crushed kid . . . smooth glove leather . . . breathin' brushed pigskin from \$7.99.

Hush Puppies® by Clarks

RIVETS



AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Aereo-Mexican 707. Mel stopped the car and got out.

A shadowy figure hailed him and came closer. The other man was huddled into a parka, his face blue with cold.

"I'm Ingram, Aereo-Mexican maintenance foreman. We're doing our best," he said, and gestured to the aeroplane looming, shadowy, behind them. "But if you ask me it's going to be a long job. The whole thing could take most of tomorrow."

Mel said sharply, "It can't take most of tomorrow, or even tonight. This runway has to be cleared."

He looked at the stuck 707 again. It was snow-covered now, its outline blurring.

"Let's go to my car," he said to the Aereo-Mexican foreman. "We'll get on the radio and find out what's happening."

Mel had left the car heater running, and inside the car it was comfortingly warm. He switched the radio to the frequency of airport maintenance.

"Mobile one to Snow Desk. Danny, I'm at the blocked intersection of three zero. Call TWA maintenance and see if they can lend a hand. Anything else new? Over."

Danny Farrow's voice cringed back through the speaker on the dash, "Snow Desk to mobile one. Checking TWA now." After a pause, Danny added, "And, Mel, your wife phoned." Mel sensed Danny hesitating again, and said, "She wasn't happy?"

"I guess not." There was a second's silence. "You'd better get to a phone when you can."

IT was a safe bet, Mel thought, that Cindy had been more than usually caustic with Danny, but, loyally, he wasn't saying so.

After a few minutes' warm-up, Ingram pulled on his heavy mittens and went out, back into the wind and snow, slamming the car door quickly. Mel watched him plodding through deep drifts toward the stalled plane and then headed the car for runway one seven and a general inspection.

At the same moment, Captain Vernon Demerest of Trans America was some three miles from the airport, driving his Mercedes carefully through the heavily falling snow. His destination was a group of four-storey apartment houses known colloquially to flying crews as Stewardess Row.

Vernon Demerest, in his time, had appreciated many stewardesses, as they had appreciated him. One who had, and who seemed inclined to continue to, was a dark-haired, vivacious, English-born girl named Gwen Meighen. It was to Gwen's apartment that Vernon Demerest was headed now.

Later tonight, the two of them would leave for Rome on Trans America Flight 2. On the flight deck, Captain Demerest would command. In the passenger cabins, aft, Gwen Meighen would be senior stewardess.

At the Rome end of the journey, there would be a three-day



Eric Jones could have designed this Axminster nearly as well in ten months. But he took eleven.

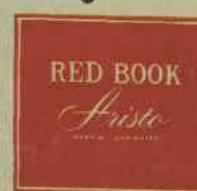
It's Red Book-and we're fussy.

Eric can take fourteen months if he wishes. Design is the soul of a carpet. The sheets of sketches, the colour renderings, the looming samples. It moves slowly. And we wouldn't want it any other way. Every single Aristo, Springtwist, Artistry and Tweedletwist pattern receives the same thoughtful treatment. (Some of the simpler ones take only 7 or 8 months.) When the design is finished, we make sure it will stay beautiful. For years and years.

We import the finest looms from England and Belgium. We pick and choose our wools and other fibres.

We blend them for strength and long life. We put our carpet past 7 inspectors. We admit we're fussy. We think you should be, too.

You can see all the 41 beautiful patterns in the Axminster and Wilton Red Books. The best carpet dealers have them.



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layover for the crew, and Demerest and Gwen Meighen would leave immediately for Naples for forty-eight hours together. It was a halcyon, idyllic prospect, and Vernon Demerest smiled appreciatively at the thought of it. As he reminded himself of how well other things had gone this evening, his smile broadened.

He had arrived at the airport early, after leaving Sarah, his wife, who — placidly as usual — had wished him a pleasant trip. Sarah Demerest's placidity and her dullness were qualities her husband had come to accept and, in a perverse way, value. Between flying trips and affairs with more interesting women, he appreciated a quiet sojourn at home.

His marriage had another convenience. While it existed, the

women he made love to could become as emotional and demanding as they liked, but he could never be expected to meet the ultimate demand of matrimony.

He was sure that Sarah suspected his philandering. But, characteristically, she would prefer not to know, an arrangement in which Vernon Demerest was happy to co-operate.

He parked the Mercedes in front of an apartment building. In the elevator going up, he remembered another good thing. The flight to Rome would be an easy one. Tonight, though Captain Demerest was in command of Flight 2 — The Golden Argosy — he would do little of the work which the flight entailed, because he was flying as a line check captain.

Another four-striper captain, Anson Harris — almost as senior as Demerest himself — had been assigned to the flight and would occupy the command pilot's left seat. Demerest would observe and report on Captain Harris' performance.

Such six-monthly check flights, which all pilots of all airlines were required to undergo, took place on ordinary scheduled flights, and they were serious, exacting sessions.

Vernon Demerest made no secret of his conviction that no one else's ability as a pilot was superior to his own. Colleagues, smarting under this arrogance, vowed to each other that when Demerest's own time came they would give him the meanest, toughest check ride he had ever had.

They invariably did, with a single consistent result — Vernon Demerest turned in a performance which could not be faulted.

Now, Demerest tapped on the door of Gwen Meighen's apartment, then went in, using the key Gwen had given him.

Gwen was in the shower.

"I'm glad you came early," she called. "I want to have a talk before we leave."

"Sure, we've time."

"You can make tea, if you like." She had converted him to the English habit of tea at all times of day, though he had scarcely ever drunk tea at all until knowing Gwen.

He went to the tiny kitchen, and put a kettle of water on the stove . . .

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THE BIGGEST BLOOMIN' HOLIDAY SHOW IN AUSTRALIA!

IT **Struts**.
IT **Strolls**.
IT **Razzles**
AND IT **Dazzles**...

FROM THE BROADWAY
AND LONDON SMASH....

IT'S EVERYTHING A
MOTION PICTURE CAN BE

PARAMOUNT Pictures PRESENTS A CHARLES H. SCHNEER-GEORGE SIDNEY PRODUCTION

TOMMY STEELE Half a Sixpence

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STARRING
JULIA FOSTER **CYRIL RITCHARD** **PENELOPE HORNER** **GROVER DALE**

adaptation by **DOROTHY KINGSLEY** and **BEVERLEY CROSS**
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screenplay by **BEVERLEY CROSS**

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based on the musical **HALF A SIXPENCE** adapted from the novel **KIPPS** by **H.G. WELLS**
with music and lyrics by **DAVID HENEKER** book by **BEVERLEY CROSS**

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SYDNEY

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SWEDISH DESIGN SPRINGTIME CLOTH

THIS elegant linen cloth, designed in Sweden, and featuring easy-to-embroider motifs of colorful spring flowers, is our new needlework offer to readers. Included in the offer are four matching table napkins.

Scandinavian embroidery designs are sought after throughout the world, hence our choice of a Swedish design for our "Springtime Cloth Offer." The cool elegance of the design and its striking coloring will complement any table setting and, of course, it is the perfect background for Scandinavian ware.

The cloth and four matching table napkins are stamped ready to embroider on good-quality white linen. Embroidery cottons and complete directions for working the cloth and napkins are included in this special offer, which can be sent to any address you name, either in Australia or overseas.

Price for each "Springtime Cloth Offer" kit, consisting of cloth and four table napkins, is \$6 within Australia, \$6.50 if sent to an overseas country. Extra napkins are available at 40 cents each. Prices include postage within Australia and overseas.

Embroidery stitches used in the typical Swedish design are very simple, and lovely results can be achieved even by beginners.

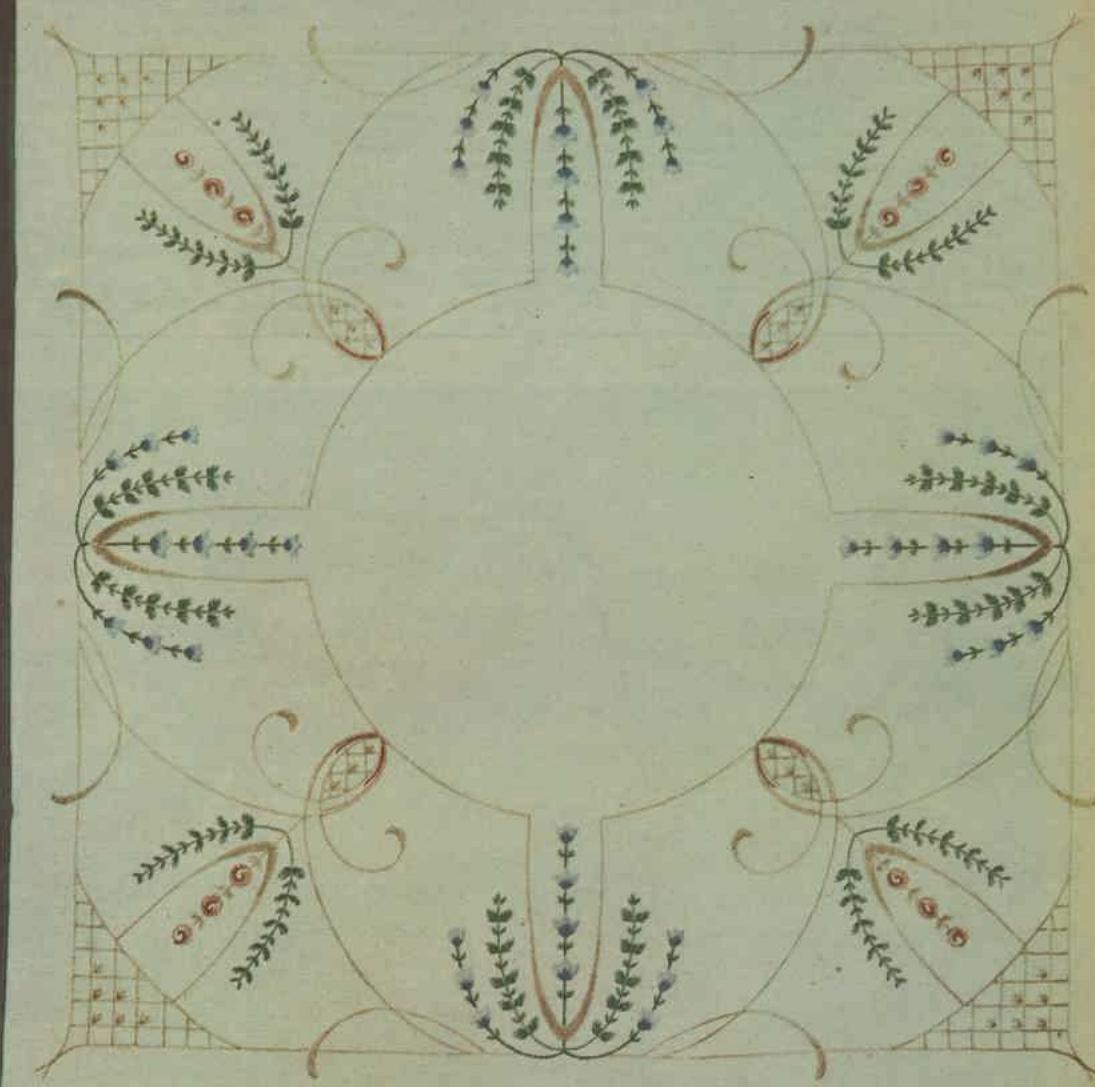
Work the pretty cloth and table napkins yourself or send a kit, ready to embroider, to a friend or relative who enjoys embroidery. We will send this "Springtime Cloth Offer" to any address you name. (See address label below.) You can be sure the recipient will be delighted.

To obtain our needlework offer, fill in the order form and address label below, and send with your cheque, money order, or postal order to "Springtime Cloth Offer," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

THE BLUE FLOWER motif of the springtime cloth is repeated on one corner (below) of each table napkin. The embroidery stitches are very simple to do.

SPRINGTIME CLOTH (above), 52in. square, when hemmed, has a Swedish design, stamped ready to embroider, in color, on a cool white linen background.

NEW NEEDLEWORK OFFER



ADDRESS LABEL

SPRINGTIME CLOTH OFFER

POSTAGE
PAID
SYDNEY

NAME

ADDRESS

..... STATE POSTCODE

If undelivered return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001

ORDER FORM

Address envelope to "Springtime Cloth Offer," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. State number of kits required in appropriate space below. Price of each "Springtime Cloth Offer" is:

Within Australia \$6.

Great Britain and other overseas countries \$6.50.

Additional table napkins 40 cents each.

Note: Price includes postage within Australia and overseas.

Please send me ... "Springtime Cloth Offers" and ... additional table napkins. I enclose a cheque/postal order/money order to the value of \$

NAME

ADDRESS

..... STATE POSTCODE

At the airfield, the blustering, biting wind was as strong as ever. Returning from his tour of inspection, Mel reported on conditions to Danny Farrow at the Snow Desk and received another message.

"Your wife called again," Danny said. "Here's the number she's at."

Mel dialled the downtown number. He asked for Cindy, and after a brief wait heard her voice say sharply, "Mel, why aren't you here?"

"I'm sorry, I've been held up. It's a pretty big storm—"

"Mel, get down here fast!"

From the fact that his wife's voice was low, Mel deduced there were others within hearing. Just the same, she managed to convey a surprising amount of venom.

Mel sometimes tried to associate

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ate the voice of Cindy nowadays with the Cindy he remembered before their marriage fifteen years ago. Cindy had been an actress at the time, though in a minor way, because the career she had hoped for had not worked out.

She had had a succession of diminishingly small parts in summer stock and television, and afterward, in a moment of frankness, admitted that marriage had been a welcome release from the whole thing.

Years later, that story changed, and it became a favorite gambit of Cindy's to declare that she had sacrificed her career and probably stardom because of Mel.

More recently, though, Cindy didn't like her past as an actress being mentioned at all. That was because she had read that actresses were seldom included in the Social Register, and addition of her own name to the Chicago edition of the Register was something Cindy wanted very much indeed.

"I'm coming over as soon as I can," Mel said.

Cindy snapped, "You should be here already. You knew perfectly well that tonight was important to me, and a week ago you made a definite promise."

"A week ago I didn't know we were going to have the biggest

storm in six years. Right now we've a runway out of use, there's a question of airport safety . . ."

"You've people working for you, haven't you? Or are the ones you've chosen so incompetent they can't be left alone?"

Mel said irritably, "They're highly competent. But I get paid to take some responsibility, too."

"It's a pity you can't act responsibly to me. Time and again I make important social arrangements which you enjoy demolishing."

Listening, as the words continued, Mel could visualise Cindy, 5ft. 6in. of imperious energy, clear blue eyes flashing, and her blonde coiffed head tilted back in that way she had when she was angry.

When she paused, he said quietly, "I intend to get down

there as soon as I can. So save me a place and explain why I'm late."

A thought struck him. "Incidentally, what's the occasion tonight?"

"I told you last week. It's a publicity party — cocktails and dinner — to promote the costume ball which is being given next month for the Children's Relief Fund. The Press is here. They'll be taking photographs."

Now Mel knew why Cindy wanted him to hurry. With him there, she stood a better chance of being in the photographs — and on tomorrow's newspaper social pages.

There was a silence. Then Cindy asserted, low-voiced and savagely, "Listen to me, Mel! If you don't get here tonight it'll be the end. Do you understand?"

"I'm not sure that I do." Mel realised that this was an important moment for them both. "Perhaps you'd better tell me exactly what you mean."

But Cindy had hung up . . .

I

IN the Air Traffic Control radar room, Keith Bakersfeld, Mel's brother, was a third of the way through his eight-hour duty watch.

He was working the flat-face radarscope, a horizontal glass circle, the size of a bicycle tyre, set into a tabletop console. Its surface was dark green, with brilliant green points of light showing all aircraft in the air within a 40-mile radius. As the aircraft moved, so did the points of light.

Keith was hunched forward tensely in a grey steel chair, his face strained and gaunt as it had been for months. Once he had exuded an amiable, relaxed good nature; now, all signs of it were gone. Keith was six years younger than his brother, but nowadays appeared a good deal older.

The change in Keith Bakersfeld had been noticed by his colleagues. They were also well aware of the reason for the change, a reason which had evoked genuine sympathy. However, they were practical men with an exacting job, which was why the radar supervisor, a lanky Texan named Wayne Tevis, was watching Keith at this moment.

His eyes on Keith's radarscope, Tevis drawled, "Keith, old son, that Braniff flight is closing on Eastern. If you turn Braniff right, you can keep Eastern going on the same course." It was something which Keith should have seen himself but hadn't.

He thumbed his microphone. "Braniff 829, make an immediate right turn, heading zero-nine-zero."

At moments like this voices should stay calm. Keith's was high-pitched and betrayed his nervousness. He saw Wayne Tevis glance at him sharply. But the blips on the radar screen, which had been uncomfortably close, began separating as the Braniff captain obeyed instructions.

In another minute or so the Braniff flight would have to be turned again, and so would Eastern. Even before that, there must be new courses for five other aircraft just coming on screen.

Keith Bakersfeld was trying hard to maintain his concentration, to retain a mental picture of his sector and every aircraft in it. A controller's nightmare was to "lose the picture," a situation where an overtaxed brain rebelled and everything went blank. It happened occasionally, even to the best.

Keith had been the best. Until a year ago.

Today only Keith Bakersfeld, and Keith alone, knew that this was the last time he would ever face a radarscope or stand a watch. Today was his last day with Air Traffic Control.

It was also the last day of his life.

"Take a break, Keith." It was the tower watch chief's voice.

Keith had not seen the tower watch chief come in. He had done so unobtrusively, and was standing by Wayne Tevis, the radar supervisor.

Glancing at the two men together, Keith knew at once why he was being relieved. There was still a crisis, and they didn't trust him. The work break was a pretext; he wasn't due for one for half

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INSTANT PIE FLAN (CRUNCHY-FRESH BISCUIT CRUST)

INSTANT CHEESE CAKE

1 packet Instant Pie Flan Mix; 1 packet White Wings Instant Pudding Mix (Vanilla, Lemon-coconut or Pineapple); 4 oz cream cheese; 1½ cups milk.

METHOD: Beat cream cheese and gradually blend in milk. Slowly beat in Instant Pudding mix until well blended. Pour into crumb crust. Chill 1 hour (8-8 servings). This is a basic Instant Cheese Cake which can be varied by the use of different flavoured Instant Puddings. Top with fresh cream.

Needs no cooking—mix 'n' chill 'n' fill. Never again need you grind up broken biscuits. Never again save stale left-over biscuit crumbs. New White Wings Instant Pie Flan Mix takes two minutes, two oz of melted butter. Simply mix, press into ungreased pie plate, and chill before you fill with your own favourite White Wings Instant Pudding or Mousse. If you want a very firm crust, pop the crust in the oven for a few minutes, chill before you fill.

it's heavenly!

AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

an hour. Should he protest? For a controller as senior as himself it was an indignity which others would notice. Then he thought: Why make an issue now? It wasn't worth it . . .

Keith entered the controllers' locker-room. Opening his locker, he took out the lunch pail which Natalie had packed before he left home this afternoon. As he poured coffee from a flask, he wondered if Natalie had put a note in with his meal. She often did, hoping, he supposed, that it might cheer him.

She had worked hard at doing that, right from the beginning of his trouble. More recently, there had been fewer notes. Perhaps Natalie, too, had finally lost heart.

A picture of Natalie was taped to the inside of his locker door—a snapshot, in color, which Keith had taken. It showed Natalie in a bikini, seated on a rock, laughing. Her light brown hair streamed back from her small, pert face. There was an impudent, pixieish quality to Natalie Bakersfield, as well as strength of will, and the camera had caught both.

She had been trying then; still trying desperately to return their lives to the way they had been before. Mel had joined forces with Natalie, too, trying to induce his brother to fight free from the tide-race of anguish and depression which engulfed him.

EVEN then a part of Keith had wanted to respond. He had sought to match their strength by drawing on his own. But the effort failed because there was no emotion left within himself. Only bleakness, remorse, and all-enveloping despair.

Today he had driven to the airport area earlier than usual and taken a room at the O'Hagan Inn before coming on duty.

In a few hours from now, when Keith's duty watch was ended, he would go there and put an end to everything. The room key was in his pocket. So was the overdose of sleeping tablets.

Fifteen miles or so from the airport, in a locked room of a shabby apartment over a noisome, greasy-spoon lunchroom, an embittered, thwarted, former building contractor named D. O. Guerrero was also surrendering to failure.

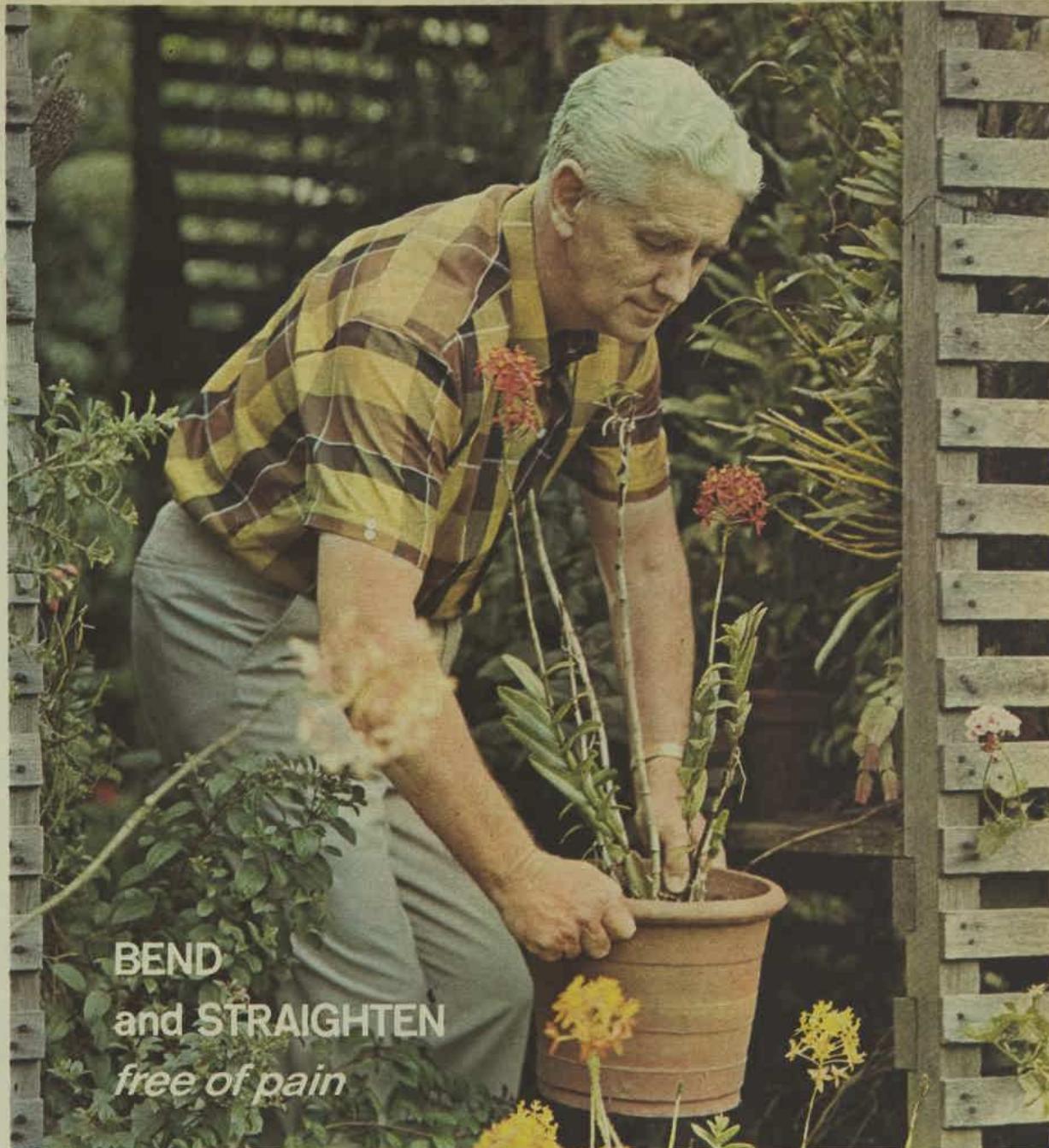
D. O. Guerrero was a spindly man, with a shallow face. He had deep-set eyes, pale thin lips, and a slight sandy moustache. At the moment he needed a shave and a clean shirt. He was fifty, but looked older.

Guerrero was married, and had been for eighteen years. By some standards, the marriage was good; D. O. and Inez Guerrero accepted each other equably. But in the past year, a gulf had opened between them which Inez, though she tried, was unable to bridge. It was one result of a series of business disasters which reduced them from comparative affluence to near poverty, and eventually forced a succession of moves, ending with this seamy, drafty, cockroach-infested two-room apartment.

Even so, Inez Guerrero might have made the best of it if her husband had not become increasingly moody, savagely bad tempered, and at times violent. She sent their two teenage children to stay with her married sister in Cleveland, and herself took a job as a coffeehouse waitress. Although the work was hard and the pay small, it at least provided money for food.

Inez was now at her job. D. O. Guerrero was in the apartment alone. Like others this night, he would shortly leave for the airport. He held a ticket on Trans America's Flight 2 to Rome.

It was for a round-trip excursion which normally cost four hundred and seventy-four dollars. However, by lying, D. O. Guerrero had obtained credit. He paid forty-seven dollars down, acquired by pawning his wife's last possession of any value — her mother's ring (Inez had not yet missed it) — and promised to remit the balance, plus interest, in monthly instalments over the next two years.



**BEND
and STRAIGHTEN
*free of pain***

The pain of backache can be distressing. When you bend it hurts. You straighten and it hurts. You try kneeling; no better. You've probably decided it's a sign of age, and resigned yourself to living with pain. When your back hurts—take this advice—take Panadeine.

You can trust Panadeine. Panadeine is paracetamol PLUS codeine for stronger pain relief. You will find that taking Panadeine is like turning back the clock! Pain is eased, and you find you can move more freely.

So, if you hurt every time you bend, try Panadeine. Feel the difference. Take Panadeine also for the relief of headache, muscular and rheumatic pain. When pain persistently recurs, see your doctor.



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TRADE MARK
WINTHROP

It was highly unlikely that the promise would ever be fulfilled. During the past year, Guerrero's finances had gone from bad to worse.

Now, because of certain fraudulent statements, as well as being an undischarged bankrupt, exposure, which seemed imminent, would most certainly earn a prison term.

But by employing several subterfuges he managed to procure his ticket while avoiding more than a cursory credit investigation by the airlines. First, he produced an "employer's reference" which he had typed himself on the letterhead of a defunct company he once operated, the company's address being his own post-office box.

Second, in typing the letter he deliberately mis-spelled his sur-

name, changing the initial from "G" to "B," so that a routine credit check of "Buerrero" would produce no information. And he made sure that his signature on the time payment contract was indecipherable, so it was not clear whether he had signed "G" or "B."

The mis-spelling was perpetuated by the clerk who yesterday made out his airline ticket in the name of "D. O. Buerrero." If any query was raised afterward, the error of a single letter, both on the "employer's reference" and the ticket, would appear to be a genuine mistake.

When checking in at the airport later tonight, he intended to have the spelling corrected. It was important, once he was aboard, to

THE BOYFRIEND



"Does it have anything else to recommend it — apart from being 'good and loud'?"

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be sure there was no confusion about his correct identity. That was part of his plan.

Another part of D. O. Guerrero's plan was to destroy Flight 2 by blowing it up. He would destroy himself along with it, a factor which did not deter him, since his life, he reasoned, was no longer of value to himself or others.

But his death could be of value, and he intended to make sure it was.

Before departure of the Trans America flight, he would take out flight insurance for seventy-five thousand dollars, naming his wife and children as beneficiaries. He believed that what he was doing was a deed of love and sacrifice.

He also believed he had anticipated all contingencies.

He deliberately bought a round-

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trip ticket to create the appearance of intending to return. As to choosing a Rome flight, he had a second cousin in Italy whom he had never seen but occasionally talked of visiting — a fact which Inez knew. So at least there would seem an element of logic to his choice.

He had also studied carefully the histories of air disasters where airliners were destroyed by individuals seeking to profit from flight insurance. In all cases on record the motive had been exposed by post-crash investigation and the conspirators' flight-insurance policies had been invalidated.

There was no means of knowing, of course, how many other disasters, whose causes remained unknown, had been the result of sabotage. The key factor was the presence or absence of wreckage. Wherever wreckage was recovered, trained investigators pieced it together in an attempt to learn its secrets. Therefore, D. O. Guerrero reasoned, his own plan must preclude the recovery of wreckage.

A large portion of the journey of Flight 2 — The Golden Argosy — was above ocean, where wreckage from a disintegrated airplane would never be found. Flight-insurance claims — in the absence

of any evidence of sabotage — would be settled in full.

The element on which everything else hinged was the explosion. Obviously it must be adequate to destroy the airplane, but — equally important — it must occur at the right time. For the second reason, D. O. Guerrero had decided to carry the explosive device aboard and set it off himself. Now, within the locked bedroom, he had just finished putting the device together.

He put it in a flat attache case. A piece of ordinary string trailed inconspicuously outside the case. At the end of the string was a small finger-size loop like a hangman's noose. A finger through the loop, a tug on the string, and the explosion of dynamite would be instant, devastating, final.

It was a few minutes after 8 p.m., a little less than two hours to flight-departure time. Time to go. He would take the subway uptown to the airline terminal, then board an airport bus.

He had just enough money left for that and to buy the flight-insurance policy at the airport. He pulled on his topcoat quickly, checking that the ticket to Rome was in the inside pocket.

One final thing to do. A note for Inez. He found a scrap of paper and a pencil and wrote:

I won't be home for a few days. I'm going away. I expect to have some good news soon which will surprise you.

Captain Vernon Demerest had just poured the boiling water over the tealeaves as Gwen had taught him, when she entered the kitchen. As always since the beginning of their affair, he found the sight of her enchanting.

She was in a trim uniform skirt and blouse which made her seem even younger than she was. Her eager, high-cheekboned face was tilted upward, her rich black hair lustrous under the kitchen lights. Her deep dark eyes regarded him with smiling, frank approval.

"You can kiss me," she said. "I haven't put on make-up yet."

He smiled, her clear, melodious English voice delighting him again.

FROM THE BIBLE

● Jesus said, *Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me . . . I go to prepare a place for you.*

— St. John 14; 1, 2.

At times, Vernon Demerest encouraged Gwen to talk, merely for the joy of hearing her speak.

They sat down at the kitchen table, and she poured the tea. Then, with a half laugh, she said, "What I wanted to tell you is that I'm going to have a baby!"

At first the words failed to register. "You're what?" His mind was still groping. "Are you sure?"

"Of course," she said. "Or I wouldn't be telling you now. I've been wanting to tell you because . . . you see . . . I happen to love you." For the first time her eyes were lowered. "When I've thought about it, I've been glad of that."

"Listen to me, Gwen." He covered her hands with his own. "We have to do some serious talking and make some plans." Now that the first shock was over, his thoughts were becoming orderly. It was perfectly clear what needed to be done next.

"You don't have to do anything," Gwen's voice was under control. "And you can stop wondering if I'm going to be difficult. I won't. You don't have to worry. I intend to work things out myself."

"Don't be ridiculous. You don't imagine I'd walk away and ignore it. You're still coming to Naples with me?"

"Of course." She came to him, and he kissed her. Then she drew back.

"Vernon, this has happened to you before . . . hasn't it?"

He nodded reluctantly, "Yes. Once."

"Did your wife ever know?" He hesitated before answering. "No."

"What happened to the baby?"

"It was adopted."

"A boy or a girl?"

"It was a girl. Never mind all that . . . it was years ago. . . ." Gwen's questioning made him acutely uncomfortable. To stop it, he pulled her back into his arms and kissed her. He whispered, "I love you." At the moment, he reflected, it was true.

Gwen disengaged herself and glanced at her watch. "It's time, captain, sir. We'd better go."

In the locker-room of Air Traffic Control, Keith Bakersfield realised he had been staring at the key to room 224 of the O'Hagan Inn for several minutes.

To page 76



"Day/Long holds my hair the way I like it..."

SAYS JUSTINE McCARTHY, INTERNATIONAL MODEL

There's never been a hair spray that keeps its promises as well as Day/Long does! This conditioning hair spray has a new kind of holding power. Softer. But firm. Not stiff or lacquered. Combs beautifully in all kinds of weather. Tames the wildest wisps.

And more! Day/Long Hair Spray has a new, finer mist that penetrates the layers of the hair. Deep conditions all the hair — not just the surface. Dries instantly.

Your hair stays naturally shiny.

What more could you ask of a hair spray that's formulated on America's top seller? Only that the price is right. And it is! (Sold By Chemists Everywhere)

5 oz 69c • 7 oz 99c • 14 oz \$1.49

Day/Long
CONDITIONING HAIR SPRAY



more. lots more vegetables

(more than ever before!)



That's what makes
Heinz Vegetable Soup
big enough for a meal

Heinz put in eleven
of the freshest vegetables,
and lots more of them,
till it's soup so thick,
so rich, it really is
big enough for a meal.

Have some tonight, and
prove Heinz really mean
what they say.

Heinz, the soup you know they like

H3233

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Grand Slam,
the only sports shirt
with the underarm gusset
to let you swing freely.
Honeycomb Mesh, Terry Towelling : \$4.20
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the swinging shirt



in swinging new colours

 **BOND'S "Grand Slam"**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 28, 1968

B634

Page 75

Varicose veins?

Lots of people share your problem
Scholl understand it

and make Soft Grip stockings to help you!



Scholl know just how your legs ache when you have varicose veins. That's why they make Soft Grip to stretch two ways for the firm control and real relief you need. Soft Grip Stockings support your legs so firmly yet so gently you'll forget you have varicose veins. And Scholl understand that you do care how you look. So Soft Grip Stockings do more than hide those unsightly veins — they are made without a tell-tale seam or hem or ridge. Under ordinary nylons no one will know you have them on. What people will notice is the new lightness Soft Grip have given your step.

Scholl

Soft Grip
ELASTIC YARN STOCKINGS

From Chemists, Stores and Scholl shops.

Now you feel yourself again with lively, shapely legs ... in Scholl Soft Grip the ache is just a memory.

Lose as much as 10 lbs. in 17 days with NEW STATAVAR TABLETS

Full 17-day course only

\$1.95

This model is thrilled! StataVar tablets make dieting easy — no need to miss meals or go hungry. No exercises required.

This simple, double-action tablet acts as an "energiser" and, at the same time, reduces your desire for sweet and starchy foods. So lose that ugly fat now! Start the 17-day course today — ask for StataVar slimming tablets.

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

He must go back to the radar room. There were still several hours of his shift remaining and he had made a pact with himself to finish his air traffic control duty for tonight.

His present duty shift would end at midnight. Soon after, sleep would come quickly and with finality.

Keith Bakersfeld fingered the O'Hagan Inn key again, thinking back to that fatal day a year and a half ago. It was the reason he would end his life tonight . . .

Keith at that time was working at the Washington Air Route Traffic Control Center, at Leesburg. It was a key control point for air traffic . . . one of the nation's busiest.

The control sector which Keith regularly worked was monitored by a team of three, and today, in addition, the team had a trainee controller whom Keith had been instructing, at intervals, over the past several weeks.

Standing at his sector when he arrived, behind the radar controller about to go off duty, Keith felt his mental acuity sharpen, his speed of thinking consciously accelerate. For the next eight hours, except for two brief breaks, his brain must continue to operate that way.

Traffic, he observed, was averagely busy for the time of day. On the scope's dark surface, some fifteen pinpoints of bright green light indicated aircraft in the air. Several other flights, Keith noted, were due to come on the screen at any moment.

"I have the picture," he said quietly. The other controller nodded and moved out.

Keith's supervisor, Perry Yount, plugged in his headset above Keith's head and leaned over, making his own assessment of the traffic situation. Perry was a tall, lean, very efficient young Negro.

Keith had already accepted several new flights and handed over others when Perry touched his shoulder. "Keith, I'm running two positions this shift — this and the next one. We're a man short. You OK for a while?"

Keith nodded. "Roger." He motioned toward the trainee controller, George Wallace, who had slipped into a seat beside him. "I've got George to keep an eye on me."

"OK." Perry Yount unplugged his headset and moved to the adjacent console.

George Wallace was in his mid-twenties and had been a trainee for almost two years. He had shown himself to have an alert, quick mind, plus the ability not to become rattled under tension. In one more week he would be a qualified controller, though for practical purposes he was fully trained now.

Soon after 10.30 a.m. Keith and George exchanged positions. The trainee was now at the scope. Keith checking from alongside. There was no need, Keith found, for intervention; young Wallace was proving competent and alert.

At ten to eleven, Keith was

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1600 words; articles up to 15000 words. Enclose stamp to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4085WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Unknown to George Wallace or Perry Yount or Irving Redfern, an Air National Guard jet trainer was flying idly in circles a few miles to the north. Its pilot was an automobile salesman named Hank Neel.

An airline pilot, receiving the Washington Center message, would have flung his aircraft instantly into a steep right turn. He would have caught the urgency in Keith's voice and would have

AIRPORT

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aware of a need to visit the toilet. In recent months, he had had several bouts with intestinal flu; he had a suspicion that this was the beginning of another. He signalled Perry Yount and told him.

The supervisor nodded. "Is George doing OK?"

"Like a veteran," Keith said it loud enough so George could hear.

"I'll hold things down," Perry said. "You're relieved, Keith."

Keith signed the sector log sheet and noted his time of checking out. Perry scribbled an initial on the next line of the log, accepting responsibility for monitoring Wallace.

In the washroom a little later, Keith stood looking out the window. The weather was superb and he felt reluctant to return to the control room's gloom.

He wondered — as he often did — how many more years he could force his occasionally weary mind to go on. He was thirty-eight and had been a controller for a decade and a half. . . .

KEITH naturally didn't know that while he was standing there a passenger aboard a jet liner nearing Washington suffered a heart attack. The airliner asked for and was granted special clearance down, with priority handling to Washington National Airport.

Other flights at lower altitudes were being hurriedly diverted or ordered to orbit safe distances away. . . . And the responsibility for it all devolved on the extra sector which Perry Yount was supervising.

Amid the pressures, Perry Yount even found time to slip across to the adjoining position to check George Wallace. Everything looked good, though Perry knew he would be easier in mind when Keith Bakersfeld was back. He glanced toward the control room door. No sign of Keith yet.

Keith — still looking out at the Virginia countryside — was thinking of Natalie. Lately, there had been disagreements between them, triggered by his work. Natalie was concerned about Keith's health. She wanted him to give up Air Traffic Control

and choose some other occupation while some of his youth and most of his health remained.

At this same time, a private four-place Beech Bonanza was flying some thirty miles north-west of Washington Center. It contained the Redfern family: Irving Redfern, a consulting engineer-economist, his wife, Merry, and their two children — Jeremy, ten years old, and Valerie, nine.

The Washington Center controller who had given Irving Redfern his latest instructions was George Wallace, the almost-qualified trainee still filling in for Keith Bakersfeld.

George had correctly identified the Redfords' Beechcraft on his radarscope, where it appeared as a bright green dot, though smaller and moving more slowly than most other traffic. Perry Yount, the sector supervisor, had by now returned to the adjoining position.

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fulfilling his part-time military training requirements, had been sent up solo. Because he had been cautioned to do only local flying, no flight plan had been filed; therefore, Washington Air Route Center had no knowledge that he was in the air.

This would not have mattered, except that Neel had become bored with his assignments and was also a careless pilot. He had drifted while practising manoeuvres, and his jet entered George Wallace's radar control area, appearing on Wallace's screen as a green dot, slightly larger than the Redfern family's Beech.

A more experienced controller would have recognized the dot instantly for what it was. George, however, still busy with other traffic, had not yet observed the extra, unidentified signal.

Lieutenant Neel, at fifteen thousand feet, decided he would finish his flying practice with some aerobatics.

The thing his wife failed to realise, Keith thought, was that a man couldn't just quit his job irresponsibly, on a whim. Especially when the job you possessed, the skills you so patiently acquired, had fitted you for nothing else.

Glancing at his watch, Keith realised guiltily that it was almost fifteen minutes since he left the control room. He hurried back to it.

Lieutenant Neel completed a somewhat casual inspection above and below him for other aircraft. Now, beginning a loop and slow roll, he put the jet trainer into a steep dive.

Entering the control room, Keith scribbled a signature in the sector log and noted the time, then moved behind George Wallace.

He studied the radarscope and its moving pinpoints of light — the aircraft which George had identified, then noted on small movable markers on the screen. A bright green dot without identification caught Keith's eye. He asked George sharply, "What's the other traffic near that Beech Bonanza?"

"What other traffic . . . ?" George Wallace's eyes followed Keith's across the radarscope. He gasped in horror.

With a swift, single movement, Keith ripped the radio headset from George and shouldered him aside. Keith flung a frequency switch open, snapped a transmit button down. "Beech Bonanza NC-403, this is Washington Center. There is unidentified traffic to your left. Make an immediate right turn now!"

The jet trainer was at the bottom of its dive. Lieutenant Neel pulled the control column back and began a fast, steep climb. Immediately above was the tiny Beech Bonanza, containing Irving Redfern and his family.

In the control room breathlessly . . . silently . . . praying hard . . . they watched the closing, bright green dots.

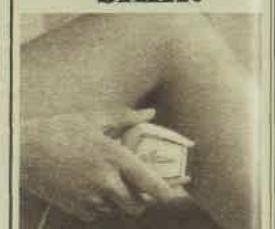
The radio crackled with a burst of static. "Washington Center, this is Beech. . . ." Abruptly the transmission stopped.

Irving Redfern was a competent amateur pilot, but not a commercial one.

An airline pilot, receiving the Washington Center message, would have flung his aircraft instantly into a steep right turn. He would have caught the urgency in Keith's voice and would have



SO WHY USE A RAZOR ON YOUR SOFT FEMININE SKIN!



Jewelled beauty. Gold plated double shaving head. Self-sharpening. Styled to handle your soft curves with care. Pink, soft blue, or ivory body. Satin-lined, leather-grained case. Delightfully at home on your dressing table.

LADY SUNBEAM SHAVER

(yours for a tiny deposit and even tinier weekly payments).



Beautify Your Hair

YOUR hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

Lieutenant Neel, who was

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1968

ignored all minor consequences except the overriding urgency of escaping the nearby peril which the route centre message unmistakably implied.

But Redfern was a precise, scholarly man, accustomed to thinking before acting and to following correct procedures. His first thought was to acknowledge the Washington Center message. Thus, he used up two or three seconds—all the time he had. The jet swooping upward from the bottom of its loop struck the Redfern's Beech Bonanza on the left side, slicing off its wing with a single screeching rip of metal.

Scarcely knowing what was happening, he had caught only the briefest glimpse of the other plane—Lieutenant Neel ejected and waited for his parachute to open. Far below, out of control and spinning crazily, the Beechcraft Bonanza, with the Redfern family still inside, was plummeting to earth.

K
EITH'S hands were trembling as he tried again. "Beech Bonanza NC-403, this is Washington Center. Do you read?"

Beside Keith, George Wallace's lips moved silently. As they watched in horror, the dots on the radarscope converged, blossomed suddenly, then faded.

Perry Yount, aware of something wrong, had joined them. "What is it?"

Keith's mouth was dry. "I think we've had a mid-air." It was then it happened: the nightmarish sound which those who heard it would never be able to erase from memory.

At first there was a burst of static, then a succession of piercing, frantic screams. Elsewhere in the control room, heads turned. Faces nearby paled. George Wallace was sobbing hysterically.

AIRPORT

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Suddenly, above the screaming, clearly, came a single voice—terrified, forlorn, beseeching, the voice of Valerie Redfern, nine years old.

"...Mummy! Daddy! ... Do something! I don't want to die ... I've been good ... Please, I don't want ..."

Mercifully, the transmission stopped.

The Beech Bonanza crashed and burned. What remained of the four bodies was unrecognisable and the Redferns were buried in a common grave.

Keith Bakersfeld was totally

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff.



Lieutenant Neel landed safely by parachute, five miles away.

All three controllers involved in the tragedy—George Wallace, Keith Bakersfeld, Perry Yount—were at once suspended from duty, pending investigation.

Later, the trainee, George Wallace, was held technically not to blame, since he was not a qualified controller when the accident occurred. He was, however, dismissed from government service and barred forever from employment in Air Traffic Control.

exonerated. The investigating board found that he had requested to be temporarily relieved from duty, that his request was reasonable, and he followed regulations in signing out and in. Furthermore, immediately on return, he perceived the possibility of a mid-air collision and tried to prevent it.

The question of the length of Keith's absence from the control room did not arise. Keith attempted to raise it himself, and to accept the major share of blame. His attempt was treated kindly,

and sympathetic. His work, at first, went well enough.

After his abortive attempt to raise the subject before the investigating board, Keith confided to no one—not even to Natalie—the fact of his washroom loitering that fateful day. Yet the secret knowledge was seldom far from the forefront of his mind. He knew that the real responsibility for the Redfern tragedy was his own.

At home, Natalie was understanding and, as always, loving. She sensed that Keith had undergone a shock from

which he would need time to recover, and she did everything possible to help.

But the effect of sleepless nights, the mental turmoil, showed quickly in Keith's work. His reactions were slow, decisions hesitant. A couple of times, under pressure, Keith "lost the picture" and had to be helped.

Finally, on a suggestion from Washington, and with Keith's consent, he was transferred to Lincoln International. A change of locale, it was believed, would prove therapeutic. Officialdom, with a touch of humanity, was also aware that Keith's older brother, Mel, was general manager at Lincoln; perhaps Mel Bakersfeld's influence would be steady.

The idea hadn't worked.

Tanya Livingston was still talking to the stowaway, a little old lady from San Diego.

"You've done this before," Tanya said. "Haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, my dear. Quite a few times."

The little old lady sat comfortably relaxed, hands folded in her lap. She was dressed primly in black and might have been somebody's great-grandmother on her way to church. Instead she had been caught riding illegally, without a ticket, between Los Angeles and New York.

The stowaway was Mrs. Ada Quonsett. She would, undoubtedly, have reached New York undetected if she had not made the mistake of confiding her status to her seat companion, who told a stewardess. The little old lady had been removed at Lincoln International and brought to Tanya, part of whose job as passenger-relations agent was to deal with such stowaways.

"All right," Tanya said. "I

To page 79

Sore and cracked hands can be helped

Have you ever looked at your sore cracked hands and wondered what on earth you could do about them? You may have tried all sorts of creams, but without success. What can you do? There is a way to restore your hands.

Rosken's SKIN REPAIR heals and softens the skin and forms a protective barrier against the water. You will see the sore red cracks disappear, and the hard wrinkled skin become soft and smooth. All you do, is rub a little SKIN REPAIR into your hands regularly. Just a little, and often.

One single jar will prove this cream to you. It costs 99c at your family chemist. Tubes are 69c.

SKIN REPAIR

Use it also on your face, legs, and body.

ANDREW WAUGH *

Australia's best known do-it-yourself expert—see his simple ideas for handymen to copy each month in the

AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

Get this exclusive book of accessories KNITTING PATTERNS! Berets, beanies, gloves, scarves, bags—lots of gay go-togethers to knit and crochet! For adults and children! JUST SEND IN THE COUPON FROM THE SPECIAL SOFTLY PACK ... AT YOUR STORE NOW! It's another great Softly/Villawool knitting special.

THE Villawool ACCESSORIES KNITTING BOOK

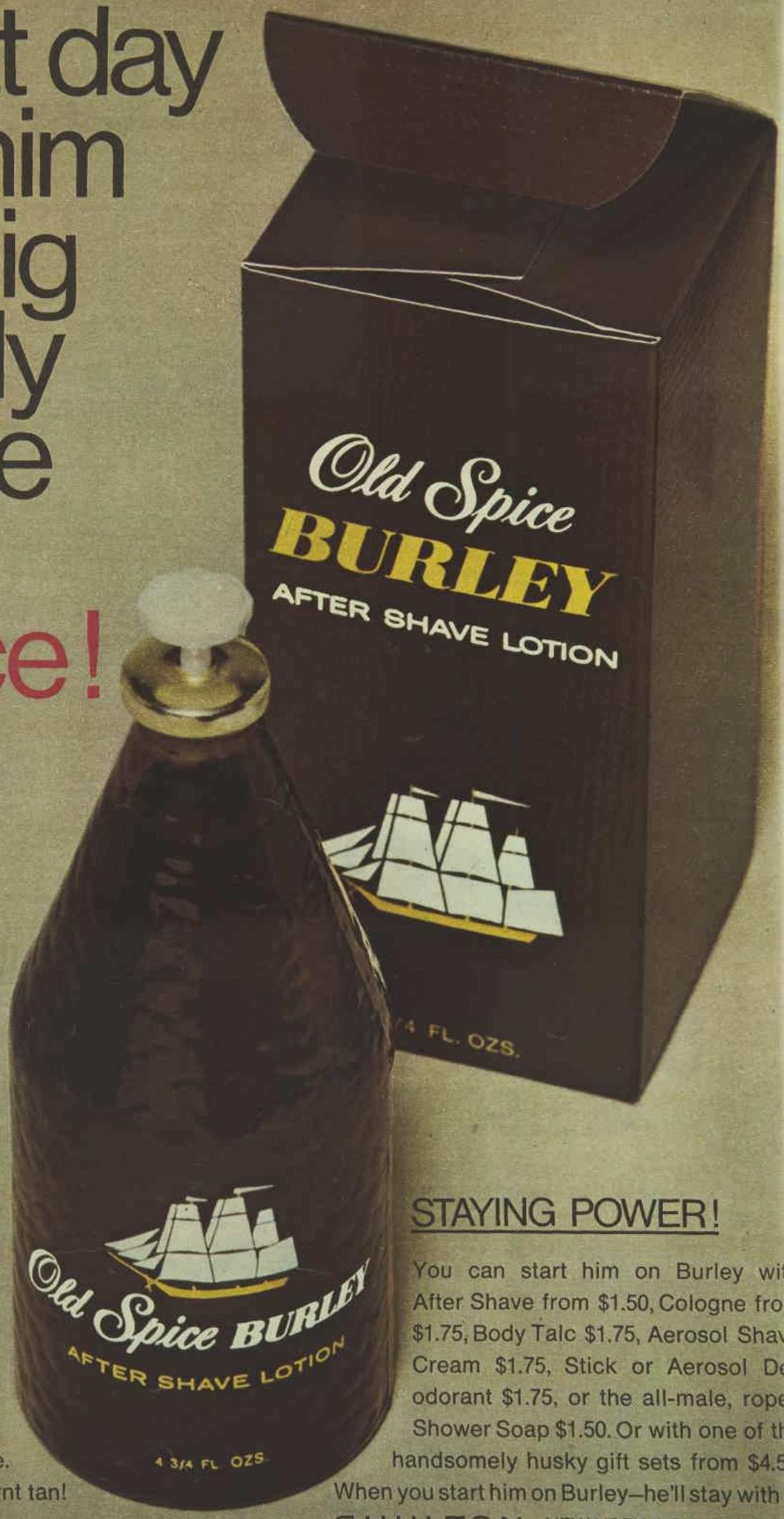
Softly—safe for every kind of wool . . .



SLI/ZWW

Page 77

September one
is a great day
to start him
on this big
new, burly
fragrance
from
Old Spice!



BURLEY GIVES A MAN

Old Spice Burley—the one that's up front in the U.S.A.—fronts up in Australia, just in time for Father's Day! For the man who wants staying-power—Burley's got it! A husky, longer-lasting male fragrance. There's been nothing like it before. Packaging? A man's colour. Deep, burnt tan!

STAYING POWER!

You can start him on Burley with After Shave from \$1.50, Cologne from \$1.75, Body Talc \$1.75, Aerosol Shave Cream \$1.75, Stick or Aerosol Deodorant \$1.75, or the all-male, roped Shower Soap \$1.50. Or with one of the handsomely husky gift sets from \$4.50.

When you start him on Burley—he'll stay with it!

SHULTON NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1968

think you'd better tell me about it."

Mrs. Quonsett said, "Well, you see I'm a widow and I have a married daughter in New York. Sometimes I get lonely and want to visit her. So what I do is go to Los Angeles and get on an aeroplane that's going to New York."

"Just like that? Without a ticket?"

Mrs. Quonsett seemed shocked. "Oh, my dear, I couldn't possibly afford a ticket. I just have Social Security and a small pension my late husband left."

"Have you been a stowaway on other airlines? Besides ours?"

"Oh, yes. But I like yours best."

Tanya was trying hard to remain severe, though it was difficult. "Why do you like Trans America, Mrs. Quonsett?"

"Well, they're always so reasonable in New York. When I've stayed with my daughter a week or two, I'm ready to go home, I go to your airline offices and tell them."

"You tell them the truth? That you came to New York as a stowaway?"

"That's right, my dear. They ask me the date and the flight number and then they look up some papers."

"Please go on."

The little old lady looked surprised. "There isn't anything else. After that, they just send me home. Usually the same day, on one of your aeroplanes."

"And that's everything? Nothing else is said?"

Mrs. Quonsett gave a gentle smile, as she might have done at a vicarage afternoon tea. "Well, I do sometimes get a little scolding. I'm told I've been naughty and not to do it again."

The incredible thing, Tanya realised, was that it was all so obviously true. As airlines were aware, a would-be stowaway merely boarded an aircraft — there were ways it could be done — and sat quietly, waiting for departure.

Unless the flight was full, detection was unlikely. It was

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true that stewardesses would count heads, and their tally might disagree with the gate agent's manifest. At that point a stowaway would be suspected, but to hold the plane while a recheck of all tickets was made would take most of half an hour.

Meanwhile, the cost of keeping a six-million-dollar jet aeroplane on the ground would soar. Schedules, both at origin and down the line, would be disrupted. Passengers would grow angrily im-

I'd like to get a cup of tea. So, if I can go now, and you'll tell me what time to come back . . ."

"Oh, no!" Tanya shook her head decisively. "You're not going anywhere alone. You can have your cup of tea, but an agent will be with you. If I let you loose in this terminal you'd be on an aeroplane for New York before anybody knew it."

From the momentarily hostile glare which Mrs. Quonsett gave her, Tanya



patient, and even if a stowaway was found, the loss in dollars and goodwill would far exceed the cost of providing a free ride for a single individual.

So what happened was that the airline did the only sensible thing — it closed the doors and sent the aircraft on its way.

Tanya said sternly, "As soon as I can arrange a ticket, we're going to send you back to Los Angeles."

There was the slightest flicker in the elderly, grey eyes. "Yes, my dear. I was afraid that would happen. But

knew she had guessed right. Ten minutes later, all arrangements were complete. A single seat reservation had been made on Flight 103 for Los Angeles, leaving in an hour and a half. In the meantime, the little old lady from San Diego had been handed over to a male Trans America agent — a recently recruited junior, young enough to be her grandson.

Tanya's instructions to the agent, Peter Coakley, were precise.

"You're to stay with Mrs. Quonsett until flight time. She says she wants some tea, so take her to the coffee shop. If she needs the ladies' room, wait outside; otherwise, don't let her out of your sight. At flight time, take her to the departure gate, go aboard with her, and hand her over to the senior stewardess. She's full of little tricks, so be careful."

In his office, Mel Bakersfield replaced the phone after getting the latest report of airport conditions. He simply couldn't, he decided, meet Cindy downtown tonight.

Runway three zero was still blocked by the mired Aeromexican jet. As a result, delays — both in the air and on the ground — were worsening. The possibility of having to declare the airport closed sometime within the next few hours was very real.

Cindy, of course — still waiting for him at her charity party — would be furious. But she was already angry; he would have to brace himself to absorb the extra wrath. The slip of paper with the downtown number where he had reached his wife earlier was still in his pocket. He took it out and dialled.

As before, it took several minutes for Cindy to come to the telephone. She listened in icy silence to Mel's explanation — why it was essential he should remain at the airport — and then said coldly,

"I'm not surprised, because I didn't expect you to come. When you said you would, I assumed as usual you were lying."

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He said heatedly, "I wasn't lying, and it isn't as usual. I told you —"

She broke in, her voice still cold and remote, "You say you're staying at the airport. Then I'll come out there."

"Cindy, this isn't the time or place."

"Then we'll make it the time. And for what I have to say to you, any place is good enough."

"Cindy, please be reasonable. I agree there are things we have to discuss, but not . . ."

MEL stopped, realising he was talking to himself. Cindy had hung up again.

He went out from his office on to the executive mezzanine, looking down on the crowded activity of the main concourse. At the Trans America counter, Tanya Livingston was talking animatedly with a group of passengers.

Mel took the staff elevator down to the concourse level and made his way through the crowds to where she stood. In a moment she broke away from the passengers and turned to him.

"It's like a madhouse here." She gestured down the concourse to a raised platform with a circular counter surrounding it, the airport's insurance vending booth. "That's what your big fight with your brother-in-law was all about; why Captain Demarest is so mad at you. Isn't it?"

A dozen or more people were ranged around the circular counter, most of them completing application forms for air-trip insurance. Behind the counter, two attractive girls were busy writing policies.

"Yes," Mel acknowledged, "that was most of our trouble — at least, recently. Vernon and the Air Line Pilots Association think we should abolish insurance booths at airports, and insurance-policy vending machines. I don't. The two of us had a battle about it in front of the Board of Airport Commissioners. What Vernon didn't like, and still doesn't, is that I won."

"I heard," Tanya looked at Mel searching. "Some of us don't agree with you. This time we think Captain Demarest is right."

Mel shook his head. "Then we'll have to disagree. I've been over it all so many times; Vernon's arguments just don't make sense."

But Vernon Demarest's feelings about air-travel insurance were shared by many pilots and airline people, Mel knew. As Vernon had argued in front of the commissioners just a month ago, the very presence of insurance booths and machines was an insult to commercial aviation.

There was a very real danger, he said, to every air passenger and to all flying crews created by the casual sale of insurance at airport counters and by vending machines, which offered policies promising vast sums in return for a mere few dollars premium. It was an open invitation to psychopaths and criminals, and the fact that the insurance policies were automatically invalidated when sabotage was exposed was no deterrent.

Vernon urged the commissioners to ban the sale of insurance and insurance vending machines at Lincoln International Airport.

Mel had been there to present the other side, which he did by pointing out that most people had an inherent fear of flying and probably always would have. If it was a comfort for the air traveller to have insurance, he should be able to buy it as conveniently as possible.

To page 80

Hands Up!

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Passengers wanted insurance to be available at airports, a fact proven by the enormous volume of sales at machines and insurance booths.

Mel also pointed out to the commissioners that if flight insurance were not sold this way a great deal of revenue to airports, including Lincoln International, would be lost. And to no purpose, since the would-be saboteur could obtain insurance from other sources as easily as the average passenger.

Those concerned with aviation safety and sabotage prevention should seek not to abolish airport flight insurance but to strengthen other precautionary measures in the air and on the ground. One such measure, for example, was the development of "sniffer" devices to detect explosives in bag-

AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

gage. Such a device, Mel informed the attentive Airport Commissioners, was already in experimental use.

As Mel resumed his seat, the commissioners voted, with minimum formality, to retain the present system, and adjourned the meeting. Vernon Demerest was still furious at the decision and blamed Mel.

Remembering, now, with Tanya beside him in the main concourse, Mel wondered again if he could not have handled the clash with Vernon a good deal better. He still had an uneasy feeling about the rift it had caused.

"I wouldn't have mentioned the insurance bit," Tanya said, "if I'd known it would send you so far away from me."

She was watching his face, her eyes gentle, understanding. Suddenly, he wanted their closeness to become closer.

"You didn't send me far away," Mel answered. "You brought me nearer. At this moment I want you very much."

As their eyes met directly, Tanya was characteristically frank. "I want you, too." She smiled. "I'll wait as long as you want."

A moment later she moved away, and was instantly swallowed

up in the press of passengers around the Trans America counters.

Meanwhile, forty-five minutes before its scheduled departure time of ten p.m., Trans America Airlines Flight 2 — The Golden Argosy — was in the final stages of preparation for its five-thousand-mile non-stop journey to Rome.

Captain Demerest, Captain Anson Harris, and Second Officer Cy Jordan, having been briefed on the latest weather information and having filed their flight plan, were ready to board the aircraft.

Gwen Meighen met the three pilots as they came up the ramp. She asked, "Did you hear? We're delayed an hour. The gate agent just had word. Apparently a lot of passengers have been held up because of the snow."

Anson Harris shrugged. "Oh,

well; we might as well relax." He moved toward the flight deck.

"I'll go have a cup of coffee in the terminal," Vernon Demerest said. He nodded to Gwen. "Why don't you come with me?"

In a bus on the way to the airport, D. O. Guerrero was in a fever of impatience.

Half an hour ago the bus had entered the Kennedy Expressway, but traffic crawled along, impeded by the storm.

He cursed himself for not having gone out to the airport sooner. Any rush would involve the one thing he desperately wanted to avoid: drawing attention to himself in the same way that he had drawn attention already — and for the stupidest omission he could possibly have made.

He had failed to bring any baggage, other than the small attaché case which he now clutched in his lap.

AT the check-in counter downtown the ticket agent had asked, "Is that your baggage, sir?" He pointed to a large pile of suitcases belonging to a man in line behind.

"No." D. O. Guerrero hesitated, then held up the small attaché briefcase. "I . . . er . . . don't have anything except this."

The agent's eyebrows went up. "No baggage for a trip to Rome, sir? You really are travelling light." He motioned to the attaché case. "Do you wish to check that?"

"No, thank you."

The agent glanced curiously at him a second time, and Guerrero knew that he had stamped himself indelibly on the ticket agent's memory — all because he forgot to bring a suitcase. Now, at the inquiry which would inevitably follow the flight's loss, the fact that one passenger had boarded without baggage would be remembered. But if there were no wreckage, he reminded himself, what could they prove?

Inez Guerrero had already found her husband's note. She came tiredly into the miserable apartment and slipped off her shoes, which had been hurting, and her coat and kerchief, which were soaked from melted snow.

Her work as a waitress had been harder than usual today, the customers meaner, the tips smaller. She had no idea where her husband was. She decided to go straight to bed.

Then she noticed the note:
*I won't be home for a few days.
I'm going away. I expect to
have some good news soon
which will surprise you.*

Good news would certainly be a surprise, but Inez couldn't bring herself to believe that there would be any. But the first part of the note puzzled her. Where was D. O. going "for a few days?"

To page 81

OUR TRANSFER



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AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

Equally mystifying: what did he intend to use for money?

She decided to stop puzzling and to go to bed as she had planned. In the cramped, shabby bedroom, she found her nightgown in a drawer with three of D.O.'s shirts. Under one of the shirts a folded sheet of yellow paper caught her eye. She took it out and opened it and then stared, unbelieving.

The yellow sheet was a carbon copy of a time-payment contract between Trans America Airlines and D.O. "Buererro"—the name, she noticed, was mis-spelled.

The contract acknowledged that "Buererro" had received a round-trip ticket to Rome, economy class; that he had made a down payment of forty-seven dollars, and hereby promised to pay the balance of four hundred and twenty-seven dollars, plus interest, in instalments over twenty-four months.

Inez stared dazedly at the yellow form. Why did D.O. need an air ticket to Rome? And what about the money? He couldn't possibly pay the instalments. But, apart from the debt, where had the forty-seven dollars down payment come from?

Suddenly, she remembered her mother's ring; the only thing they had left worth pawning. She searched the dressing-table drawers; it was gone.

Now, instinct warned her that D.O. Guerrero was in more serious trouble than they had yet encountered.

It did not occur to her to abandon D.O. to the outcome of whatever new folly he might have begun. Eighteen years ago she accepted D.O. Guerrero "for better or worse." That it had turned out to be mostly "worse" did not, as Inez saw it, change her responsibility as a wife.

NOW she put on the wet clothes which, a few minutes earlier, she had taken off and went down to the street. The cold, bleak wind assaulted her, whipping snow into her face.

A drugstore, with a pay phone, was a block and a half away. When Inez reached there it was a quarter to ten.

When she dialled the Trans America number, a recording informed her that all lines to reservations were busy, and would she please wait. She waited while the recording repeated itself several times, then a brisk woman's voice declared that she was Miss Young, and could she help?

"Please," Inez said, "I want to ask about flights to Rome."

As if a button had been pressed, Miss Young named every flight and asked did the caller wish to make a reservation now?

"No," Inez said, "No, I'm not going. It's about my husband. Did you say there was one on Fridays?"

"Yes, madam—our Flight 2, The Golden Argo. It departs at ten o'clock local time, except that tonight the flight has been delayed one hour, due to weather conditions."

Inez looked at the drugstore clock again. It was nearly five past ten.

She said quickly, "You mean the flight hasn't gone yet? Please, it's important for me to find out if my husband is on that flight. His name is D.O. Guerrero, and..."

"Do I understand," Miss Young inquired, "that you think your husband might be leaving on Flight 2, but you're not sure? Then the only thing you might do, Mrs. Guerrero, is to go out to the airport. Probably the flight hasn't boarded yet; so if your husband is here, you could see him. Even if the flight has boarded, they might help you at the departure gate. But you'd have to hurry."

"All right," Inez said, "If that's the only thing, I suppose I'd better try."

A taxi would be costly, but if she was to get to the airport by eleven p.m. it was the only means. And somehow she had to get there in time to stop her husband.

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Thirty-five minutes later, the taxi containing Inez was crawling tediously along the snowbound, still-jammed Kennedy Expressway. Sitting tensely on the back seat, Inez was wondering how much longer the journey would take.

At the same moment, the airport bus containing the contingent of Flight 2 passengers swung on to the departure ramp entrance at Lincoln International. The clock above the terminal showed a quarter to eleven. As the bus stopped, D.O. Guerrero was the first to alight.

In the Cloud Captain's Coffee Shop, Captain Vernon Demerest ordered tea for Gwen, black coffee for himself. They had managed to snare a booth, and now

Gwen's dark, expressive eyes were fixed on Vernon Demerest's face.

"I've been thinking," Demerest said tentatively.

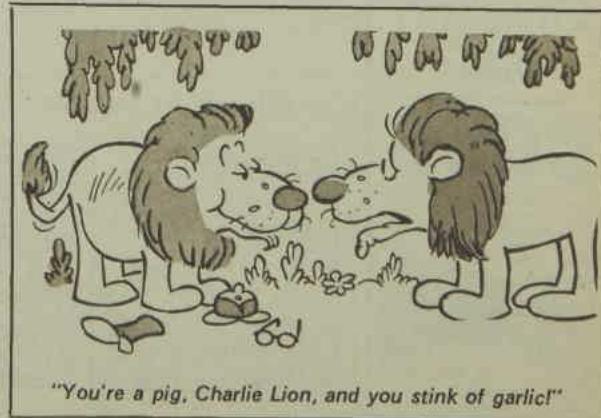
"Thinking about what?" Gwen smiled mischievously, then her expression changed to sympathy. "I'm sorry. It really is a bit shattering—for both of us."

It was the opening Demerest had been waiting for. He said carefully, "It needn't be shattering. We don't have to be parents unless we choose to be."

"I was wondering when you'd get around to that. You've been thinking about it ever since I told you, haven't you?"

"Yes." He still found Gwen's directness disconcerting. "But I wasn't sure how you'd feel."

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"You're a pig, Charlie Lion, and you stink of garlic!"

Who took Sally's chocolate Laxettes?



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Margaret Merrill



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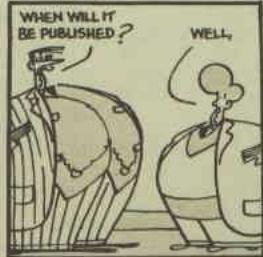
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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUDD

AIRPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

"I'm not sure, either." It was Gwen's turn to be serious. She said unexpectedly, "The difference between you and me is that you've had a child."

He shook his head. "I've no children. Sarah and I . . ."

"Not in your marriage. The child you told me about. A little girl who was adopted. Now, whatever happens there's always someone, somewhere, that's you again."

He remained silent.

Gwen asked, "Do you ever think about her? Don't you ever wonder where she is, what she's like?"

"Yes," he said. "Sometimes I do."

"You've no means of finding out?"

He shook his head. He had once inquired, but was told that when an adoption was sealed they threw away the files. There was no way to know.

Gwen drank her tea. "Well, I'll just have to think it through," she said.

THEY rose to leave. It was nearing time for Gwen to be on hand to greet passengers boarding Flight 2.

She went on ahead while Vernon Demerest paid the cashier. Frowning, he left the coffee shop, and when he got to the main concourse the frown became a scowl. He stopped to glare at the central lobby insurance booth.

Behind the insurance counters two young girls were rapidly writing policies for applicants, while another half dozen people waited in line. As Demerest watched, a newcomer joined the queue — a nervous-looking man spindly and stoop-shouldered, and with a sandy moustache.

He carried a small attache case and seemed to be worrying about the time; he cast frequent glances at the central lobby clock. He was clearly unhappy about the length of the lineup ahead of him.

Demerest thought disgustedly: he should forget about insurance and get aboard his flight.

Then Demerest reminded himself: he should be back on the flight deck of Flight 2. He began to walk quickly toward the Trans America departure concourse; at any moment now the first boarding announcement would be made. Ah — there it was!

"Trans America Airlines announces the departure of Flight 2, The Golden Argosy to Rome. The flight is now ready for boarding. All passengers holding confirmed reservations please proceed to gate forty-seven, the blue concourse D."

In a passenger waiting area, the little old lady stowaway, Mrs. Ada Quonsett, paused in her conversation with young Peter Coakley of Trans America to listen to the announcement of Flight 2.

Mrs. Quonsett had been describing the virtues of her late husband. "Such a dear person, so very wise, and handsome. He came to me in later life, but I imagine, when he was young, he must have been very much like you."

Peter Coakley grinned sheepishly. In the past hour

and a half, he had been compared frequently and favorably with the late Herbert Quonsett. It was a subject of which Peter was becoming decidedly weary. He was unaware that that was what Ada Quonsett intended.

Surreptitiously, Peter Coakley yawned; he had already forgotten Tanya's cautioning words: "Remember . . . she's full of tricks."

"Fancy that!" Mrs. Quonsett said when the announcement ended. "A flight to Rome. Now there was a place — Rome — which my late, dear husband wanted us both to visit. We never did."

While she talked, Ada Quonsett's mind was ticking like a fine Swiss watch. She had not forgotten her original objective — to stow away on a flight to New York.

She had listened carefully for New York departure announcements, and five flights of various airlines had been called, but none was at the right moment, with any reasonable chance of getting away from her young custodian.

Anything, Mrs. Quonsett brooded, would be better than going back to Los Angeles tonight. Anything! — even . . . a sudden thought occurred to her . . . even getting aboard that flight to Rome. But could she manage it?

Mrs. Quonsett suddenly fluttered her frail, lined hands.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "Oh, dear!" She dabbed at her mouth with the lace handkerchief and emitted a soft, low moan.

A look of alarm sprang to the young ticket agent's face. "What's wrong, Mrs. Quonsett?"

Her eyes closed, she gave several short gasps. "I'm so sorry. I'm afraid I don't feel at all well."

Peter Coakley inquired anxiously, "Do you want me to get help? A doctor?"

"No," Mrs. Quonsett shook her head weakly. "I think I'll just go to the ladies' room . . . if you'll just give me your arm."

At the door to the ladies' room she released young Coakley's arm. "You'll wait here for me? You won't go away?"

"Oh, no. I won't go."

"You're very kind to an old lady." She opened the door and then turned and said, weakly, "I don't want to be any trouble, but perhaps if there is a doctor available."

Peter Coakley assured her there'd be a doctor here soon, and hurried away.

Ada Quonsett waited only a moment or two.

Then smiling to herself, she left the washroom, walking spryly. No one accosted her as she was absorbed in the surging terminal crowds.

D. O. Guerrero heard the announcement of Flight 2 while still fifth in line at the insurance counter.

The two girls behind the counter were working with maddening slowness. One was having a prolonged conversation with her present customer. At this rate, it would take at least twenty

minutes for Guerrero to reach the head of the line.

Guerrero should be at gate forty-seven now. He pushed his way roughly to the head of the line, past caring about being noticed or offending.

A man protested, "Hey, buddy; we're waiting, too." Guerrero ignored him. He addressed the blonde. "Please . . . my flight has been called — the one to Rome; I need insurance; I can't wait."

To his surprise, the blonde turned her smile on the others who were waiting. "This gentleman really does not have much time. I'm sure you will not mind if I oblige him first."

So much had gone wrong tonight that he could scarcely believe his good luck. There was some muttered grumbling in the line of people waiting, but no one seriously objected.

The girl produced an insurance application form. Then she turned her smile again on D. O. Guerrero and asked, "Your name, sir?"

When D. O. Guerrero had spelled out his name, she asked, "What kind of policy were you considering, sir?"

Guerrero swallowed. "Straight life — seventy-five thousand dollars."

He was trembling, but fortunately the girl, with her pen hovering over the entry "principal sum," appeared not to notice.

"That would cost two dollars and fifty cents. But it is quite a tiny policy," she said.

"Tiny? I thought . . . it was the biggest."

"Oh, no, sir; you could buy a three hundred thousand dollar policy. Most people do, and for just ten dollars premium."

"You said . . . ten dollars?"

"That's right — for three hundred thousand dollars."

He hadn't known. All along, he had believed that seventy-five thousand dollars was the top limit for airport-purchased insurance for an overseas flight. He had obtained the information from an insurance application blank which, a month or two ago, he had picked up at another airport.

Now he remembered — the earlier blank came from an automatic-vending machine. It had not occurred to him that over-the-counter policies could be so much greater.

Three hundred thousand dollars!

"Yes," he said eagerly. "Please . . . yes."

Then the supreme irony occurred to him. He probably did not possess ten dollars. He began searching his pockets, pulling out whatever money he could find. He had known that he would need two and a half dollars for flight insurance and had kept it carefully in a special pocket. But beyond that he hadn't counted, aware that once aboard Flight 2 money would be of no further use.

The blonde girl persisted. "How about your Italian money, Mr. Guerrero? I can take lire and give you the proper rate."

He muttered, "I don't have

Italian money," then cursed himself for having said it.

Downtown he had checked in without baggage for a flight to Rome. Now, insanely, he had demonstrated before onlookers that he had no money, either American or Italian. Who would board an overseas flight unequipped and penniless, except someone who knew the flight would never reach its destination?

Then D. O. Guerrero reminded himself . . . it was not the strength of suspicion which was important. The crucial factor would still be the absence of wreckage, the absence of proof.

He added some dimes and pennies to the pile of change on the insurance counter. Then, miraculously, in an inside pocket, he found a five-dollar bill.

Not concealing his excitement, Guerrero exclaimed, "That's it! I have enough!" There was even a dollar or so in small change left over.

While he had searched his pockets, the blonde girl had been watching the customer's face.

It was strange, of course, that this man was going overseas without money, but, after all, that was his own business; there could be plenty of reasons for it. What really bothered her was his eyes,

they held a hint of frenzy, desperation.

Insurance-company employees had a standing instruction: If a purchaser of flight insurance seemed irrational, unusually excited, or was drunk, the fact was to be reported to the airline on which he was travelling. The question for the blonde girl was: Was this an occasion to invoke the rule?

She wasn't sure. She herself had never reported a keyed-up passenger, though she knew a girl who had, and the passenger turned out to be an airline vice-president, excited because his wife was going to have a baby. There had been all kinds of trouble over that.

The memory of that incident decided her. Without further questioning, she wrote a flight-insurance policy for three hundred thousand dollars on D. O. Guerrero's life.

Guerrero mailed the policy to his wife, Inez, on his way to gate forty-seven and Flight 2. He reached the gate just as the final call to passengers was coming over the public address system:

"Trans America Airlines announces the immediate departure of Flight 2, The Golden Argosy . . ."

To be continued



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 28, 1968

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 28, 1968

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Hospitality Ablaze

By LORIMER HAMMOND

LUCY WALLER said to her husband, "Flombay. That's how it's supposed to be pronounced. They spell it f, l, a, m, b, e, with a mark over the e. Flambe is the French word for describing any dish you set fire to before you eat it."

"Couldn't very well set fire to it after eating it," Edgar Waller remarked. "Why set fire to it, anyway? What's the idea?"

"It's dramatic," said Lucy. "And you ought not to make sarcastic cracks about it, because it's the classiest way to serve dessert at stylish dinner parties in high society. It stimulates conversation. Everybody at the table feels peped up when the dessert bursts into flames."

"Should think they'd holler for help," Edgar said.

Lucy said, "Don't pretend to be such a benighted ignoramus. I'm sure you've heard about flambe desserts. You must have."

Edgar laughed. "Sure I have," he admitted. "In one of his stories, Ernest Hemingway says he never could eat flambe bananas without burning his tongue . . . Now tell me, my dear gal, why are you so interested all of a sudden in desserts that get set on fire?"

"Not all of a sudden," said Lucy. "I've been thinking about it ever since we arranged to have a dinner party here next Wednesday evening for the Pritchards and the Dawkins'. I want to give them . . ."

"Oh, no you don't!" Edgar interrupted her. "How can you even think of feeding anything as snappy as a dish of fireworks to those sedate old stick-in-the-muds?"

Lucy arched a reproachful eyebrow, saying: "That's a horrid way for you to speak of your lawyer and bank manager. Otis Pritchard and his wife, Phyllis, may not be a lively couple of guests. They certainly aren't. Neither are Merwin and Evelyn Dawkins. But they deserve our best hospitality, so at the end of the dinner I want to give them something that not only tastes awfully nice but will also keep the talk going."

Edgar said: "Nobody ever needs to keep Pritchard's talk going. The problem is how to stop him. You were right, though, Lucy, in bawling me out for speaking of the Pritchards and the Dawkins' as stick-in-the-muds. Sedate as they are, old Otis Pritchard is the smartest lawyer my firm has ever had, and old Merwin Dawkins does wonders handling our business account at the bank. I owe them a lot of favors. And they are so conservative that setting fire to their dessert would be too risky. Better give them pie à la mode or old-fashioned plum pudding."

"Yes, plum pudding would be suitable," Lucy agreed. "Of course, you know," she added, "that real old-fashioned plum pudding should always be served flambe, in a blaze of flaming brandy."

"Huh?" Edgar sounded alarmed. "In that case," he said, "nix on the plum pudding."

"OK, we won't have any plum pudding," Lucy conceded. In an innocent voice she said, "Crepes Suzette are more up to date, anyhow. So is cafe diable. Or cherries jubilee."

She neglected to mention the fact that each of those other delicacies must always be served just as flambe as the blazingest old-fashioned plum pudding. Then Lucy smiled to herself to hear Edgar say, "Go ahead, have whatever you please," without asking her if the dessert of her choice would not be flambe.

He gave the menu for the dinner party no more thought, gladly dumping the responsibility entirely on his wife. And when she informed him offhandedly that she had decided to have pineapple krakatoa for dessert, Lucy refrained from telling Edgar what the oriental name of that dish stood for.

"Uh-huh," was Edgar's absentminded comment. "Pineapple what-you-may-call-it will be nice. Pineapple is always nice and soothing. I know whatever you have for dinner will be good. That isn't what worries me. I only hope Pritchard and Dawkins don't get into one of their red-hot arguments. They usually do."

Lawyer Pritchard and banker Dawkins were a pair of senior citizens who had graduated long ago from the class of characters by whom opinions are held in an easygoing way. Any opinion embraced by either of them could count on being harangued until everyone else within earshot would be bored stiff.

No sooner had the Pritchards and the Dawkins' arrived for cocktails to precede the dinner than a sticky dispute began between the lawyer and banker.

Their disagreement seemed pointless, yet they contested it with nagging tenacity. Lawyer Pritchard declared that in business and industry the most damaging accidents happened in the morning. Whereas banker Dawkins maintained that they happened in the afternoon.

That was all there was to the controversy, but it went on and on throughout the evening, from cocktails to soup, from soup to meat and vegetables and salad. It was spoiling the dinner party. Because of it, no social conversation could be carried on. Phyllis Pritchard tried her best to switch her husband off it, and so did Evelyn Dawkins, both to no avail.

Edgar Waller was suffering worst of all, gravely alarmed by the threat of a violent quarrel between his company's lawyer and banker. And the threat appeared more menacing every minute, for Pritchard and Dawkins were now arguing so fiercely that Edgar felt certain they were at the point of coming to blows.

That was when Lucy sprang her surprise. Turning out the dining-room lights, she skipped into the kitchen, then hurried back to the dinner table bringing a silver platter on which her pineapple krakatoa illuminated the party with a volcanic whoosh of gaudy, dancing flames.

Named after the famous Krakatoa volcano in the Orient, Lucy's flambe dessert was a hollowed-out pineapple filled with the cut-up fruit and ignited with warm spiced rum.

"Wow!" lawyer Pritchard yelled. "It's on fire!" "Wow! It's blazing!" roared banker Dawkins.

"Be quiet, Otis," said Phyllis Pritchard. "Don't show your ignorance. You know perfectly well it's a flambe dessert."

"Merwin, calm down!" said Evelyn Dawkins. "I'm ashamed of uncultured gaucherie. You know what flambe means as well as I do."

The rest of the evening was a great success. No more argument between Pritchard and Dawkins. No more worry about them for Edgar. After the guests had left, he kissed Lucy very gratefully. "You clever sweetie!" he said to her. "Your hospitable fireworks saved the show."

"Luckily," said Lucy, "my dessert was more flambe than your argumentative lawyer and banker."

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"First aid kit"

THE phone rings. You're invited to dinner straight from the office. Panic. Should you refuse? He IS rather nice. If you are wise, you can say a sweet "yes"—and know you have that emergency kit in your desk drawer to make you feel as fresh and glamorous as if you'd spent three hours at home getting ready.

Keep a milky cleanser to remove all make-up, a full set of make-up including, perhaps, those flattering false eyelashes, deodorant, talcum powder—and, of course, your favorite perfume.

And something very important is an extra pair of stockings. You never know when the next ladder will happen—usually just as you're about to go out to meet someone. Also, after dusting your feet with talc, it's luxury to slide into a fresh pair of nylons.

Make time

After work try to keep a quarter of an hour for a short-cut glamor grooming before you meet your date.

This should give you time to remove all the day's make-up and wash your face and neck gently in tepid water. Pat skin dry and dab on freshener or astringent if your skin is oily.

Apply fresh make-up carefully, knowing you can use a slightly heavier hand for after-dark.

Apply deodorant and a little talc. Perfume behind the ears, on the forehead, and on the wrists.

Don't take any short-cuts with your hairstyle—rebrush and do it all again. Really wise (and perhaps a little extravagant) girls will have a hairpiece which has already been set and ready to pop on the head at a moment's notice.

You can have a couple of lengths of velvet ribbon, or perhaps a neutral-toned hair bow, which will add instant glamour. —KERRY YATES

GO-MANGO



I SEE that Apple, the Beatles' boutique in London's Baker Street, has closed.

The core of the matter seems to be that Apple gave the entertainers the pip.

Beatle Paul said it had been shut up because it was meant to be "a beautiful place for the sale of beautiful things," but could have turned into "just another store."

Paul's ideas have obviously stirred up the whole retail world.

I found my corner-fruit-shop man very unhappy the other day.

"I understand thos Beatles," said Joe, shaking his head. "I'm in the same business."

I suppose he is, at that. His place, after all, is called Fruit and Vegetables.

"Suddenly I realize — whatsa beautiful about cabbages and spinach?" Joe went on.

I left him still disturbed by the thought that his could become just another store — unless, of course, he watched his peas and beans.

I couldn't even buck him up by pointing out that when summer came we could all live in a yellow tangerine.

To get back to the London closing, it's a sad thing in a way.

After all, the Beatles' success has been rather a fairytale.

Perhaps it's a pity they couldn't have lived Apple-y ever after . . .

ROUND
ROBIN



Adair

APPLE LEFT A BITTER TASTE

I ALSO see that Echo, a mynah bird in Britain, did not insult Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother when they met again recently.

Two years ago, Echo told the Queen Mother to "shut up."

I think whoever taught Echo his rudeness should be charged with contributing to the delinquency of mynahs.

Advice to students . . .

Many of today's students stand around with dejected looks, and hands in pockets, grumbling about the state of affairs at their schools, without doing anything about it. If you have honest cause for complaint, take it to your Student Representative Council. Often the attitude among students is: "Oh, they won't do anything about it." Well, how can they when they don't know what is wrong? If you tell them what is required, they may have a chance.

—SPEAK OUT, Terang, Vic.



For teenagers

Trial study

TWICE during my school career I've had to choose what subjects to take in following years and twice I've chosen the wrong ones. Well-meaning advice from friends and teachers can only tell you what the subject is like, not whether one is suited to it and if one will like it. Demonstration periods where one could attend an actual lesson in the subject before deciding would save a lot of worry and potential failure. — Beverley Charlton, Hamilton, N.S.W.

Parent plea

CHILDREN are always being criticised, yet many parents could do more than they do. I belong to a Brisbane choir which recently performed in the City Hall. Most of the parents "delivered" their children and collected them afterward. But they did not stay for the performance. This was very disappointing to the kids, who had practised hard. — David Barry, Kalina, Qld.

Quiet, please

THE reason the girl whose letter was headed "Brainstorm" (24/7/68) is "snubbed" at school is probably not because she is a bit brighter than the others but because she knows she is. People are not disliked be-



ONE day recently when I was sitting at the bus stop, listening to one of the wilder hit songs on my transistor, an elderly man came and sat beside me. I asked whether he minded the transistor playing. "Oh, no," he replied, "I quite like this. It's only that pop music I dislike." I think this clearly reflects the attitude of many older people toward teenage pop music. — Helen Irving, Korumburra, Vic.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

TRAVELS

Not all people realise the value of trips organised by schools during the holidays. I have been by motor coach to Central Australia, and to the Snowy region. It was during these trips that I became aware of the real conditions, learned what occupations belong to the areas, and, in the Northern Territory, realised how precious water is. There it was necessary that the full co-operation of all the girls be given in our camp tasks. Because of our teamwork I really got to know the girls, which resulted in good friendships being formed. I learned quite a lot in a most enjoyable, never-to-be-forgotten way. — Antonia Strupitis, West Ryde, N.S.W.

Sport thought

TWO months ago, with my friends, I would produce any kind of excuse to get out of compulsory sport at school. Then I broke my ankle skating. Now I find myself avidly watching sport on television, reading the sporting pages, and making lists of all the sporting activities I am going to indulge in when I can run properly. You know, it makes you think. — Susan Dallywater, Floreat Park, W.A.

Heavy hint

I HAD not realised to what extent obesity affects one's state of mind. But my weight increased so immensely in a short time (dieting failed to control it) that I sought a physician's advice and discovered after many tests that I was the victim of a glandular disorder. This, fortunately for me, could be corrected.

Many teenagers believe that their problem is due to influences beyond their control, which causes them to further indulge in food. So, teenagers, investigate your problem, and help yourself to a happier life. — Y.E.L., Mullumbimby, N.S.W.

Protests

THE right to protest is, I feel, one of the greatest advantages offered by our society. Man has progressed only because he is a creature never satisfied with his lot and ever ready to denounce the accepted, should it prove inadequate. Public protest is often the most effective

method of focusing attention upon an evil existing in our society. It therefore deserves serious consideration and treatment, not mockery and condemnation. Let us respect protest in all reasonable forms. In doing so we shall safeguard and confirm man's right to be free. — "Jane," Ferryden Park, S.A.

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4380



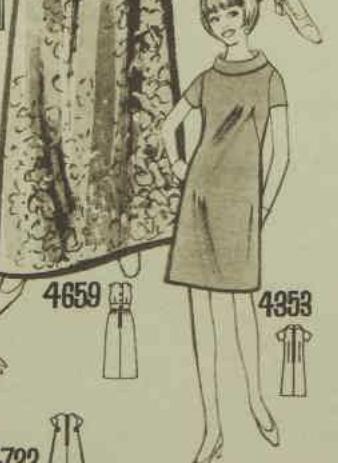
4719 4719. — A-line dress with side pleats has V-neckline in front. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70c includes postage.

4353. — Slim dress has bias rolled collar. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42in. bust. Price 70c includes postage.

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4386



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4353

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

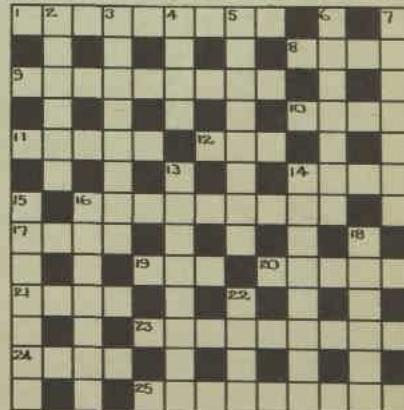
MAGNON appears on Earth by tri-dem projection and tells Mandrake and Narda of his child's kidnapping by the Baboos. But Narda escapes by using her toy laser. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- What to do at impromptu vocal parties (4, 5).
- Mince for a Persian king (4).
- A quack to burn the French color (9).
- Underwear for a cricket fieldsman? (4).
- Blood-sucking insects in loud meadows (5).
- Study the lair (3).
- A perforated nozzle used for sprinkling the flower (4).
- A queer chap for a society member (9).
- With these you listen to hearsay without hay (4).
- A clergyman to say further (3).
- Heaps of pastry around fifty (5).
- Solitary 51 (4).
- Sundry one on amusement (9).
- This naval servicewoman is a bird (4).
- Intern pet (anagr., 9).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Inspire in sound of body (6).
- A man allowed a wreath for the head (7).
- Floral decorations belonging to Judy (8).
- A precious stone with love chum (4).
- A measure of cloth in gravy is composed of small stones (8).
- Everybody in the exhibition is not deep (7).

Solution of last week's crossword.

ANY ONE OF THESE 6 BEST-SELLERS FOR YOU-FREE

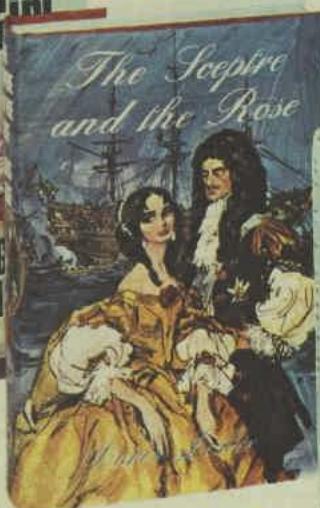
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THIRD GIRL by Agatha Christie,
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The "third girl," Norma Rastanick, walks in on Hercule Poirot and announces that she "may have committed a murder" and then walks out again, leaving Poirot to battle his way to the truth. Has there been a murder? It would seem not, but Poirot patiently fits the pattern together; many random and intruding events become logical once the underlying design has been understood. It will be a very perceptive reader who detects the truth before Poirot reveals it.

Not one of Agatha Christie's addicts will care to miss this most absorbing, brilliant new story, in which Hercules Poirot plays a full and dazzling role in the "Swinging London" of young people today.



THE SCEPTRE & THE ROSE
by Doris Leslie, usually \$3.15

Doris Leslie conjures up all the splendid frivolity of Charles II's court as she tells the story of the king's marriage to Catherine of Braganza, whom he called his "Little Rose." Catherine, a Catholic, had led a sheltered life and until the age of eighteen was convent reared. Yet she became a woman of great character, whom Charles loved despite his many amorous excursions.

The Great Plague of 1665, the fire of London, and Wren's rebuilding of the city; the exploits of a young John Churchill, future first Duke of Marlborough; the political intrigues

BLACK SHEEP
Georgette Heyer



MENFREYA by Victoria Holt,
usually \$2.65

Menfreya is an ancient house with turrets and towers standing on a cliff above the sea at Cornwall. Harriet Delvane becomes obsessed with the Menfreya Family and their ancient house and becomes irrevocably involved with the family. Her father's sudden marriage and the mysterious death of his young wife have the effect of sending her into a marriage which links her for ever with the family she thinks of as the Magic Menfreya and Menfreya is her home at last.

But the skies are dark over Menfreya as yet. Harriet's husband, Bevil, is one of the "Wild Menfreys." Can she expect a sudden reformation? She is tortured by suspicion when the beautiful Jessica Trelarken comes to Menfreya.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS
by Pamela Frankau, usually \$3.75

The shot went on and on. It was chasing me through the darkness, a swift pursuing pain. After I had outrun it, I slept soundly. Lieutenant Thomas Weston records the moment of his supposed death in war. The time is May, 1940, and the British Armies are retreating toward Dunkirk. Thomas is reported as missing. Later, a fellow-prisoner confirms that he was killed while trying to escape. While his family believe him dead, Thomas is very much alive. Lost to the world, a prisoner on the run, he goes hunting his way down through his beloved France. He is taken prisoner again; first by the eccentric who finds him at her villa gates, next by the Spanish guards who pick him up on the frontier. All his adventures, though capable of rational explanation, have the touch of magic upon them, even to his final, unexpected rescue.

SHARK ISLAND by Maurice Edelman,
usually \$3.15

This is a novel of moral dilemmas. The British Administrator of a decaying Caribbean island is under pressure from the Government to authorise a development scheme promoted by a syndicate of U.S. gamblers. Sympathetic to the islanders' wish to preserve their simple, religious society, the Administrator soon finds himself in conflict with the visiting Minister of State.

The difficulties of the Administrator's public life are deepened by the problems of his private life — his wife's enigmatic relationship with her Jamaican houseboy, and his own double involvement with the Minister's wife and a young American sociologist.

Maurice Edelman evokes in Shark Island all the contradictions of the Caribbean — turquoise skies, hurricanes, placid seas and the monsters beneath them, simple faith, hot gospels, buccaneers, missionaries, luxury clubs, hungry children, sophistication and primitive reverie, the eroticism of the Dry Martini and of voodoo.



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The Australian
Women's

Weekly Fashion News



In this issue
**DRESSES AT
BUDGET PRICES**
for
spring/summer

Youthful shirt-dress of multi-color nylon jersey with white peaked collar, cuffs, front tab. XXSSW - SW. \$6.99. (From Waltons stores, late August.)



Two wonderfully easy-to-wear-and-care-for jersey shifts are in a range of stripes and attractive colorways. The style, at left, has a high, round neck, the other the popular V-neckline. 10-16. \$12 each. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop, 2nd Floor.)

At right: For a sunny summer day, a nifty linen dress in black, pink, yellow, gold, navy, brown — all with white yokes. XXSSW-SW. About \$11.99. (Katie's Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Rose-lands, Parramatta, Bankstown, Wollongong, and Canberra.)

FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

UNDER \$20





Two swinging acrilan dresses with contrast striped belts by John Grundall. Style in navy, at left, with plain skirt and ribbed top (it also comes in chocolate). XSSW-SW. \$10. At right, parchment patterned acrilan with short sleeves is also in pink, turquoise, pimento. XSSW-W. \$10. (Available all Big W stores.)



At left: Two eyecatching casual dresses in cotton, both with long sleeves, are in sizes XXSSW-SW. Style in wavy stripe pattern, at left, has large hip pockets. Wrap-dress, at right, with white collar and cuffs features a sash tie. By Play Togs. \$12.99. (All Waltons Stores.)

At right: Two-piece look in a one-piece cotton day dress with a patent belt at the waist. Attractive detail — the small scallop motif on bodice and stand-up collar. In yellow, pink, black, brown, navy, with white tops. XXSSW-W. (Katie's Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Bankstown, Parramatta, Roselands, Wollongong, Canberra.)





At left: Italian-inspired slim-line design in navy estacel has pink and white borders on collar, pockets, and edges, and gilt buttons. XSSW-W. \$34. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Suit Depts.)



At left: Floral print in tones of grey, brown, yellow, green make this button-through coattress with pocket flaps on bodice and at hip level. Plain Scotlin fabric is used for buttoned cuffs and raised, rounded collar. In other colors. XSSW-W. About \$29. (Grace Bros., Bondi, Chatswood, Parramatta, and Roselands.)

FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

UNDER \$40

At right: Short-sleeved Prince of Wales check coattress is made on double-breasted lines, has contrast collar and cuffs, and a flat narrow bow at the neckline. XXSW-SW. About \$22.99. (All Waltons stores.)



At right: Long-line linen slacksuit is full of fashion interest and comes with a matching skirt (not shown). In pink, hot-pink, white, lemon, aqua, blue. XXSSW-W. About \$26.99. (Katie's Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Roselands, Parramatta, Bankstown, Wollongong, Canberra.)



At left: Multi-color graduated stripes in a cotton voile shirtdress with peaked white collar, buttoned cuffs, and a wide black patent belt. The skirt swings from waistline gathers. XXSSW-SW. About \$23.99. (From all Waltons stores.)

Above: Coat and slightly A-line dress in a bouclaine-linen ensemble. The dress has front Welt-ing and the collarless coat repeats the Welt detail. Gilt buttons are a bright finish. XSSW-W. About \$37.99. (Available all Waltons stores.)



For the OLDER WOMAN



At right: Flattering wide-brimmed hat of super paribuntal with a band and drifting drape of spotted organza. \$15.99. (Horderns Mid-city Millinery Dept., 2nd floor.)



Exaggerated breton style in black super paribuntal with interesting crinoline trim. \$18.99. (Horderns Mid-city Millinery Dept., 2nd floor.)



Slim, semi-fitted lines in a black estacel crepe dress with soft black and white ruffles at neckline and cuffs. The style buttons to below the waist. XSSW-W. About \$34. Flowery model hat about \$40. (McDowells, Better Dresses section.)

● FASHIONS in the SHOPS

Below: Oatmeal spring ensemble in bouclaine fabric links a sleeveless dress with white bib front and raised collar with a scoop-necked coat that shows the bib front. The style is double-breasted and has wide sleeves. XXSSW-SW. About \$40. (Grace Bros., Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Fashion Depts.)



At left: Newsy tunic style in terylene/viscose Prince of Wales check is belted, has two pockets and fancy square buttons. XSSW-W. About \$38. (McDowells, Suit Dept.)



Above: Smartly styled black-and-white crimplene coat with lots of fashion interest. Fully lined. By Leon Cutler. XSSW-SW. About \$39. (All Waltons stores.)

Fashions in the shops



Above: Beautiful shimmering dresses in gold were chosen by Melbourne visitor Patsy King (at left), whose caftan had gold braid at the neck and cuffs and gold buttons, and Kay Eklund, whose lovely sari was worn with a gold lame blouse.



Page 8 — Weekly Fashion News

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY

● Champagne flowed and conversation centred on Sir Robert Helpmann's new ballet, "Sun Music," at the backstage party at Her Majesty's Theatre which followed the first night of the Australian Ballet's 1968 capital tour. Here are some of the fashionably dressed guests who attended.



At left: Wardrobe master Mel Clifford, in a black moire taffeta jacket over a gold satin waistcoat which he designed, chatting with Mary Duchesne, in a slim brown crepe dress and lapin coat, and actress Laurel Veitch (who is appearing in "The Boy Friend") in a stunning gown of green, blue, and silver sequins.

Above: Unusual kite-dress in a multi-colored brocade for Sonia Humphrey, talking with Paul Garrett, who wore the imitation racoon coat he bought in New Zealand over his dinner suit.



Fluffy black feather boa was the perfect touch to the black crepe gown with a wrapover skirt and waist-tie which Diana Barker wore at the party backstage, where she was photographed with company manager Peter Bahen.



At left: Sequins and glittering beads trimmed the front and cuffs of the glamorous caftan of gold lame worn by Joan von Adlerstein, whose shoes and bag in gold kid and exotic gold filigree earrings were perfect accessories. Kenneth Dryland tucked a white carnation into the buttonhole of the seven-eighth-length grey wool coat which he had made in Savile Row. It had a black velvet collar.



Above: One of the most glamorous outfits at the ballet was the brown ottoman silk and pink wool ensemble worn by Melbourne visitor Bobo Faulkner, who toasted principal dancer Karl Welander backstage. Mr. Welander's full-length black coat, made from dyed fox skins he bought in South America, was worn over a deep blue suit and a wonderful purple floral tie.



What people are wearing OVERSEAS

At left: Princess Alexandra (with her back to the camera) in a large, white, triangular hat and a dazzling black-and-white-patterned mini-length dress chatting to guests at the Buckingham Palace garden party. While most of the guests wore lightweight coats, the Princess made no concession to the cool breeze in her sleeveless dress.

Below: The Marchioness of Tavistock looked charming in a dress of finest silk with an all-over pattern of butterflies embroidered in rhinestones when she was a guest at a London party. The dress had a plain round neck, was sleeveless, and waisted.



Lucille Ball arriving at Heathrow Airport, in London, with her husband, Gary Morton, was warmly clad in a tweed dress and coat ensemble highlighted with an outsize collar and muff of fox fur. She wore knee-high patent boots and carried a deep handbag.



Josephine Chaplin, daughter of Charles and Oona Chaplin, visiting a nightclub in Athens where she was holidaying, wore a sleeveless, mini-skirted dress of gaily striped silk.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 28, 1968



Dolores Guinness, widow of Mr. Patrick Guinness, walking along the Costa Smeralda, in Sardinia, where she and her three children were holidaying as guests of the Aga Khan. She wore long-line white shorts, belted, with a black blouse embroidered with two huge black-centred white flowers.



At left: Actor Roger Moore with his fiancee, Luisa Mattioli, at the premiere of "The Devil's Brigade" in London's West End. The Italian-born Miss Mattioli wore a black dress topped with a black-and-silver glittering coat edged in diamante and finished with a diamante buckle at the waistline.



Gina Lollobrigida was a glittering figure when she danced with Emiliano Sandrei at a nightclub in Italy. La Lollo, with her long hair floating down her back, wore a long evening gown made of silver and gold chains, and her escort (a South African with an Italian passport) favored black velvet pants and a black cotton shirt.

SHOES and BAGS



Luggage-look casual bags by Sheldon are in a wide range of fashion colors. Style with zip top, buckle trim. \$3.99. Large and small shapes with two pockets. \$5.99 each. (Available all Waltons stores.)



Fashions in the shops



Attractive new styling in coarse-mesh handbag by Glo International with tortoiseshell-like frame and handle. In gunmetal, bone, white, black. About \$22. (Angus & Coote, King and George St. stores.)

At right: New-season shoe round-up, reading from the top and left to right: Sandler style in bone, sahara, red, "Shield," \$10.99. Pierre Fontaine style "Stud," in red, navy, bone, \$12.99. Italian import by Finessa, "Buccaneer," in black, tan, brown patent, \$14.99. From France, by Jacques Morelle, "Emanuel," in whisky, \$19. By Finessa, blue-and-red patent style, "Carami," \$14.99. Sandler's "Picador," in sahara / haze, \$9.99. Pierre Fontaine style "Heidi," in navy, black, patent, red/navy, navy/red, bone, \$11.99. By Jacques Morelle, imported French style "Emanuel," Havana, \$19.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents

LET'S DRESS A DOLL

EIGHT patterns from Barbara Drew's "Let's Dress a Doll," with photographs by Dean Hay.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 28, 1968

LET'S DRESS A DOLL — Page 1

"My name is Kate . . .

I AM a 19-inch-high, Italian-made, unbreakable polythene doll. My legs move so that I can sit, and my arms not only move up and down but also outwards. When I lie down my eyes close, and if I am tilted forward I say 'Mama.' My hair is made of fine nylon and is quite long. You can wash it and comb it and it may be set in rollers."

Details of Kate's measurements

Height	19 inches
Chest	10 inches
Waist	8½ inches
Hip	10½ inches

Barbara Drew is a graduate of the Adelaide Kindergarten Training College. She is a keen amateur dressmaker, and her experience with small children has made her very aware of their capabilities, with the result that the clothes she has designed for this book are made so that a doll can be dressed with a minimum of trouble. "Let's Dress a Doll" is published by Angus and Robertson at \$3.50.

THE PATTERNS

In the pattern diagrams (on pages 4 and 5) each square represents one inch; you will need to buy inch-squared graph paper and copy the pattern outlines on to it before tracing them, and then cut out the pattern pieces.

Pants to go with Kate's outfits can be made by using the pattern for the swimsuit pants, pieces 24 and 25 (see pages 4 and 5), and by following directions on page 12.

Adjusting Patterns

It is easy to adjust the patterns to fit a doll with slightly different measurements. The following diagrams

and directions show you how to go about this:

A. To shorten bodice, pin a tuck across pattern where indicated by shading; to lengthen, cut pattern apart, place paper underneath, spread pattern as necessary, and pin to the paper.

B. To make bodice narrower, pin a tuck down where indicated by shading; to widen bodice, cut pattern and proceed as described in A.

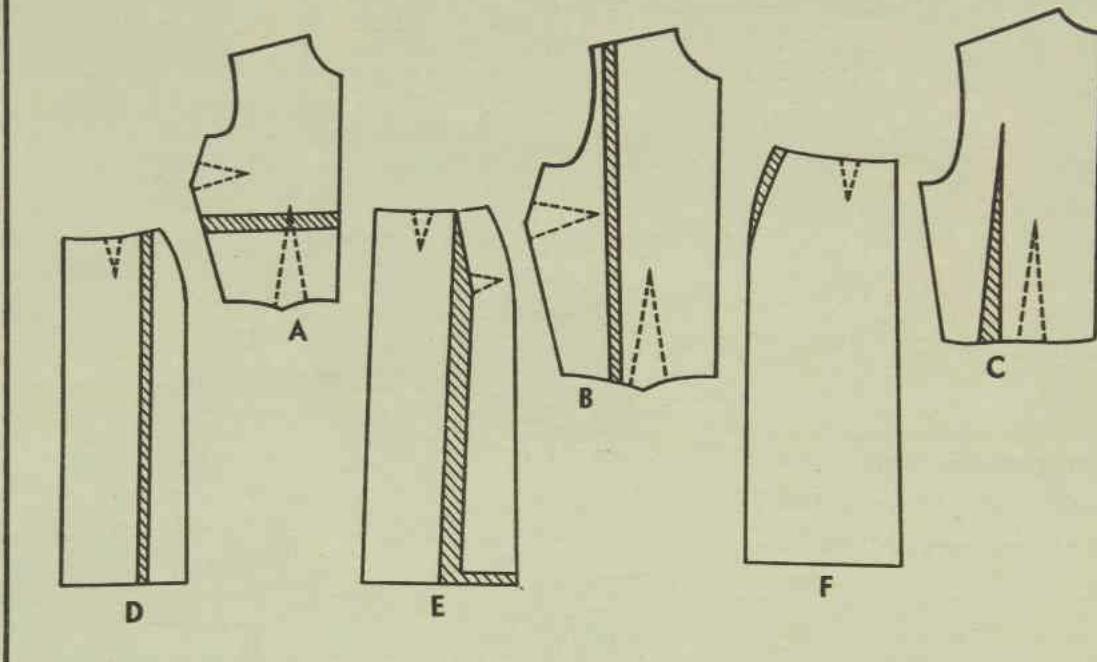
C. To decrease waist measurement, pin a tuck in pattern as indicated by shading; to widen pattern at waist, slash pattern, place

paper underneath, spread pattern, and pin to the paper.

D. To make skirt narrower, pin a tuck down where indicated by shading; to make it wider, cut pattern apart and proceed as in A.

E. To make skirt narrower from hip down only, pin a tuck in pattern, tapering it from the waist as indicated by shading; to widen from hip down, slash pattern and add to its width as indicated by shading.

F. To decrease waist measurement of skirt, fold pattern over at shaded part; to increase waist measurement of skirt, add to pattern in same place.



"Daisy time is summertime . . ."

Summer Shift

Pattern Pieces: Use 57 and 57A. (See pages 4 and 5.)

Suggested Fabrics: Cotton, rayon, or fine wool.

Materials Required: $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 36in. fabric; size 000 press-studs; 24in. strip of lace daisies.

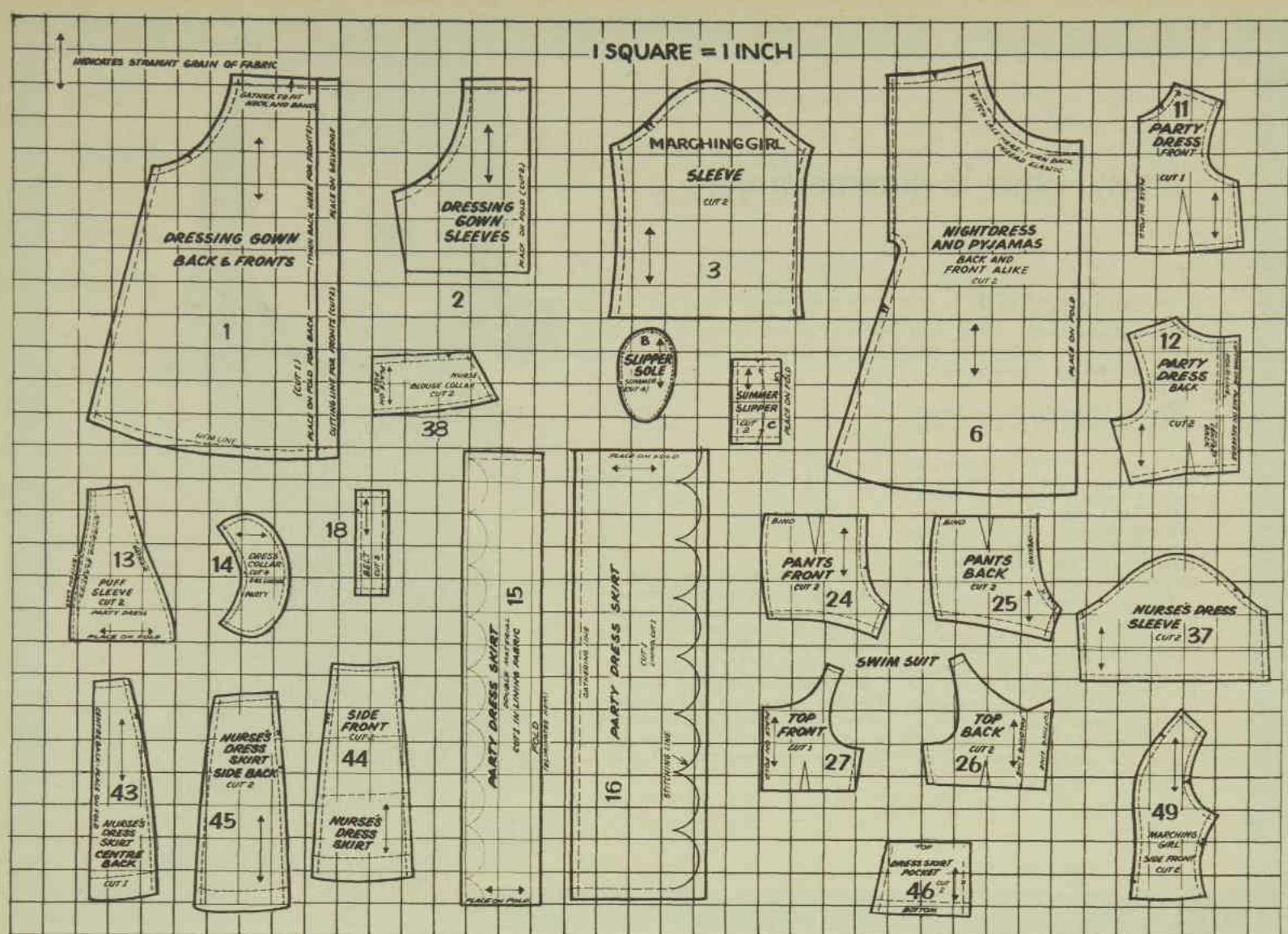
The daisies are sufficient to trim the neck and hem of the shift with a few over for matching pants if you would like to make them. (Use the pattern given for the pants of the two-piece swimsuit.) For just the hem and neck of the dress you will need 16in. for the hem and five daisies for the neck.

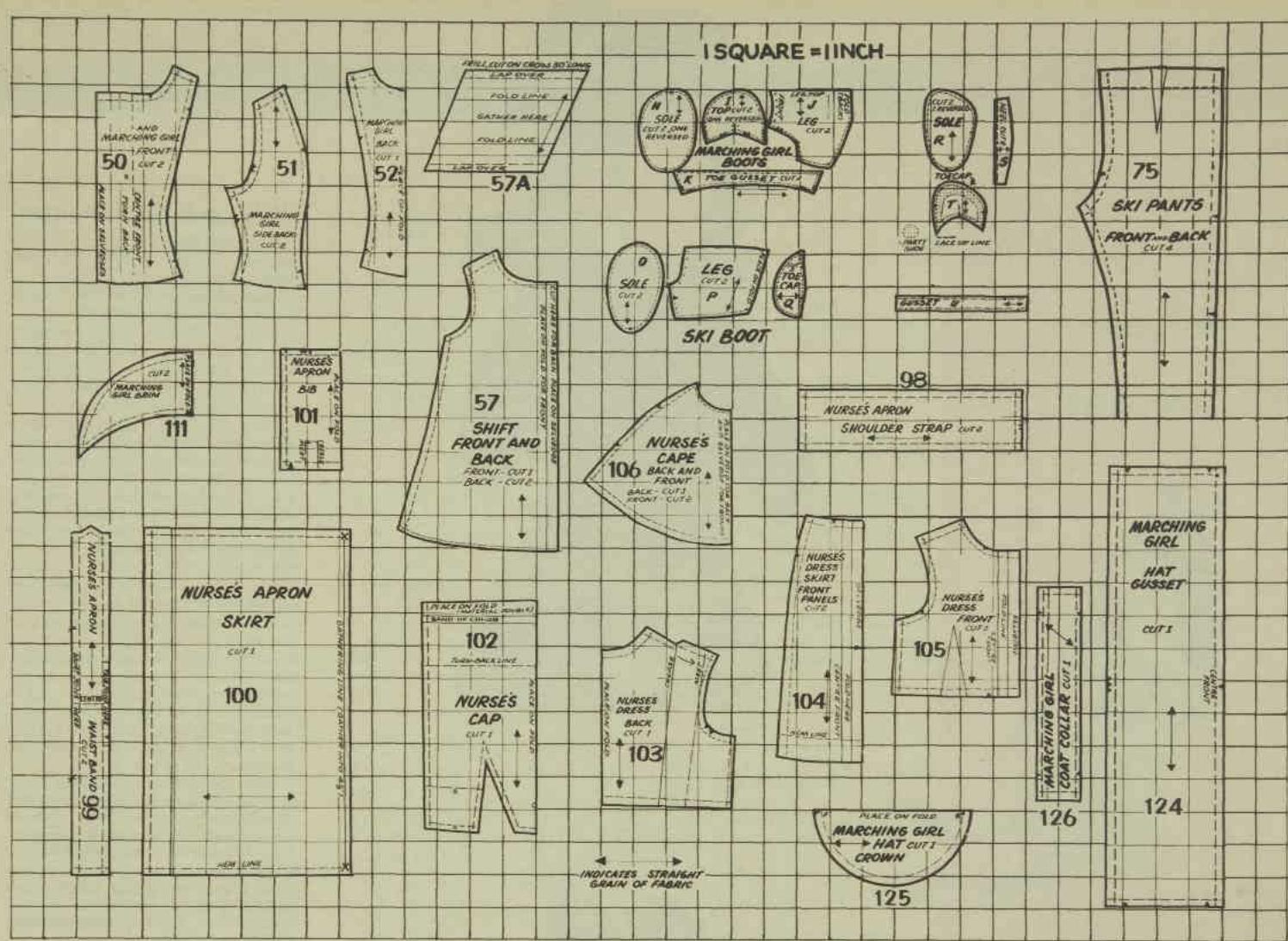
With right sides together, join front to back at shoulder seams; press. Using strips of fabric cut on the bias, bind or face armholes (Kate's are bound). Turn in back facing along line marked on pattern. Bind or face neck (Kate's has the neck faced back). Pin and stitch side seams, right sides together. Turn up a narrow hem at lower edge, making sure that the facing down the back is turned back in place.

Kate's shift is trimmed with a double bias frill as given in pattern. Stitching-line and gathering threads are covered by a row of lace daisies stitched along centre of frill. Daisy centres were colored with a fine felt pencil.

Sew press-studs down back opening. The shift opens from neck to hem. Alternative trimmings are a pleated frill or pleated contrasting braid, or the dress may be cut longer and left plain.







"A bonnie outfit
for any
wee lass . . ."



Kilt and Co-ordinates

Suggested fabrics: Tartan patterned lightweight wool or cotton; use black vinyl for shoes.

Materials required: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. fabric; 2 tiny buckles; $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. black vinyl.

The kilt is made from a straight piece of fabric measuring 42in. by $7\frac{1}{2}$ in., with an extra piece for the waistband (with a 36in. fabric it will be necessary to join the fabric to make up the 42in.).

Turn up a hem ($\frac{1}{4}$ in., then 1in.) along one of the 42in. sides. Slip-stitch in place. At one end fringe $\frac{1}{4}$ in. of the fabric. (The fringe will be at the left side of finished kilt.) Leave 4in. not pleated. Fold in 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. pleats; pin these at hem and hip, then make one pleat facing the other way to form an inverted pleat with the last of the 23 pleats. Leave another 4in. plain. Cut off any excess material and bind edge.

Measure the required length for kilt; cut off at the top edge. To make the top of the kilt, fit the doll's waist, adjust the pleats by overlapping each one underneath. (Waist measurement of kilt will be one of the 4in. unpleated pieces, plus the 24 pleats.) Stitch each pleat from waist down for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Cut a waistband to fit top of kilt.

With right sides together, ease top of skirt into waistband; stitch in place. Turn under $\frac{1}{4}$ in. on free edge of band, pin to inside of skirt along stitching line. Turn in ends and slip-stitch.

Fasten buckles at centre of inverted pleat at waist and at hip. Fasten straps to fringed edge to correspond—the best buckles to use are the smallest-size shoe heel-strap buckles.

KILT CARDIGAN

This is worked in one piece from these instructions.

Materials: 2 balls 4-ply wool; 1 pair No. 10 needles.

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 56 sts.

1st Row: K 1, p 1 rib.

2nd Row: K 1, p 1, w.o.n., p 2 tog., rib to end. (Buttonhole row.)

3rd Row: As 1st row.

Begin to shape raglan thus:

1st Row: Rib 4 (front band), k 7 (front), inc. once in each of next 2 sts. by knitting twice into them, k 6 (sleeve top), k twice into next 2 sts., k 14 (back), k twice into next 2 sts., k 6 (sleeve top), k twice into next 2 sts., k 7 (front), rib 4 (front band).

2nd and Alternate Rows: Purl. (Work buttonholes in 10th and 22nd rows, keeping 4-st. rib-band at each end of row.)

3rd Row: Rib 4, k 8, k twice into next 2 sts., k 8, k twice into next 2 sts., k 16, k twice into next 2 sts., k 8, k twice into next 2 sts., k 8, rib 4.

5th Row: Rib 4, k 9, k twice into next 2 sts., k 10, k twice into next 2 sts., k 18; k twice into next 2 sts., k 10, k twice into next 2 sts., k 9, rib 4.

7th Row: Rib 4, k 10, k twice into next 2 sts., k 12, k twice into next 2 sts., k 20, k twice into next 2 sts., k 12, k twice into next 2 sts., k 10, rib 4.

Cont. inc. in the same way until following row has been worked.

23rd Row: Rib 4, k 18, k twice into next 2 sts., k 28, k twice into next 2 sts., k 36, k twice into next 2 sts., k 28, k twice into next 2 sts., k 18, rib 4. (152 sts.)

24th Row: Purl.

25th Row: Rib 4, k 19, sl. next 30 sts. on to a holder, cast on 4 sts., k next 38 sts., sl. next 30 sts. on to holder, cast on 4 sts., k 19, rib 4. (92 sts. on needle.)

Work 28 rows in st-st. on these sts., working a buttonhole in the 9th and 20th rows.

Work 3 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

4th Rib Row: Work buttonhole.

Rib one more row. Cast off loosely in rib.

SLEEVES

Sl. one set of 30 sts. from holder on to needle so that 1st row will be a k row. Join in wool.

1st and 2nd Rows: Cast on 2 sts., work to end.

Work 34 rows in st-st.

37th Row: K, working together sts. 1 and 2, 7 and 8, 14 and 15, 20 and 21, 27 and 28, 33 and 34. (28 sts.)

Work 7 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

Rep. for second sleeve, using rem. 30 sts.

TAM O'SHANTER

Materials: 1 ball 4-ply wool; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 11 needles.

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 70 sts. Work 3 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 4, inc. in next st. by knitting twice into it, rep. from * to end.

2nd and Alternate Rows: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: * K 5, k twice into next st., rep. from * to end.

5th Row: * K 6, k twice into next st., rep. from * to end.

7th Row: * K 7, k twice into next st., rep. from * to end.

9th Row: * K 8, k twice into next st., rep. from * to end.

10th Row: As 2nd row.

11th Row: * K 8, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

12th Row: As 2nd row.

13th Row: * K 7, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

14th Row: As 2nd row.

15th Row: * K 6, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Cont. dec. in this way until k 2 tog. all across the row has been worked. Thread rem. sts. on to a needle and gather up. Fasten wool. Sew up the seam from the gathered sts. to the rib band. Press the tam. Make a small pompon and sew to centre of crown.

CABLE-STITCH SOCKS

Materials: 2 balls darning wool; 1 pair No. 14 needles; 1 small double-pointed needle (for cable).

Cast on 66 sts. Work 5 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 5 *, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 4, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 4, k 2, p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, * sl. next 2 sts. on to cable needle and leave at back of work, k 2, k 2 from cable needle, p 2, k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

** Rep. 2nd row, 1st row, 2nd row, 3rd row. **

Rep. from ** to ** until 16 patt. rows have been worked.

Keeping patt. correct, dec. at each

end of next and every following 6th row until 58 sts. rem.

Work 1 row. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: (K 2 tog., k 1) 7 times, k 2 tog., patt. 12 sts., (k 2 tog., k 1) 7 times, k 2 tog. (42 sts.).

2nd Row: K 1, p 14, patt. 12 sts., turn.

Work 16 rows in patt. on these 12 sts.

19th Row: Patt. 12 sts., pick up 7 sts. along side of instep flap, knit to end.

20th Row: P back, picking up 7 sts. along other side of instep flap. (56 sts.)

21st Row: K 2 tog., k 24, k 2 tog., twice, k 24, k 2 tog. (52 sts.)

22nd Row: K 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

23rd Row: Knit.

24th Row: Purl.

25th Row: K 2 tog., k 21, k 2 tog., twice, k 21, k 2 tog.

26th Row: Purl.

27th Row: Knit.

28th Row: Purl.

29th Row: K 2 tog., k 19, k 2 tog., twice, k 19, k 2 tog.

30th Row: Purl.

31st Row: K 2 tog., k 17, k 2 tog., twice, k 17, k 2 tog.

32nd Row: Purl.

Cast off. Seam along underside of foot and up back of leg.

SHOES

The shoes are of black vinyl. Use pattern pieces R, S, T, and U (see pages 4 and 5), but cut the shoe-top T down the centre along the dotted line on the pattern to take shoelaces. Wool is used for the laces.

LET'S DRESS A DOLL — Page 7



"Dress me for sweet dreams . . .



or sun and sand



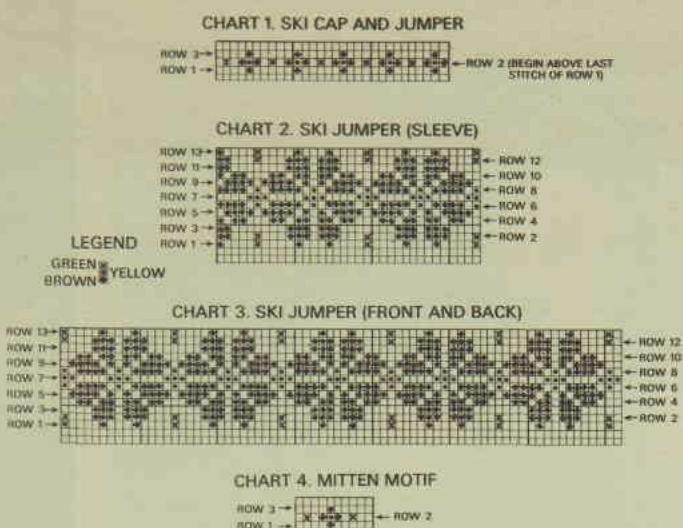
Directions page 12



or party frolics . . ."



Directions page 13



Skiing Outfit

Pattern pieces: Use 75 for the slacks; pieces O, P, and Q for the boots. (See pages 4 and 5.)

Suggested Fabrics: Slacks — Stretch jersey, interlock cotton; Boots — Vinyl or soft leather.

Materials: Slacks— $\frac{1}{4}$ yd. 36in. fabric; Boots — $\frac{1}{4}$ yd. vinyl; hooks and eyes.

SLACKS

Stitch in the darts on all four pieces. With right sides together, join centre-front and centre-back seams. Then join side seams. Turn down waist hem and stitch. Thread elastic through hem so that pants fit the doll's waist. Turn up leg hems and slip-stitch in place. Stitch a piece of elastic to edge of leg hem to fit under the foot.

SKI BOOTS

With right sides facing upward, join toe-cap to boot leg, matching notches and using a flat seam. With right sides

still facing out and matching the circles, sew boot to sole, using an oversewing stitch and easing in the toe-cap.

Use thick wool as lacing. Lace boots at front from top to toe-cap where indicated by dots. Make the other boot the same way, but reverse pieces.

SKIS AND STICKS

Kate's skis and sticks are made from balsawood and narrow dowling.

SKI CAP AND JUMPER

Materials: 2 balls Patons Holiday or any 6-ply wool in main color; small quantity of 3 contrasting-color 6-ply wools; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 14 needles.

CAP: Using No. 9 needles and main color, cast on 80 sts. Work 4 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Work 2 rows in st-st.

Work pattern from Chart 1.

Work 11 more rows in st-st.

Repeat pattern from Chart 1.

P 1 row.

Shape the top:

1st Row: * K 6, k 2 tog., repeat from * to end.

2nd and Alternate Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: * K 5, k 2 tog., repeat from * to end.

5th Row: * K 4, k 2 tog., repeat from * to end.

7th Row: * K 3, k 2 tog., repeat from * to end.

9th Row: * K 2, k 2 tog., repeat from * to end.

10th Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., repeat from * to end.

Purl one row. Cast off.

Seam across the top of the cap and down the side.

JUMPER: Beginning at the neck and using No. 9 needles, cast on 40 sts. Work 3 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: K, inc. once in every alternate st. by knitting twice into it. (60 sts.)

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: K, inc. once in every 3rd st. (80 sts.)

5th Row: Purl.

6th Row: K, inc. once in every 4th st. (100 sts.)

7th, 8th, and 9th Rows: Work pattern from Chart 1.

10th Row: K, inc. once in every 5th st. (120 sts.)

11th Row: Purl.

Work 5 rows in st-st.

17th, 18th, and 19th Rows: Repeat Chart 1 pattern.

20th Row: Knit.

21st Row: Purl. Break off wool.

Sleeves: With right side of work facing, slip first 16 sts. from needle on to a stitch-holder. Join in wool, and k 28 sts. Slip remaining 76 sts. on to a second stitch-holder.

Work on 28 sts. only.

*** 1st and 2nd Rows:** Cast on 3 sts., work to end. (34 sts.)

Work 15 rows in st-st.

Work pattern from Chart 2.

Next Row: P, working 2 sts. tog. twice in this row, where there are groups of 4 sts. in main color.

Working on first 18 sts. only:

Change to No. 14 needles and work 2 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Cast off in rib. *

Sl. next 32 of the 76 sts. from one holder to another.

Join in wool (right side of work facing) and k 28 sts. Leave last 16 sts. on their holder. Work from * to * as above.

Front and Backs: With right side of work facing, join in wool and k 16 sts. from holder. Cast on 6 sts., k 32 sts from next holder, cast on 6 sts. K 16 sts. from last holder. (76 sts.)

Work 6 rows in st-st, beg. with a p row.

7th Row: P 19, p 2 tog., p 34, p 2 tog., p 19. (74 sts.)

Work 4 rows in st-st.

12th Row: K 18, k 2 tog., k 33, k 2 tog., k 18. (72 sts.)

Work 3 rows in st-st.

Work pattern from Chart 3.

Work one row in main color.

Change to No. 14 needles and work 3 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly steam-press the jumper. Sew up sleeve seams. Sew press-studs along back opening.

MITTENS

Materials: 1 ball 3-ply wool in main color; very small quantity of the 3 contrasting 6-ply colors, split to make 3-ply wool; 1 pair No. 14 needles.

Using main color and No. 14 needles cast on 40 sts. Work 10 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Proceed as follows:

11th Row: Knit.

12th Row: Purl.

13th Row: K 18, inc. once in next st. by knitting twice into it, k 2, k twice into next st., k 18.

14th Row: Purl.

15th Row: K 18, k twice into next st., k 4, k twice into next st., k 18.

16th Row: Purl.

17th Row: K 18, slip next 8 sts. on to a safety-pin, slip next 18 sts. on to a stitch-holder.

Working on first 18 sts. only:

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 28, 1968

"Wheeee! Down the slopes I go!"

1st Row: P 2 tog., p 16.
2nd Row: K 7, k next st. from Motif Chart 4, k 7, k 2 tog.
Break off main-color wool.
Join wool to the other 18 sts. on holder at the thumb edge.
Working on these sts. only:
1st Row: K 18. (Motif will be worked here for second mitten.)
2nd Row: P 16, p 2 tog.
3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 15.
4th Row: P across all sts. (omitting 8 sts. on safety-pin), working second-row motif from Chart 4 in correct place.
5th Row: (Still remember motif.) Commence decreasing: K 2 tog., k 12, k 2 tog. twice, k 12, k 2 tog. (28 sts.)
6th Row: Purl.
7th Row: K 2 tog., k 10, k 2 tog. twice, k 10, k 2 tog. (24 sts.)

8th Row: Purl.
Continue decreasing in the same way in each k row until 16 sts. remain.
Proceed as follows:
1st Row: P 2 tog., p 4, p 2 tog. twice, p 4, p 2 tog.
2nd Row: K 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog. twice, k 2, k 2 tog.
3rd Row: P 2 tog. 4 times.
4th Row: K 2 tog. twice.
5th Row: P 2 tog. Break wool and thread it through the remaining stitch.
Thumb: Sl. 8 sts. from safety-pin on to needle, with right side facing.
1st Row: Cast on 2 sts., k to end.
2nd Row: Cast on 2 sts., p to end. (12 sts.)
3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 8, k 2 tog.
4th Row: Purl.
5th Row: K 3 tog., k 4, k 3 tog.
6th Row: Purl.
7th Row: K 2 tog. 3 times.
8th Row: P 3 tog. Break off wool and thread through the rem. st.

TO MAKE UP

Join base of thumb to mitten, and join side thumb seam. Seam the side of the mitten. Lightly steam-press.

Work the second mitten in the same manner, remembering that pattern motif will have to be at the other end of the work, thus:

Work as for first mitten until 17th row is completed. Work on first 18 sts. as follows:

1st Row: P 2 tog., p 16.
2nd Row: K 15, k 2 tog.
Break off wool. Join wool to other 18 sts. on holder at thumb edge.
Working on these sts. only:
1st Row: K 18.
2nd Row: P 16, p 2 tog.
3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 7, k next st. from motif chart, k 7.
Continue as for first mitten.



Nightdress and Gown (In color page 8)



GOWN

Pattern Pieces: Use 1 and 2. (See pages 4 and 5.)

Suggested Fabrics: Summer — plisse, lawn, nylon, poplin; winter — brushed nylon, flannelette.

Materials Required: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. fabric; press-studs size 000; 2yds. lace trimming.

With right sides together and notches matching, pin sleeves to front and back armholes. Stitch in place. Turn back $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at lower edge of sleeve and stitch lace along edge; stitch Shirring elastic $\frac{1}{2}$ in. above the lace, and pull to fit the doll's arm; knot elastic firmly to secure it. Then, with right sides still together, pin the back to the fronts along entire underarm and side seams, matching notches and sleeve armhole seams. Stitch clip curve at armhole. Press seam open.

Press under $\frac{1}{2}$ in. on lower edge of gown, then turn up along line marked on pattern to form hem; slip-stitch this hem. Turn front opening edges to inside along turn-back line, forming a facing; press and catch in place.

Run two gathering threads right round neck (this includes the top of the sleeves, which form part of the neck), close to gathering-line marked on pattern. Gather to fit the doll's neck, so that fronts will just lap over. Cut a strip of fabric on the bias, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. longer than gathered-in neck. Bind neck. Sew press-stud at neck and two

more down front. Trim neck with bow. Trim finished hem with gathered narrow lace.

NIGHTDRESS

Pattern Pieces: Use 6. (See pages 4 and 5.)

Suggested Fabrics: Plisse, lawn, voile, flannelette.

Materials Required: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. fabric; lace for trimming; Shirring elastic (cotton stretches more easily than nylon).

With right sides together, join front to back at shoulder seams. Turn in $\frac{1}{2}$ in. along lower edge of sleeve and trim with lace. Stitch Shirring elastic round sleeve $\frac{1}{2}$ in. above lace, and pull in to fit the doll's arm. Fasten each end securely. Turn down neck hem and stitch, then thread elastic through so that garment fits easily over the doll's head. With right sides together, pin and stitch underarm and side seams, clipping at underarm curve. Press. Turn up $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hem round lower edge of garment, then turn up a farther $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to make a double hem. Stitch. The hem may now be trimmed with lace if you wish.

SLIPPERS

Pattern Pieces: Use B and C. (See pages 4 and 5.)

Suggested Fabrics: Top of slipper—fabric used in gown; lace trimming (optional); felt (for soles).

Sole: Felt (cut four soles, since each slipper has a double sole). Fold slipper

Swimsuit and Towel (In color pages 8 and 9)



Pattern Pieces: Use 24, 25, 26, and 27. (See pages 4 and 5.)

Suggested Fabrics: Stretch nylon, jersey, interlock cotton.

Materials Required: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. fabric; bias binding; size 000 press-studs; a piece of towelling $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $23\frac{1}{2}$ in.

PANTS

With right sides together, join centre front and centre back seams, leaving from X to top unstitched on backs. Bind left side of back opening and turn back the right-hand side to form a facing. Stitch darts on front and back. Join inner leg seam. Turn up leg hem and feather-stitch in place. Bind top of pants with bias binding. Sew press-studs down back opening.

TOP

Join front to back at shoulder seams. Turn the back facings to the inside and catch in place. Bind neck and armholes with bias binding. Join side seams.

Stitch darts in front and backs, then finish waist edge of top with binding. Sew press-studs down back opening.

Kate's swimsuit is finished off with a bow at waist of pants and at centre front neck.

BEACH TOWEL

Buttonhole-stitch the side edges to prevent fraying (or use zigzag stitch on your machine). Do the same stitch 1in. from the edge of both ends, and fringe each end by gently pulling out the crosswise threads. Any motif may be appliqued on the towel: Kate's towel was decorated with a gingham fish and poplin bubbles.

SANDALS

For the sole of Kate's sandals use pattern piece B (see pages 4 and 5) (sole of slipper), and cut from white vinyl. Attach two straps to each sandal at the points marked X (each strap is $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and the same length as the pattern piece for the slipper top).

top (pattern piece C) so that notches match. Stitch one end and side. Turn to right side and press. (This band or strap was trimmed with ruffled lace for Kate's slippers.) Place one end of strap between Xs marked on sole and tack

in place. Place other end to correspond on sole. Tack in position. Place second sole over raw ends of foot-strap. Stitch round whole double sole edge, fastening strap in place. Make second slipper to match, reversing the sole.

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Party Dress (In color page 9)

Pattern Pieces: Use 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, and 18; pieces 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, and 18 are cut in dress material; 15 is cut in lining fabric, and 16 in lining fabric as well as in the dress fabric. Pieces R, S, T, and U for shoes. (See pages 4 & 5.)

Suggested Fabrics: Dacron, voile, cotton, taffeta, nylon, velvet, silk, rayon.

Materials Required: Dress: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. fabric, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. organza or similar fabric for lining.

Lace skirt and collar ruffles: 10yds. lace trimming $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide.

Stranded thread for flower motifs.

Press-studs size 000.

Three small buttons.

White or colored vinyl for shoes.

SKIRT OF DRESS

With right sides together, stitch skirt (piece 16) to lining (piece 16) along scallop line, clipping along curves. Turn to right side and carefully press scallops. Mark scallops along lining piece 15. Stitch rows of well-ruffled lace along lining, starting at hem and working up toward top, so that each additional row of lace overlaps the previous row.

Place overlay skirt (piece 16) on lace ruffles so that scallops fit into place. Stitch by hand underneath to hold in place, making sure stitching does not show on right side. Work a rosebud spray in each scallop through all thicknesses of material (this holds skirt firm).

Measure the doll from her waist to above her knee for correct skirt-length. Adjust dress skirt-length at waist. Join centre back-skirt seam, keeping scallops even and stitching from hem to X on pattern. Run two gathering threads round top of skirt.

BODICE

With right sides together, join front and backs at shoulder-seams; stitch darts front and back. Turn up $\frac{1}{4}$ in. at lower edge of sleeves and stitch lace to edge of this hem. Sew Shirring elastic round the sleeve $\frac{1}{2}$ in. above lace, and adjust elastic to fit easily round the doll's arm. Fasten securely.

Run two gathering threads round top of sleeves between circles. Adjust gathers to fit armholes so that notch is at shoulder seam. Pin in place and stitch.

With right sides together stitch collars to collar facings from neck edge

round outside edge of each collar and back to neck edge again. Clip and turn to right side. Press. Sew rows of ruffled lace round collars, starting at outside edge and working in and up toward neck edge until each collar is completely covered. Place collars, wrong side down, on right side of dress (so that right side of collars face upward); match notches and the shoulder-seam mark. (Collars should just meet at centre front and should reach to centre backs.)

Tack in place. Fold back-opening facings along fold line on to top of collars and pin in place. Cut a strip of fabric on the bias $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and long enough to round neck as a facing-band. Place this band on top of collars so that each end just overlaps back-facing edge. The neck edge of collars, dress neck, and neckband should all be level. Tack in place.

Now stitch collars, band, and facings in place along dress neck-edge. Clip along curve of neck. Remove tackings. Turn back-facings to inside of back pieces. Turn in edge of neckband and slip-stitch to dress so that collar neck-seam is covered. Join side and under-arm seams. Turn up bodice edge round waist, adjusting its length to fit doll.

TO MAKE UP

Bind left side of back skirt opening and turn back the right-hand side to form a facing.

Adjust skirt gathers to fit waist from back-fold-line round waist to other back-fold-line. Pin and stitch in place. Fold back bodice facings from fold line to inside of dress along waist seam and catch in place.

Fold each of the belt pieces in half, matching notches, and stitch. Turn and press. Sew a belt piece to dress along each side seam at waist. Use third piece to make a flat bow, and sew it to one end of belt. Sew press-studs down back-opening and to fasten belt. Sew buttons over press-studs down back opening.

SHOES

With wrong sides together and matching notches, join gusset U to this shoe-top, using a fine oversewing-stitch. Matching notches and wrong sides together, oversew gusset U to sole R. Matching the Xs, sew heel S to sole R. Join side of heel gusset to side of gusset U. Make the second shoe in the same way, but reverse the pieces to fit the other foot.

To form the strap, cut a semi-circular piece out of the top (piece T), as shown on pattern piece.



"When
I grow
up . . ."



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Nurse's Uniform

Pattern Pieces: Use 103, 105, 37, 38, 104, 43, 44, 45, and 46 for the dress; piece 106 for the cape; piece 102 for the cap; pieces 101, 100, 99, and 98 for the apron. (See pages 4 and 5.)

Suggested Fabrics: Dress — cotton, dacron, rayon; cape — flannel, heavy cotton; cap and apron — cotton.

Materials Required: Dress, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. fabric; cape, $\frac{1}{4}$ yd. 36in. fabric; cap and apron, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. fabric. (For shoes see kilt outfit page 6.)

DRESS

Tack in pleats on bodice back. Join fronts to back at shoulder seams. Stitch in front darts. With right sides together, stitch collars together round outer edge from neck edge to neck edge. Clip seam. Turn and press. Place collar right side up on right side of dress and pin neck edges together, matching notches. (Collar should reach from centre front to centre front.)

Cut a strip of fabric on the bias, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, for neckband (same length as neck edge). Place bias strip on top of collar with one raw edge level with raw edge of collar and dress. Lift ends of neckband and fold back the front facings along fold-line, then pin them over the collar and place ends of neckband over the facings.

Stitch round neck edge on stitching-line. Turn front facings to inside of dress. Clip curved neck seam. Turn under raw edge of neckband. Slip-stitch to dress so neck seam is covered.

Face lower edge of sleeves with a band of white fabric about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide

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when finished; this band should be on right side of sleeve, as a cuff. (Adjust sleeve length before facing is stitched.) With right sides together, pin sleeves to bodice, matching notches. Stitch in place.

Bind tops of pockets. Place pockets on side front pieces, right sides together, with top of each pocket nearest to lower edge of skirt, dotted stitching line at lower edge of pocket. Stitch. Fold pocket up so that X on side fronts meets X on pockets (tops of pockets are now at top edge of skirt piece). Tack pocket sides in place.

With right sides together, join skirt fronts to skirt side fronts, and skirt back to skirt side backs X, matching notches. Join side seams (side fronts to side backs).

With right sides together, join bodice side and underarm seams, then pin skirt to bodice, matching notches. Turn front facings in to inside of dress along fold-line, and catch at waist and hemline. Turn up hem and slip-stitch in place.

Sew press-studs down front of bodice and skirt. Buttons may be sewn to outside of opening as a trimming.

BELT

Cut a straight piece of fabric 10in. by 2in. Fold in half lengthways. Stitch across one short end and down long edges. Turn inside out and press. Turn in unstitched end. Stitch right round belt close to edge. Fasten with two press-studs.

CAPE

With right sides together, join shoulder seams. Using a matching colored bias binding, face back lower edge of cape (front edges are at the

selvedge). Face the neck. Sew a hook at front neck edge so that when hook is done up the two fronts just meet.

Kate's badge is worked with stranded thread.

APRON

Fold straps in halves lengthwise and stitch long side and across one of the short ends. Turn and press. Place un-stitched edge on apron top in places marked near double notch, and tack. (Strap raw edges should be level with bib raw edges and the straps should be lying on the apron bib.) Place other bib on top of first bib, so that straps are covered, matching notches with first bib.

Making sure not to catch sides of straps in side bib seams, stitch the two bibs together along sides and along top seam, thus securing straps in place. Turn bib to right side and press. Run a row of stitching round bib edges as close to edge as possible, and also round straps. Fold in the two small pleats on bib at waist edge, and tack.

Fold up hem on skirt and stitch in place by machine. Turn in the two side hems and stitch. Run two gathering threads across top of skirt and pull in so that skirt will fit between the X and X on the belt. With right sides together, pin bib to belt, and skirt to belt, and stitch them in place. Press seams in toward belt (that is, the bib seam down and the skirt seam up). With right sides together, place belt-facing on belt and stitch them together both ends, from bib round waist-strap and back to skirt.

Turn and press. Turn under a small hem on both sides of facing where it

goes behind bib and skirt, and slip-stitch to belt so that the seams are hidden. Sew press-studs to belt ends so that belt fits the doll's waist. Place the apron on the doll, cross shoulder-straps over her back, and mark on belt where press-studs should be placed for straps to fit at waist. Sew press-studs to top side of straps and underside of belt.

CAP

This is cut double so that fabric is folded into four for cutting out. (Fold across front of brim and down centre of crown.)

With right sides together, stitch all round edge of cap, leaving 1in. unstitched at back. Clip seam at corners. Through the 1in. gap, turn cap to right side and press. Stitch right round edge of right side, turning in raw edges of lin. gap and stitching over them. If a colored band is wanted across front of cap, stitch it to cap as shown on pattern. (Use ribbon or a narrow braid.)

Turn back straight front edge along dotted line so that colored band is on outside. Lap the two side-seam extensions over lin. and sew on a press-stud. Fold centre-back flap over top of side seam lap-over so that side of first lap-over is level with bottom of back flap. Sew on a press-stud. Cap is held on the doll's head by two bobby-pins, one at each side front.

STOCKINGS

Materials: 2 balls darning wool or 1 ball 2-ply wool; 1 pair No. 13 needles.

Cast on 56 sts. Work 4 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to st-st. and work 6 rows.

7th Row: K 2 tog., work to last 2

sts., k 2 tog. (54 sts.) * Work 5 rows in st-st. Rep. 7th row. * (52 sts.)

Rep. from * to * till 46 sts. rem. Work 7 rows in st-st.

Next Row: Rep. 7th row. (44 sts.)

Work 17 rows in st-st.

Next Row: Rep. 7th row. (42 sts.)

Work 5 rows in st-st.

Next Row: Rep. 7th row. (40 sts.)

Work 5 rows in st-st.

Next Row: Rep. 7th row. (38 sts.)

Work 7 rows in st-st.

Shape Foot as Follows—1st Row: K 24, turn.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, p 9, turn.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, k 9, turn. Rep. last two rows 6 times more, then 2nd row once.

Now proceed thus:

1st Row: K 10, pick up 8 sts. from side of instep flap, k to end.

2nd Row: P back, picking up 8 sts. from other side of instep flap.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 23, k 2 tog. twice, k 23, k 2 tog.

4th Row: Purl. 5th Row: Knit.

6th Row: Purl.

7th Row: K 2 tog., k 21, k 2 tog. twice, k 21, k 2 tog. 8th Row: Purl.

9th Row: Knit.

10th Row: Purl.

11th Row: K 2 tog., k 19, k 2 tog. twice, k 19, k 2 tog.

12th Row: Purl.

13th Row: K 2 tog., k 17, k 2 tog. twice, k 17, k 2 tog.

14th Row: Purl.

Cast off. Join bottom of foot and sew up back of leg.

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"Atten-shun!"



Marching Girl

Pattern Pieces: Use 3, 49, 50, 51, 52, and 126 for the jacket; pieces 124, 125, and 111 for the hat; pieces H, I, J, and K for the boots; the skirt is made from a piece of fabric $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $3\frac{1}{4}$ in., with waistband made from a straight piece $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. x $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. (See pages 4 and 5.)

Suggested Fabrics: Cotton, rayon, lightweight wool, vinyl for boots.

Materials Required: Jacket, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. fabric; skirt, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. fabric; hat, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. fabric, and iron-on stiffening; boots, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. vinyl.

JACKET

With right sides together, join side fronts to centre fronts and side backs to centre back. Join shoulder seams. (Side seams are not joined yet.) Fold collar band in half, matching notches; stitch at both ends.

Turn to right side. Place collar on right side of jacket and pin neck edges together, matching notches (collar should reach from centre front to centre front). Cut a strip on the bias $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide for neckband (same measurement as neck edge). Place bias strip on top of collar, with one raw edge level with neck edge of collar and jacket.

Lift ends of neckband and fold back the front facings along fold-line; then pin them over the collar and place ends of neckband over the facings. Stitch round neck edge on stitching-line. Turn front facings to inside of

jacket; clip curved neck seam. Turn under a very narrow hem along raw edge of bias neckband and slip-stitch to jacket so that neck seam is covered.

Pin sleeves in place, matching notches, then stitch. Pin underarm and side seams and stitch in place. Turn up hem at lower edge of sleeves and feather-stitch in place. (Do not turn edge up first if using flannel, since a double hem would be too thick.) Turn up hem at lower edge of jacket, catching back the front facings. Sew press-studs at intervals right up the front. Trim the jacket with gold braid.

SKIRT

Pleat skirt fabric to the doll's hip measurement, then adjust pleats to fit her waist by overlapping each pleat a little. Tack in place. Leave a piece of fabric about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, unpleated at one end, to lap under pleat at other end, forming skirt back opening. Stitch waistband to waist of skirt. Turn up hem so that skirt is well above the doll's knees. Sew press-studs to waistband and down back opening.

HAT

Back all pieces with iron-on stiffening. With right sides together, stitch round outer edge of brim. Clip seam, turn to right side, and press. Join centre-back seam of gusset, then, with right sides together, join gusset to crown. With right sides together, pin brim to gusset, matching the three

notches. Cut a piece of fabric on the bias, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and the length of the gusset, and pin it on top of underside of brim and right side of gusset that is not covered by brim, having right side of bias strip and right side of gusset together. (The brim is folded up on to the gusset so that its upper side is touching the right side of the gusset.) Stitch along stitching-line at bottom of hat, thus sewing brim and bias to gusset at the same time. Clip brim seam. Turn bias up to inside of hat, then turn under a narrow hem on raw edge of bias. Slip-stitch to inside of hat, thus turning up the hem and covering the seam of the bias.

Kate's hat is trimmed with gold braid to match her jacket.

BOOTS

With wrong sides together and using a small over-sewing stitch, join gusset K to boot-top I, matching the three notches. Then with right sides together and using a fine back-stitch, sew up centre-back leg seam from heel to fold of fabric. Turn to right side. With wrong sides together and a flat seam, join leg piece to boot-top I from bottom of gusset K to centre-front lacing-line. Do this on both sides of lacing-line.

With wrong sides together, oversew the boot sole H, matching circles and toe x's. Lace as indicated on pattern (that is, down front of leg and on to toe-top).